THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fou[illegible] A° D[illegible] Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 27, '13 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

Rip Van Smithy—By Harry Leon Wilson

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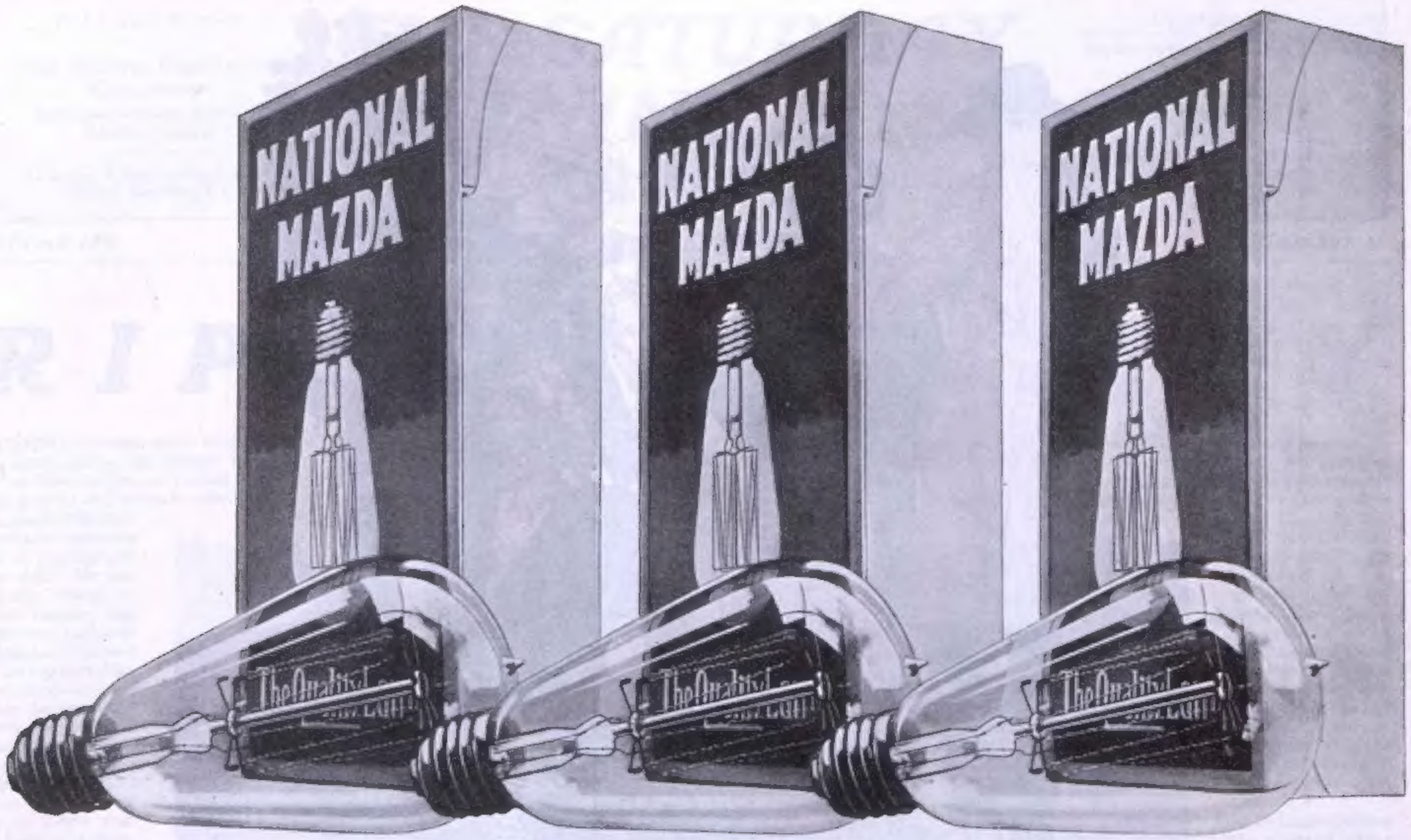

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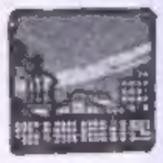

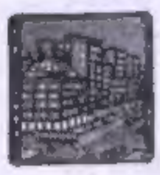

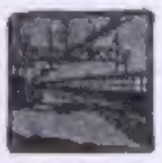

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RIP VAN SMITHY

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

SMITHY sprawled on the worn pine bench before the Miners' Home at Downieville—an ancient little man, gnarled and warped; a shrunken graybeard, with quite indefinite features and the trusting eyes of a child. He was a public charge of Sierra County, one of the two hundred-odd that were housed in the barrackslike structure before which he sat—battered wrecks and remnants from California's old golden fifties.

On most days Smithy forgot that fate had been a cheat. Years at a time he forgot this; but today, under scowls and muttering, he hugged a grievance. At eighty years of age it had come to him that life is fleeting and death no respecter of persons. He was indignant about this as he basked here in the sun—a pinched caricature of Lear before the castle gate of a bad daughter.

The point was that in all those years he had not made his big strike—not yet, that is. He had truly meant to make it, but as the years drew in upon him there had been less and less difficulty in putting it off; and today he faced his failure with a suddenly cleared vision. Was he going to hike out into the hills and make that strike? Or was he to sit there and dream his life out, always putting it off and off until—the way Seth Blansitt had put it off?

Dusk Had Fallen When He Reached the Cabin to Which His Instinct Had Led Him

A distant report brought him erect, head tilted to listen. That was the answer to Seth Blansitt's way. They were blasting his grave out of the rocky slope over in the Miners' Home Cemetery. The irony of it! Blansitt, on the eve of setting out for the hills to make his own big strike, had merely taken to his bed, babbling wildly of much fine gold. At the last he had notified the hospital steward that he wished to clean up and go back to the States on the next steamer day. Smithy had been disturbed by this death, which he regarded as untimely, Blansitt having been a callow cub of but seventy-five or so. It showed that death had no sense of fitness, taking people indiscriminately that way—interfering with their plans. Smithy shivered in the glare of the June sun. It was uncanny how it took people when they had other plans. It might take anybody!

In a sudden panic he picked up his crooked madrone staff and limped out into the red dust of the mountain road that ran up to lose itself in the pines at the foot of Sierra Buttes. Soon they would be bringing old Seth out—and he wanted none of that.

From his dingy overalls he withdrew a plug of tobacco and thrust it between his lips, sucking at it until he could tear off a morsel with his worn fangs. Then, his watery blue eyes blinking foolishly in the yellow sunlight, he trudged valiantly off up the road, away from inconsequent death.

"Grass grows and water runs," he muttered, "yet here I be a-livin' soft and dainty!"

His steps stirred the dust to lazy clouds that trailed behind him. A horseman greeted him, but Smithy went unheeding. Nor when, a little farther on, he passed an old adobe house, its gray walls shimmering under the green of its embracing passion vine, had he eyes for a girl who idly surveyed him from its doorway. She was not more to him than a flash of warm color against the black of her frame. Time was when beauty had drawn the eyes of Smithy all unerringly. And now beauty, for all of him, might have been but the withered, nut-brown hag crouched at her feet, steeping in the sun.

So he came briskly to the wooden bridge that spans a frothing fork of the Yuba. It seemed best to stop here; beyond this bridge was out of bounds for inmates of the Miners' Home. Wistfully he gazed up to the land of promise. Behind those black Sierra Buttes was gold aplenty. Given a pick, a pan, a few days' grub—

"Oh, I'll wake this town up—I'll wake you up good!" He believed he was shouting it, but the sleepy town below him made no stir at the quavering tones. The rheumy old eyes were brighter with resolution, for he had the pick, the pan and the grub, and the flush of the old romance was upon him.

He lingered above the rushing white water until it seemed that the scandal of Seth Blansitt's dying must have abated. Then he stalked down the road again at the head of his dust cloud, trying to step firmly, planting his madrone staff viciously. His back was almost straight.

From the door of the old adobe the girl noted his changed bearing and flashed him a second glance from under her meeting brows.

"That old one who passes has had drink!" The melting Spanish trickled upon deaf ears, for the huddled crone beside her rocked in the fading light and mumbled entertainment for herself, perhaps of a time when her own eyes had been shrewd to appraise things masculine.

At supper that night Smithy was very importantly closemouthed. While his fellow derelicts up and down the long table chattered of Blansitt's funeral, Smithy, usually voluble, patronized them with silence and mystery.

"It was unfortunate that Mr. Blansitt was taken off so suddenly," complained Smithy's neighbor, the professor. "He had promised that he and I should work his claim when he had located it, and I am anxious, indeed, to get back to the States. This place, you know, really—I'm not accustomed to this sort of thing." He had told them this for a score of years, yet his complaint met only sympathy.

"You never can tell," piped the ancient one-armed prospector at Smithy's left. "Now I know a gulch ——" He broke off. "That reminds me; it's funny what become of old Seth's pack. You know all that grub he'd been holdin' out for a week, and his pick and pan? Well, sir, if I could git hold of that—but it's gone. Yes, sir—plumb gone. You might think Seth took it with him."

"Thieves around," said another. "I looked for it myself."

Smithy was thrilled by this, for he had the missing pack—had unobtrusively removed it from beneath Blansitt's cot when it became apparent that its owner would never use it; but he considered the mystery not worth explaining.

"Reckon I'll have to save up my own grub," said the one-armed man—"and me with as cravin' an appetite as an orstridge!"

It was thus they did. When one of them plotted to fare into the hills for the sudden acquirement of wealth, he must save his bread and bacon scraps for many days. Then, of a morning, the superintendent would miss him. Usually a day or so later they slunk back; but twice in Smithy's time they had pranced back, bringing nuggets and dust to be weighed on the scales still kept behind the historic bars of Downieville—the baldest of formalities, for the resulting coins had on both occasions gone promptly back across the bar, leaving a demoralized Miners' Home as the net result. Again and again during the meal was Smithy moved to declare his purpose, to boast in advance of its achievement; but only at the last did he speak at all, and then from a new sense of injury.

"They had some ca'tridges left over this afternoon," said the one-armed man; "so the sup'r'ntendent had 'em blast another grave open."

Smithy felt outraged by this indelicacy. It was like a personal affront. "Who's that sup'r'ntendent think he is anyway?" he demanded—"tak'n' things in his own hands that way! A body'd think he was General Jackson—diggin' graves right an' left fur parties 'at's li'ble to live a dang sight longer 'n what he is. He don't look none too rugged hisself. 'Live an' let live' is my motter," he concluded bitterly.

The Huddled Crone Rocked and Mumbled Entertainment for Herself

At dawn of the following day the official thus scored was wakened by a clattering tread down a wooden stairway. The succeeding sound of a door opened and closed brought him from his bed to a window through which he peered down to the street. There stood Smithy, tranquil in the conviction that he had achieved a noiseless exit. The superintendent filled his lungs for a yell that would have sent this aged truant scuttling back to shelter; then he exhaled the breath silently. Something wistful in Smithy's quick look to the far, high hills, some absurd seeming of youth in the quick motions with which he adjusted a miner's pack to his withered shoulders, saved the belated Argonaut from an ignominious frustration. The pack was fitted to the bowed back. The outline of a miner's pan loomed through it at the bottom; the handle of the small pick protruded from the top.

"Shucks!" said the superintendent. "Let the poor old cuss have his fun!" And he went back to his bed. Smithy was triumphantly off into the gray young day.

At the wooden bridge he unslung his pack for a moment and mouthed his bit of tobacco. He must map out his route. Dogtown! That was it. Dogtown and Esmerelda Gulch! People said the gulch had been worked out for white men in 1856, with the Chinamen to clean up after them; but Smithy knew better. Over at Hangtown—which an effete public sentiment has renamed Placerville—did they not still find "color" in the streets after a heavy rain? And the Hangtown gulches never had been so rich as Esmerelda. Gold must still be there. His misty eyes beheld a vision of it—yellow dust in the black sand at the bottom of the pan. Long-deadened nerves thrilled anew as he readjusted his pack and crossed the bridge. Now he was an outlaw, but again his own man. He would show that nervy superintendent—digging graves that way, right and left, when everybody was alive!

Setting off to the right, he began the long climb up Dead Horse Trail. In the producing days of Dogtown this had been a toll road, regularly traversed by a stage. Now in summertime it was partly a dry watercourse and partly a faint trail, not the easiest footing for a senile runaway. Yet at the crest of the first steep ridge Smithy was strangely fresh. The thin air had enlivened his sluggish pulse and the sun was warming him—this genial sun of summer, which is the spring of the California mountains. He pulled the ancient slouch hat from his flowing white mane and lazily fanned himself. As far as his old eyes could see stretched the irregular peaks of the Sierras, some wooded, some bare; some as perfect as Fuji Yama, some rounded, some as flat as tables.

He peered into the gulch below him, with an eye for the creekbed. Then he laughed, for an old memory came back—the two green young Easterners who had worked over that very bar and hoarded many sacks of "fool gold" before they could be convinced that good gold does not float to the top of the water in the pan. He swung again into his stride and now, as he climbed, other old memories crowded back on him, memories so intimate it was strange they had not always stayed in his mind.

"Mus' be gittin' old!" conceded Smithy jocularly to this phenomenon. "Never thought of Dick till this minute!" Yet Dick was lying at a spot along this very trail—had lain there fifty years and more. Reflectively he rubbed the shoulder that was lame. Under the faded blue shirt was a knife-scar, left by that agile Mexican whose inamorata had fascinated Smithy—when he was young Smithy, with yellow hair—and been fascinated in turn. It flooded back on him now, to increase the pounding in his breast. Poor Dick! For Dick had come between them and caught that same knife in his heart. Smithy's loose lips curled to a snarl and he instinctively thrust out his clenched right hand, as he had done when he pressed the pistol against the Mexican's body and fired—too late to save his partner.

He muttered over these memories as he plodded on. Dick, the careful, the serious one, who had warned him many times of the Mexican, who had spoken in strong disparagement of the girl—calling her a bad name in fact, and calling Smithy a yellow-headed young fool. Smithy had believed none of it. Who could have believed that the Mexican would ever kill—a slight, weak thing who seemed to do his utmost when he picked the strings of a mandolin? And Petra—of course she had not been raised like the women Dick had known. You had to make allowances, and Dick was narrow. And yellow-headed young fool? Maybe! He had certainly been young and yellow-headed.

What was it the girl had called him in her pretty Spanish? He could almost remember—something to make any youth a fool when he faced the lure of her eyes. How many presents he'd given her—silver and jade trinkets! They had meant to go away together, he recalled—would have gone but for Dick, who frowned. Old sober Dick, with his sage counsel, trying always to keep him in their shack of nights, reading to him—reading stories out of a book he had. He remembered that book well. In it was a story of one Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty years on the mountainside and woke up a mere ruin of himself. Smithy had considered that a fine story and had never tired of hearing Dick read it.

When the sun was high he stopped by a spring that bubbled out of a rocky caldron below the trail. His shoulders were galled from the pack and his feet hurt him. He gnawed at a loaf of Seth Blansitt's hard bread, cooled his swollen feet in the spring, then sprawled royally in the shade of a pine. It was good to be a free man once more, away from an officious person who went about digging graves for people who were not dead. His head in the crook of an elbow, one arm flung loosely out, he slept for an hour, while jays scolded above him and little furred things came to watch him curiously from twinkling eyes.

He woke when the shadow of the tree crept off him—woke to the warmed scent of the pine woods and stretched his stiffened joints in the sun. At first he was bewildered by his surroundings and listened for the jangling bell of the Home to complete his wakening. A squirrel that had been intently regarding him now dashed halfway up the pine tree and there turned to bark at him in a sort of frightened fury. Smithy sat up, rubbed the sleep from his eyes and grinned.

"Mus' be gittin' old!" he again admitted. He had believed for a moment that he heard the creaking wheels of the stage, a stage he knew to be rotting in Downieville. He put on the heavy shoes, groaning profanely as he felt their cramping stiffness, took up his pack and staff and trudged on, refreshed by his rest. When a glistening rattlesnake disputed the trail with him he killed it deftly, feeling a new pride in the right arm that had seemed to lose its palsy. Presently, as he walked with his memories, the ghost of an old song came crying back to him—one he had sung when he was young Smithy of the yellow hair and tenderly scorned by Dick for a fool. Slowly the words shaped and his cracked voice tried the tune:

"Darling, I am growing old—
Silver threads among the gold!"

He grinned and sang it again, trying another key. He felt vaguely that his music lacked sureness.

The sun fell and his wavering shadow lengthened before him. He had reached the ridge above Esmerelda Gulch. The shadows lay heavy there, the trees creeping together. He stopped, searching the border of the trail for a mark. He was almost upon it—a gaunt, blasted pine. Reaching it he strode a dozen paces into the brush and paused before the sepulcher of Dick. It was a squared heap of rounded boulders and rough lumps of broken quartz. His hat in one hand, he rested the other on a corner stone, patting it in a friendly way.

"Hello, old pardner Dick!" he called softly. "That greaser, now, he didn't act right. He hadn't ought to got you. He'd ought to got me. I said that a million times, Dick. Yes, sir!"

He listened a moment. A tiny brown lizard scuttled from among the rocks and turned its glinting, beady gaze upon him. Smithy, always the prospector, absently picked up a fragment of quartz from the pile, scrutinizing it closely. Satisfied of its barrenness he tossed it aside and backed away from the pile.

"So long, old Dick!" he called back. As he turned he muttered defensively: "How'd I know that mandolin player would stick a knife?"

A turn in the trail and there at his feet, spread over the widening gulch, lay the crumbling gray ruins of Dogtown, given over these fifty years to the owl and the wood-rat. The street was still defined by the rows of rotting cabins. He identified the Nugget Bar and the fandango hall, its roof fallen in and a pine tree growing stoutly between its walls. Beyond was the office of the Dogtown Clarion, still housing its rusty press, and beside it the Wells-Fargo office, a clump of madrone trees thriving at its center. And there was the Golden Rule Cash Store, still flaunting a brick front.

"My good gosh!" breathed Smithy in fervent testimony of this confounding desolation.

The ruins glared and grinned at him like empty skulls. A little gingerly he descended to the floor of the gulch. He thought it almost as bad as a graveyard, full of shadows and staring things. Yet when he came to the log remnants of the Nugget Bar he crashed through the girdling brush with fine spirit and whimsically sought to stand where the bar had been. In furtherance of this conceit he brought his fist down as if to smite the pine board in a call for refreshment; but this merely lost him his footing, and he laughed sheepishly as he stumbled. Behind that bar had stood Colonel John, who came from New Orleans, and was the only artist in camp who did not consider it undignified to mix fancy drinks. Smithy smacked dry lips over an acute recollection of his brandy smash.

One of the boulders of the fallen fireplace glittered in the dying light. He hurried to it. Nothing but mica of course. Idly he turned it over with his staff. A rusty bit of iron lay between two stones that had supported it. He picked this up and fitted it into his right hand. It was the remnant of a long-barreled pistol. "Might 'a' been mine!" he mused. "I lost a new one like that."

For Comfort and Company, He Drew the Rusted Pistol From His Belt

He was about to drop it when some impulse checked him and he placed it in his belt. He knew this was foolish, but the feel of it brought the ghost of a swagger to his gait as he toiled down the haunted street.

A little night wind swept the pines to a murmur and the trickling water in Esmerelda Creek complained faintly, bringing to Smithy's suddenly sharpened ears a medley of echoes from the throbbing past of Dogtown. He half expected to see red-shirted figures come running toward him, demanding news from other camps, and he lifted his voice in a cracked shout to call the men from their rockers.

He came to the fandango hall, paused a moment to marvel at the endurance of its brick front, then edged rather timidly through the doorway. As he entered a shadow crept across the gulch—the sun had fallen below the western ridge. Smithy gazed about him, trembling, almost crouching, so vivid were his memories of the place.

There was the girl—Petra of the old golden days—lithe and slender, supple as a willow, black-haired, full-lipped, rouged, with black meeting brows. She stood beside the wraith of a bar, with the ghost of a whisky glass in her hand. Smithy whirled about and there was the Mexican's yellow scowl. Quickly he reached for the rusted pistol as other faces danced before his bewildered vision, but the touch of it scattered them all. He was staring at the scarred wall—alone.

"I'm dreamin'!" he wheezed. "I'm dreamin' somethin' wonderful!"

He was in the street again. The manzanita and greasewood made a tangled roadway for old feet, but he could have finished his journey with his eyes closed. As he went he puzzled over that vision of the girl. He had distinctly seen at the dusky hollow of her throat a brooch of ivory carved with a figure of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe. He remembered this, his first gift to her—remembered the crooked nose of the pedler who sold it to him; and other things he had given her—a rosary, silver beads alternating with ivory; silver garter-buckles—and there had been a bracelet. What was it about the bracelet? She had been afraid to take it, afraid of the jealous Mexican; and yet she had not refused it. Something eluded him there.

Dusk had fallen when he reached the cabin to which his instinct had unerringly led him. It was roofless, but the walls stood and the chimney and fireplace were intact. Mechanically he dropped his pack to the floor on the west side, which had been his side. The east side had been Dick's.

Then he hobbled out for pine cones and dry boughs; and presently when a fire blazed on the ancient hearth he brewed tea in his tin cup. As he crouched before the blaze, knees huddled to chin, he cast more than one wistful glance to where Dick's bunk had been. When the firelight swayed the shadows he tried to see a suggestion of a blanketed form in Dick's old place. He was weary and the loneliness tugged at his worn heart.

When the tea was bitter strong he gulped it down, brightening a little under its goad. Then, for comfort and company, he drew the rusted pistol from his belt, fondling it, grasping it by the butt, sighting it with a shaking hand. Then, using it as a club, he idly pounded the stone hearth. Tapping thus he paused to listen; tapped again and listened—hollow! Even as his ears assured him of this, once again memory coquetted with him. He instantly knew what was there and dug feverishly under the edge of the boulder. It was flat and thin, and when he at last raised it there was a long-forgotten trove in what had been his and Dick's cache!

Time Was When Beauty Had Drawn the Eyes of Smithy All Unerringly

With shaking hands he drew out a large flattish bottle—one of those made in an earlier day to simulate wickerwork. Eagerly he held it to the firelight and its tawny treasure grinned impishly at him. Next he drew out a tarnished silver bracelet set with a god's head in Aztec jade. This, too, he held to the light, so that the jade shot little glints of green fire into the topaz glow of the bottle. And still the secret place was not empty. At the bottom lay a buckskin pouch, well plumped. He seized this and with fumbling fingers drew wide the neck. It was filled with small nuggets and fine gold, a good handful—a dozen ounces at least. He shouted. His impulse was to call Dick to view this astounding find. He ranged the three objects on the hearth before him, patting each one tenderly, seeking to lure from the old remote caverns of his memory the shining associations of each.

That whisky, now, was the bottle of good store whisky, brought from Frisco and religiously hoarded for the celebration of Dick's birthday. The bracelet was the one he had bestowed upon Petra; and she, shrewdly fearing to flaunt it publicly, had begged him to keep it for her until they went away together. He saw her now as she asked it, and the scent of musk was strong in his nostrils; but the pouch of gold puzzled him.

"Couldn't be no poke of mine," he mused, rightly appraising his way with gold. Never had Smithy hidden his money. Nor, having done so, could he ever have forgotten it. So this must have been Dick's money—Dick, who had always preached thrift and sober living. Well, it was Smithy's now; they had shared alike. He slipped the pouch into a pocket of his overalls and took up the bracelet, rubbing the dulled silver on his sleeve, turning the jade until the green fire came. His lips worked dryly under a swift evocation of Petra's kisses. He tossed the bracelet aside, then recovered it and dropped it into a pocket of his shirt. It brought back Petra.

Now he took up the bottle, shaking it close to his ear. It laughed evilly to him—evilly but compellingly, as Petra had laughed. He opened his knife and dug at the rotting cork, extracting it carefully piece by piece, that none of it should fall into the liquor. Once the bottle slipped from his grasp and was like to have been shattered on the hearth. He clutched it to his breast with a little cry of fright and resumed his task with a warier caution. The neck of the bottle cleared at last, he grasped his tin cup and the long-imprisoned spirit purled genially out. Smithy addressed it humorously:

"You been shut up fifty years, pardner! Mus' be glad to git free! Tryin' to tell me, air you? My good gosh, but you smell sweet!"

(Continued on Page 69)

HER FINISH

I KNEW that I was going to marry almost as soon as I knew anything. Of course! Why else was a girl born into the world? That was what life meant—to a woman. Not that I was told all this. Far from it. It was so taken for granted that I breathed it in, just as I did names of things and perceptions of objects and such like necessary mechanics. And that was why I was educated as I was.

You see I was born in the South. My mother was a Southern belle, but a belle with a will of her own which she manifested by marrying a Yankee—a self-made man. Mother always hated that conjunction of words. Father was proud of it. Therein you have the whole difference, I think. Why she married him instead of any of the "scions of a noble Southern family" you'd understand if you'd known father. She couldn't help it. And for consolation—when father wasn't by—she hunted up picturesque events in the history of his ancestors and wove round their middle-class respectability tales filled with color. Father came of good blood, mother would always assert with that aggressiveness that recalled the proverbial doubt-inspiring protestations. Yes, father knew he came of good blood—good, honest, sturdy, middle-class blood. And when mother met him he was rich. And so they were married.

But to return to me. That sounds as if I were awfully interested in just me. Naturally I am, but this story isn't only about me. It's about a lot of other girls too. One of my earliest recollections is of a big mahogany box that was brought into the nursery one day. It had carvings on it of men and women dressed in long robes, and I was much concerned to find out about these "new dolls." My grandmother after whom I was named sent it to me. She got it in India. It was my trousseau chest, I was told.

On the other side of the nursery was another big box, but it was plain. It belonged to Irene, my sister, who was four years older. Into these boxes went at different times linens of all kinds, crocheting and laces of various periods and designs—oh, all the dominating things that burden these traditional receptacles. They occupied a large space in our background. Why, when I dropped my pennies in the collection box, to save the little Hindu mothers who threw their girl babies into the river, in my baby mind it was that they might buy chests for their little girls instead. Then they might grow up and marry just like me. For then I believed that it was as impossible to marry without that chest as it was to grow up and not marry!

There may have been something fundamentally right about this, only —— Now there was my mother's older sister. When I grew up she was held up to me as an awful example. She was a belle too, and it made her cocky. She didn't accept her first offer, or her second, or—well, there's no use going through the list. But finally she got to be twenty-three years old and was still unmarried! Then she, too, was thrown into the river, as it were, and way made for mother to achieve her purpose. But my aunt refused to be devoured, to be swallowed ignominiously. She married, as a last resort, a German who according to his code ruled her literally by the rod. Once she ran home, but public opinion was too much for her and she walked back again.

When I was about seven years old we moved to a very large city in the North. The only thing I recall about the actual moving was my anxiety as to my chest. I didn't feel quite easy until I saw it installed again in my room. It was at this place that I was first sent to school. Father said it was to be the public schools. Mother said nothing—then. So to the public school I went. And I loved it!

In my natural soul I think I was really democratic. I was something like father in that, I guess. My seatmate—it was in the days when there were seatmates—was the daughter of a man who drove a dray. He lived on the street back of us. When I discovered that I used to run away from my lazy nurse to play with Lucy. She knew so many games. Moreover, her father had in his barn a wonderful machine. I think its utilitarian purpose was to bale hay, but for us it served as setting for many adventurous rôles. And I enjoyed this freedom—until one day. That day Eyvelyn Ward came to see me. Now Eyvelyn Ward was the daughter of a rich and old family, one more approaching mother's traditional ideas than any we had met. Eyvelyn had money in her own name, and mother desired that I should know her and have for my playmate one of a family so cultured and refined. Well, that day had been a *dies iræ!* In the first place, Lucy and I had started out with a pillow fight. I had the vantage point on the sofa in the dining room. Lucy's mother had put sticky fly-paper on the head of the sofa. Lucy sent a pillow more forcibly than the others. It was a hit. I tumbled over. When I got up the fly-paper formed a halo for me. We had difficulty getting it off. Flour and water finally accomplished it, but from the standpoint of a shampoo the combination left something to be desired. We viewed the result a bit ruefully, then decided diplomatically to ignore it. So we retreated to the baling machine. It was here my nurse found me, as, lying on my stomach, I was pretending to fall out of a stagecoach into an unfathomable chasm. I suppose I was a sight. My hair offered temptations to hayseeds. But I don't think I could have deserved all that her voluble darky eyes and voice told and foretold.

That ended Lucy for me. More than that it ended the public schools.

Father debated it. I heard it from the hall where I was isolated. Finally he said: "Of course I want my children to have the best there is." I could see father shake his head and pound the table when he said it.

"Well, then!" answered mother, with a that-settles-it tone. But it didn't quite.

"But I'm not sure. America's got a great public-school system—none greater, you know."

Mother adopted the quiet, scornful answer. She spoke of the "dirt" and of the "germs"; she spoke of the

"uncultured," "unlettered," "almost illiterate" teachers; she spoke of the "coarse language" and of the "rough treatment." And then she spoke pointedly of "associates." Oh, she put up a good argument. And that did settle it. Father was busy. This was mother's business, as he said. And if she had investigated and had found that there were better schools, why then Irene and I should go to them. We should have the best education there was!

So Irene and I were taken out of public school and sent to a private school. Mother wanted us to go to the same school that Eyvelyn Ward attended. It was rather difficult to get in there, as we found out later. This school aimed to be very "exclusive." It was proud of having a waiting list. Credentials must be right. Conditions of entrance were strict. I don't mean work conditions, you understand; I mean conditions of your parents' position, family, lineage—I think character probably came in the list, but it was an ornamental requirement beside the other essentials.

Well, there could be no doubt about mother's position or father's money, so we were pushed in ahead of the waiting list. The school took pupils from eight to eighteen years of age. Irene and I were never in the same classes, but we came and went together. And that was about all we were together on anything. The coachman drove us to school and the maid accompanied us. So much was demanded to compete with other pupils. I don't remember a great deal about the first few years, except that the work wasn't difficult. Lessons were short and teachers were easy. Oh, yes; I nearly forgot. It was then we first began our school lessons in deportment. Irene got good marks in these; I had poor ones. I never could remember. And then there was so much time that you felt as if you just had to swing out your arms and kick your feet and yell. You see then we didn't have athletics. It wasn't ladylike! After a year they introduced calisthenics, which meant marching and gently advancing arms and legs. But the worst of it was that even when I got out of school I was restricted. I must do this and I mustn't do that. "You may" and "you may not."

My! how I hated those words!

It was when I was at the grammar-grade age—had I stayed in public school—that I learned the "why" of this, that I began really to feel differences. I remember vaguely always hearing about family, but then I became conscious of distinctions. There were cliques in the school. They didn't seem to be formed by congeniality, except as it was based on a prescribed set of the same values. I remember one day a discussion about a new girl. "But where does she live?" questioned one. "I can tell you," answered another with a flash in her eye: "east of Central Avenue."

Ella's Chief Desire Seemed to be to Have Fun

The Snobbery of Dad's Womenfolk

THAT was enough. Central Avenue was a geographical measurement of superiority. The rule was never questioned. East of it you were nothing socially; west of it you might be anything. Unless, of course, you were a climber. Woe to you then! As I look back on it now I can see how subtly that poison of class worked in me. I didn't question, because it "just wasn't done"—just as you didn't wear long skirts or do up your hair until you came out. Besides, I learned not to question things. We lived in a world with set rules. Either you followed the rules or you didn't live in that world. And as long as you didn't know any other world, and as long as you were taught that the unseen world was something terrible and not to be thought of, it was natural to connect it with cholera or smallpox or other pestiferous things and accept the air you breathed. When you come to think of it, what else was there to do?

Sometimes I wonder that I didn't get into another atmosphere with dad. But I saw less and less of him. He seemed busy and spent less time at home. And he thought education and society were the business of the women. And he never questioned that mother knew her business.

I remember so well, though, one night when he came home earlier than usual. He didn't have his accustomed cheery greeting for us. He sat down in front of the fire, his hands in his pockets, his unseeing eyes on the flames. He seemed so forlorn, and once when I looked up I saw him wipe away a mist in his eyes.

Mother saw it too. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" she asked.

"Bill Rowe committed suicide today," was the answer.

Mother looked a little puzzled. Then, as if fearful of hurting his feelings, tentatively inquired: "Bill Rowe?"

Father nodded. "The watchman at the building," he added, as a necessary explanation.

Mother looked relieved and a little amused. I hoped father didn't notice that. Then she said: "The watchman?" and there was great meaning in the inflection of that word. "Well, dear, please tell me why you should feel so utterly downcast about that? I thought you'd lost one of your best friends."

Father wheeled on her. "So I have," he asserted. "So I have. There wasn't a squarer man in the world than Bill." And he left the room.

I felt sorry for dad and I tried to understand, but I couldn't. I'd feel sorry if I lost my maid; but after all she was a servant, and I couldn't feel the same, of course, as if I'd lost—well, say Ella. Ella was my best friend in school. But dad didn't seem to make any distinctions.

How true this was I didn't find out until some years later when he died. His friends came from every walk in life—millionaire clubmen, and firemen from some remote station, salesmen, ministers, artists, tradesmen, some of whom he'd helped, to all of whom he'd been a friend. I had often heard him assert queer things about equality—"one man as good as another" and kindred phrases—but so did the Declaration of Independence, I youthfully thought, when I thought about it at all. And, as Irene would point out, every one knew that there were classes in America as anywhere else—that there ought to be—that some people were better than others necessarily, they were born so.

But this is getting ahead of my story. When I try to think whether I belonged to *the* clique, or what were my relations in regard to the various groups, I feel rather puzzled. I seemed to have friends in all, but I was never the simon-pure representative of any one. I suppose some might say that Ella and I formed a clique of our own. Certainly we were devoted. We found each other at the beginning of my second year. Ella's father was a rich corporation lawyer and she had never gone to any other school. Ella's chief desire seemed to be to have fun, and we used to spend our time thinking up games and things to do that would get rid of some of our surplus energy and that people wouldn't find out. That was another direct result of this school system. We knew that if they found out they'd put an end to our fun by saying it was unladylike or unrefined or not nice. So we did things secretly.

Typical Episodes

ANOTHER reason that I liked Ella was that she was so human, although naturally I didn't analyze it at the time. There was that incident with Miss Zindberg, our German teacher. One day when we were in German class the head mistress came to the door and called her into the hall. We found out about it later from a girl who overheard the conversation. Eyvelyn Ward's cousin was going to enter the school, announced the head mistress with a feather-in-her-cap smile, and she wanted to be in the same German class with Eyvelyn. Therefore she would enter this class. Now there was an inexorable rule advertised in the school catalogue that every class was limited as to numbers so that each pupil received much individual attention. This class was full. Miss Zindberg pointed it out. It was a baffler for the head mistress. She looked in the room, took a rapid survey of us, then said:

"Isn't that Clara Lane by the window?"

"Yes," answered Miss Zindberg.

"Take her out and put her in the class below."

"But," remonstrated dear old German Miss Zindberg—"But she's my best pupil."

"That makes no difference. We can't afford to offend a cousin of Miss Ward." And that was the ultimatum.

Clara Lane was a lonely girl. She had wandered in there by mistake. No one knew her parents. An uncle who had a pull entered her and paid her tuition, and she was the best student in the school. When Ella found out about the decree she raised a yowl. She didn't merely remonstrate, she howled—and to the head mistress. The sight of Clara, when Miss Zindberg told her, had been too much for Ella. She announced her intention of going in a lower class with Clara. And I joined forces, much to Irene's disgust. The result was that the German class was divided into two sections. But it was characteristic that no one thought for a minute that more money or less work should be given to Miss Zindberg on account of this. I can appreciate that now.

I sometimes wonder what Miss Zindberg thought about it all. I think she was more democratic and had a keener sense of values than any teacher in that school. I remember one day when I went to her to make up a lesson I had missed. Another girl was there when I entered. She had failed lately. Miss Zindberg said to her:

"You have a good head but you don't seem to be interested in your work. What are you interested in?"

Quick as a shot came the answer: "Money." And I can see now how sick Miss Zindberg looked. Of course now I know the girl was honest. It wasn't gowns or parties or what money would give her that she cared for; it was the cold, hard article. She knew its power. On the other

hand we didn't talk about money. We accepted it. But when, as was frequently the case now, we heard about the marriages of the older girls we found there was rejoicing only when money entered somewhere into the partnership. If they made a "good match" or found a "desirable party" it meant that it was a marriage of point lace and diamonds. On the whole I think this girl differed from the rest of us only because she consciously thought and honestly proclaimed the basis of the whole scheme.

It was about this time that we, too, began to think of marriage, or perhaps I should say of boys. Ella and I used to talk about it a good deal and we read all the novels that we could lay our hands on. I might stop right here to say that I think it's a great pity when a girl has no brothers. Without them she has a wholly different attitude toward boys and life, and later toward men and marriage. If she goes to public school and has boy playfellows, that helps some. But here were Ella and I, sent to a private school for girls from the first; having to sneak away to play naturally even with each other; and never meeting a boy except at dancing school under most formal supervision. When I think back on it I don't wonder that we built up the romances that we did—and were separated.

We read so many stories and had so much normal, youthful spirit that we just had to twine laurel wreaths round some one's head. So we picked out our heroes at dancing school. My Lothario was a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-eyed youth, with such a masterful way, as I explained to Ella. Hers was a thin, aristocratic, poetlike dreamer, as she explained to me. Well, there's no need to tell how we planned romantic adventures, how we met them afternoons in the park. Truth is I can't remember much about them. I recall best my great coup—a bent ring with a dirty moonstone in it that seemed to me a symbol of deep feeling. I think it was given to me with a smirk and a "Here, want to wear it? It hurts my hand." But it was the result that really counted.

One afternoon we were discovered by one of those omnipresent teachers, who was strolling through the park by herself. Immediately we were reported. My mother and Ella's mother were sent for. And it was decided that next year I should go to a boarding school in another city and that Ella should attend one still farther away. This doesn't tell all the humiliating scenes to which we were subjected—how we were compared to some type in every lower stratum of society. Never before had we realized what a dizzy fall it was possible for us to take. We finished out the term—there were only two more weeks—under the strict and shaming supervision of our teachers. Then came a humiliating summer when every one seemed to take pleasure in looking down upon me—all, that is, except dad. Oh, I knew what they'd do to me! Send me to a strict boarding school where I shouldn't even be allowed to decide for myself what kind of ribbons I'd wear. And I said so to dad. But mother had been too much for him. From the way dad tried to reason with me I could tell that mother had asked if he didn't want his daughter to marry, and if he didn't want her to marry well. Of course dad said, "Yes"—he did. But where dear old dad made his mistake was in never finding out whether sending me to a finishing school was going to accomplish what he desired.

So I went. Mother took me. It was one of those exclusive and select finishing schools—but then they all are—that gives you predigested-breakfast-food education. I suppose I am somewhat bitter about it, but I have reason to be. This school advertised to give you everything without "undue strain." That was true of the curriculum. The strain was on the snobbishness. Of that first day but one incident stands out clearly: I was waiting in the large music room next to the office when the registrar entered. She was a short, chubby woman, with a sappy smile and eyes that seemed to look at every one with perfectly calculated deference to degrees. Suddenly she espied a girl in the corner. She went over to her and in her sugar-coated way said:

"Can this be Sally Payne?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, why, please tell me, didn't you telegraph so that we could meet you? It isn't nice or right that you should come up to the school by yourself. It doesn't speak well for you and it doesn't give a good tone to the school."

"But," explained the girl, "I have traveled alone ever since I was eleven years old."

"We don't allow that here." And the registrar flopped away while the girl's eyes filled with homesick tears.

I was assigned to a room with a girl from Texas. I didn't like her very well. She seemed blatant to me; but the school was so well known for its exclusiveness that mother said I mustn't even mention it. The girl was an incessant talker, and before we went to sleep had told me everything about herself. She wasn't sent there to be educated. She was sent there for a very definite purpose, and it made her mad! Here she grew very mysterious. She was engaged to a man in her father's factory and her father wanted the engagement broken. Afterward I learned what the principal had told her father.

"Just send her to me," she assured him, "and I'll guarantee that her engagement will be broken before the end of the year."

It was—broken before Christmas holidays. It is interesting to think back and see how the poison was injected into her. It wasn't that she met other men to catch her heart on the rebound, for we weren't allowed to see any men unless they came with our parents' credentials, and then only occasionally. But she was made to feel her "place," and her place was rather lower on the ladder. And she was given an incentive to climb! Afterward—that is, after I had changed my room—some girl in New York asked her home for the holidays. And the principal sent a letter to her father advising that she be allowed to go, for at that home she would meet men of money and position. And her father consented!

Oh, this school looked after the marriageable advantages of its daughters, but did it sub rosa. For to mention a man was treason. In everything that was done we were made to feel that marriage was of tremendous—yes, of primary—importance; but that it must not be mentioned, or in the minds of any nice girls even thought about! In fact the very word man was like a lost word, never spoken. When we went to the theater we went with chaperons, on a private street car that drew up at our corner and carried us carefully and segregatively to the Shaksperean performance; but never to any comic opera and never to any social problem play. On the Saturdays when we were allowed to go for walks we might stop in a certain confectioner's for ice-cream soda because only women clerks were engaged there; or we were allowed to go to the tea room for the same reason.

Now the result of all this was rather tremendous. Of course we talked about men—when by ourselves. And we read about men when we could sneak in any books, for we were allowed to read no fiction except that authorized by the principal. And we did it all in an unhealthy manner and in secret—both bad, with rather lasting results. Sometimes now when I see people on the streets whose "faces tell their lives" I wonder why deeds any more than thoughts leave their impress. And when I think of our finishing-school days, and how in not a single instance did we seem to have any contact with real healthy life, I wonder if any of us could come through without blemishes.

(Continued on Page 33)

THE BACK PORCH OF LIFE

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

AT FIVE-FIFTY-SEVEN of a Monday morning Miss Carolyne Dathers—known as Madame Dathers in wholesale millinery circles, where a title is strictly a business utensil and has nothing to do with matrimony—unscrewed her face from a pillow, flung her arms above her head, and yawned with such abandon that the wrinkles, carefully forefingered out the previous evening with copious skin food, contorted themselves in again. She reached to a corner of the bird's-eye-maple dressing table adjacent for a small gunmetal watch, and then indignantly demanded of consciousness what had impelled her to waken fully twenty minutes before her wont.

A vague prescience of affliction hung over her—that heavy, indefinable feeling with which you rouse the morning after a death or a foreclosure, when sleep has dulled but not destroyed recollection.

She mused sluggishly. Since she was destitute of relatives whose dying would put any heartreaching dent in her lump of joy, Miss Dathers sent a quicker quirk through her brain cells. What had she lost? But the only property owned by her was a wardrobe that combined classy style with utility; a great deal of jewelry of a great deal of glitter, but of no pawnableness; a scrapbook filled, even to the outside of the cover, with recipes for shooing off fat, reducing fat, keeping away wrinkles, eradicating wrinkles that meanly sneaked on to your face while you were not looking, lotions, astringents, creams, tinters, revivifiers, lusterizers, and tonics for puffy skin, large-pored skin, sallow skin, seamed skin, purple skin, flabby skin, mushy skin—in short, old skin; a large and variegated collection of bottles and porcelain jars holding all the combinations of cocoa butter, white wax, orange-flower water, lemon juice, benzoin, and other ingredients too numerous to mention, but given at length in the scrapbook and much in demand in this latter-day quest of petticoated—or, at present writing, petticoatless—Ponce de Leons. Valuable property in its way, but not mortgageable.

"Oh, But Mr. Nossing, I Couldn't Let You Know—So Soon ——"

What had happened? What was about to happen?

"Shades of the birds of Paradise!" Out of bed fell Carolyne Dathers with all the impetuosity of a subway train falling away from a station. "Here I am lolling in bed like a chewing-gum magnate's second wife, and the spring opening of the La Mode Wholesale House all ready to wave its French plumes! And we are supposed to be on hand at fifteen minutes before eight!"

However, with one embroidered silk stocking pulled halfway from a plump ankle to a plumper knee, she slackened speed. Quite apart from the anticipation of the heavy day before her, another weight pressed at consciousness. For some reason the routine of hurry nauseated her. For some reason the clean white array of jars, the bottles, the warders-off of age and fat and ugliness, seemed a litter of trash. She wanted to chuck the entire scented mess of grease and perfume and tonic out the window. For some reason it was useless to cold-splash her sleep-creased cheeks until the jaded skin responded with a show of red; useless to compress hurtingly her thirty-eight waist into a twenty-six corset; useless to puff and brush and twist her hair into an elaborately simple effect that small-town milliners followed her round for three days to observe; utterly useless to slick her scanty tan lashes into black beauty with a crayon, or brush delicately with a carmined rabbit's foot her tired old—yes, old! forty-five spells old!—lips. Useless!

The weight thumped down into consciousness. She remembered. This was Monday. Naturally the day before had been Sunday. And, as naturally, the evening before that had been Saturday. And she had spent it—as she had spent all the Saturday evenings but two of the last eleven months—with Mr. Alfred Nossing, also of the La Mode. One week-end had seen her too disfigured by a face-bulging toothache to enjoy cabaret and canned caviar. Another time Mr. Nossing had been called out of town by the death of his mother. But those had been the only exceptions.

All other Saturday evenings had seen them together—he elegantly tailored, redolent of violet water and barber's unguents, wearing his pale gray kid gloves with the sang-froid of one who wears them every Saturday night; she radiantly complexioned, modishly coiffured, silk-stockinged, satin-slippered, wearing a gown that men stretched their eyes after, and a hat that women craned their necks toward, and a smile that was gay, serene and proud.

The gayety of Miss Dathers' smile was induced by the easy roll of the taxi after a jerking, swaying week of street cars, the happy rose-and-yellow lights of the restaurants, the spirit-emollient of the orchestra's lilt. The serenity was born of the darling knowledge that the next day was Sunday and she could sleep as late as she wished. The pride came from her own chic immaculacy of grooming and the gentlemanly dazzlement of Mr. Nossing.

The weeks to Miss Dathers—and so she had imagined, fatuously it seemed, to Mr. Nossing—were composed of two parts: seven days and Saturday evening. The one was a desert of feathered and flowered monotony of hustle; the other was an oasis centered with the bubbling waters of intellectual conversation, fringed with the parsley of gastronomical delights. From eight A. M. Monday until five P. M. Saturday Miss Dathers and Alfred Nossing talked millinery, urged millinery, ecstasied over feather and flower and buckram. From eight P. M. Saturday until—well, sometimes as late as three A. M. the next day—the plumage of the heron, the ostrich and the crow were forgotten. In their place came art, literature, science.

It was a pleasure to converse with Mr. Nossing—in connection with Mr. Nossing you used "converse"; it seemed more appropriate than "talk." Mr. Nossing was a man of gentility and education. He knew the difference between canned caviar and fresh. And such verbal unexpectednesses as "congenital" and "genuflection" he sprinkled through his sentences as nonchalantly as a state legislature sprinkles appropriations through its own high cost of living.

Moreover, he could pronounce and discuss Mascagni and Maupassant with as much ease as Miss Dathers could gab about dyed chicken wings. She had a misty idea that one of the gentlemen was responsible for a new brand of talcum and the other was a Socialist candidate for alderman; but she had enough presence of mind to screen her ignorance by murmuring: "This claret tastes sour!"

And she chewed her French fried potatoes in discreet silence when Mr. Nossing railed, with gentlemanly delicacy of phrasing, at the sad, bad endeavor of popular magazines to enhance wayward passion by surrounding it with an expensive filigree of adjective and verb. She hated to admit it to Mr. Nossing—she refrained from admitting it to Mr. Nossing—but Miss Dathers enjoyed reading about wayward passion. She was ashamed of it and wished that her literary tastes were as exalted as she led Mr. Nossing to believe.

With a sigh Miss Dathers finished pulling the silk stocking over her plump right knee. With another sigh she reached for its silken mate. There would be no more of those delightful conversa—verza—si—zi—whatever the word was that Mr. Nossing had used. A third sigh came from her plump lemon-and-peroxide-whitened throat. Last Saturday evening, after several hours of pleasant chat—it was only in retrospect that she noted the constrained tinge of his part—Mr. Nossing asked her to marry him. She was not surprised. For at least five months she had expected him to ask. And other people had expected it. For three months Lizzie Hoble, of the medium-priced trimmed-hat showroom, had spent the greater portion of her noon hour embroidering a real Irish linen luncheon cloth, which she openly announced was to be a wedding present for her friend Carolyne. When a man gets thirty-five dollars a week and spends seventeen of it on you every week-end, you—and other people—are justified in thinking ——

It was now evident that she and they had not been justified. He asked her. Oh, he distinctly asked her! And for three whole moments joy flooded her soul as cerise plumes flood the streets in a cerise season. At forty-five you grow a bit tired of smiling chicly and looking chic and talking chicness every day. You'd like to have a home and stay in it. But, when you're used to stringing verbiage round every statement as freely as you drape mousseline de soie round a chip crown, habit is hard to break. Miss Dathers murmured a refusal that she intended to change—two seconds later—to acceptance; just as she habitually asked Mrs. Brelly, of Nebraska, twenty dollars a dozen for hats that she expected later to let her have for sixteen dollars and eighty-five cents. And Mrs. Brelly liked the leghorns better because of the first-tacked-on-twenty-dollar price.

Carolyne Dathers learned that matrimony is not millinery. Mr. Nossing had grabbed at that refusal as a starved dog grabs at a frankfurter. And the acceptance she was about to add fell back into her throat unuttered.

He had been relieved—glad! Oh, there was no doubt about it! Gladness spread over his face as pink muslin roses are spread over a church on Easter Sunday. When you're forty-five years old and have spent twenty-two of those years selling millinery to milliners—which, as Lizzie Hoble opined in pettish moments, is much the same as deviling the devil—you may not be familiar with the biographies of the great masters of literary technic, and you may think that Julia Marlowe wrote the Moonlight Sonata; but there is one thing of which you know the alpha and omega, the a-b-c, the x-y-z and also the m-n-o—and that is the complete range of expression the human face may display.

Glad? Why, the man had been tickled to death!

"I suppose he thought he had to ask me because I expected it!" she bitterly soliloquized. "As I did!"—with acrid honesty. "And I suppose he was scared out of his wits at having to tie up with an old fat woman, who could get along without praying easier than she could do without cold cream." A fourth sigh formed itself, but a glance at the gunmetal watch killed it half-born. "Heavens! I'll never get there on time—sitting here mooning like an apprentice girl over her first beau! And Mrs. Brelly, of Beatrice, Nebraska, wants to buy all her misses' and old ladies' ready-trimmed by noon, so's we can get to the imported patterns this afternoon."

"Seems to Me This Hat's Pretty Much Like Some I Got Last Spring"

Miss Dathers up-jerked the second silk stocking, down-jerked and snapped the eight pairs of stout garters that held her too-fleshy thighs into a semblance of the lissomeness required by the tyrant style; gruntingly wedged her shoulders, bust and waist into the long, tight confines of a soft black chiffon velvet gown that—"Believe me!" admired its wearer as she revolved before the mirror, "will make"—grunt—"those out-of-town buyers"—grunt—"strain their"—gr-r-runt—"their optic nerves! My! That's considerable squeeze!"—with an outsplurge of breath that threatened to yank hooks from eyes. "But it's worth it!"—with a pleased backward glance at the mirrored sheen.

Did the scales accuse her of two hundred and three pounds? Ridiculous! Those long, black velvet lines declared a scant hundred and seventy-five, and the face above smoothly denied forty-five years—thirty-four at the most. She added a fleck of rouge; flirted the swan's-down powder puff over her chin. Under the kindly green-shaded lights of the showrooms it would be thirty.

"And the Stubbs sisters, from Cedar Falls, Iowa, will get so excited peeking at that slit"—with a rehearsing kick of her plump left leg—"trying to see my kneecap that I can sell 'em those off-color tussah braids before they know what I'm doing!" She chuckled, but the chuckle drifted into a sigh as she went down to the breakfast room of the apartment hotel; for the admiration and discomfiture of customers, though all very well in a fulsome way, are not satisfying when you want—something different.

And she frowned over her breakfast—frowned first over the delay before the waitress came. A finicky white-bearded dyspeptic kept the girl by his table ten minutes squabbling over the amount of bran in his wheat bread. Then she frowned over the too-pale-yellow coffee and the puttylike oatmeal. She consulted her watch impatiently—had to rush off without waiting for a second cup of coffee. She sighed as she rushed. Only a week before she had confided to Lizzie Hoble that it would be mighty nice to live in your own flat and cook what you liked the way you liked it at the time you liked. And now that flat was as out of reach as last season's discounts.

Millinery spring, like Nature's, trips down a violet-bordered path; but it comes earlier—the first week in February, or even sooner. And the violets are not shy; nor do their modest purple heads snuggle in shady nooks. They are blue, pink, green, yellow, brown and variegated; and they stand up garishly in long, wide pasteboard boxes, crowding black lilies-of-the-valley, brown grapes, navy-blue peaches and hybrid roses that would give Burbank hydrophobia, and scream in high black type: "We challenge duplication at double the price!" Instead of sunshine there is the yellower glitter of calcium. Instead of refreshing rains and air-clearing storms there are the trickle, patter and jabber of many tongues, the thunder of asseverations and the lightning of denials.

Mr. Nossing was standing in the green-velvet-curtained doorway of the green-velvet-carpeted showroom, where the trimmed hats hung their plumes and flowers from pedestal and wallcase. That was Mr. Nossing's duty—to stand there and welcome with a winning smile and a cordial handclasp the buyers who came assuredly or humbly, according to their rating, from the passé, chic, struggling, anemic or bustling millinery shops of the Middle West, and sometimes from beyond. The fashion tentacles of the La Mode House were far-reaching.

Mr. Nossing embellished the La Mode showrooms as an orchid embellishes an embossed silver vase. No orchid, though, was ever so neat, so spick and span, so utterly elegant, as Mr. Nossing. Like Miss Dathers, he was inclined to embonpoint. It was, however, the embonpoint that clamors for the adjective distingué as a squirrel clamors for a peanut. Bank presidents and promulgators of patent medicine would have yearned to use that outcurving abdomen and stately surplusage of chin in photographs for publication. Even the bald spot that rounded the center of his grayish brown head like an overturned white saucer had a superelegance of glaze. And his voice was as mellifluous as a wax record of Caruso's.

It was common knowledge that once, when crabbed, touchy old Mrs. Bennings, of Sioux City, was sailing out, her faded blue eyes bloodshot with wrath at an indignity in price-raising offered her by Kackers, the head salesman, she turned back and regave her canceled order merely because Mr. Nossing met her in the doorway and said sadly, holding out a regretful white manicured hand: "Dear me, Mrs. Bennings! It breaks me all up to think of your quitting the La Mode!" The La Mode firm prized him as the directors of a dogshow prize a four-pound pedigreed Boston terrier.

Madame Dathers—she became Madame as soon as she hung her own hat in the locker and swept regally into the region of green-velvet carpets and curtains—stiffened slightly as she passed Mr. Nossing in the doorway; but his smiling Good-morning! had all the geniality of preceding mornings, and his full face was serene. Plainly he considered Saturday evening past—and did not care how far past! She saw, too, that he was wearing new habiliments in honor of opening week. His suit was very springlike. On another man it would have been premature—with the date only February second. Mr. Nossing was above season and style. He was a law unto himself in matters sartorial, and consequently able to make law and begin seasons for others.

"Good morning!" said Madame Dathers.

Her voice was not short. Pride forbade. Neither was it cordially prolonged. Pique prevented. She crossed the room to a long beveled mirror of pivoted gold frame for a detailed view of her gown that her own smaller mirror had not given. The view here was even more satisfying. Complacence shone in her eyes. A hundred and seventy-five? Why, she did not look an ounce over a hundred and sixty! Over her shoulder in the mirror she saw that Mr. Nossing had turned and was contemplating her. His contemplation was perfectly calm. No denied desire flecked it.

"The La Mode hasn't got many that can tantalize the trade like you can," he called appreciatively.

Hot resentment, like the white flame of fire that runs beside the red-coal flare, licked the edge of her complacency. She did not want any of his smooth, unmeant compliments! She flounced away, biting her lip—then smiled with bright welcome:

"Why, Mrs. Brelly, I was just looking for you. Come right this way! I was so afraid this line of fancy tailored would be handled and all its niftiness mussed before you saw it! You know some milliners can't look at a hat without jerking it apart!" From a colorful wallcase she drew a

gorgeous tuft of green satin, underlaid with purple straw and polka-dotted with isinglass apricots. "Now"—proudly—"isn't that classy? If it doesn't look like it belonged to a Wednesday afternoon card party I'll eat it! And only four dollars!"

"Don't you let Madame Dathers overcharge you, Mrs. Brelly," joked Mr. Nossing as he towed Miss Grady, of Des Moines, past them. Miss Grady's maroon broadcloth raiment outclassed Mrs. Brelly's shabby black serge as the plumage of a pink swan outclasses Plymouth Rock feathers; but Mrs. Brelly paid cash—and considerable of it. Miss Grady still owed for half of her last season's stock, and the La Mode could not lose her custom if it wanted to. So the astute Mr. Nossing towed her to the youngest and most amateurish salesgirl as practice material.

"Don't you worry about me ever gettin' overcharged!" laughed Mrs. Brelly, sending pleasantry at Mr. Nossing and sneering at Miss Grady with the single glance.

Madame Dathers smiled amiably.

"I guess Mrs. Brelly can trust me," she declared. "After all these years ——"

Her smile faded. Mr. Nossing had not waited to hear—he was hurrying across the room to intercept a girl flying through from the designing rooms beyond.

"Madame Jenevie!" He caught hold of one flying arm, blue-satined to the elbow, white and gold-braceleted below.

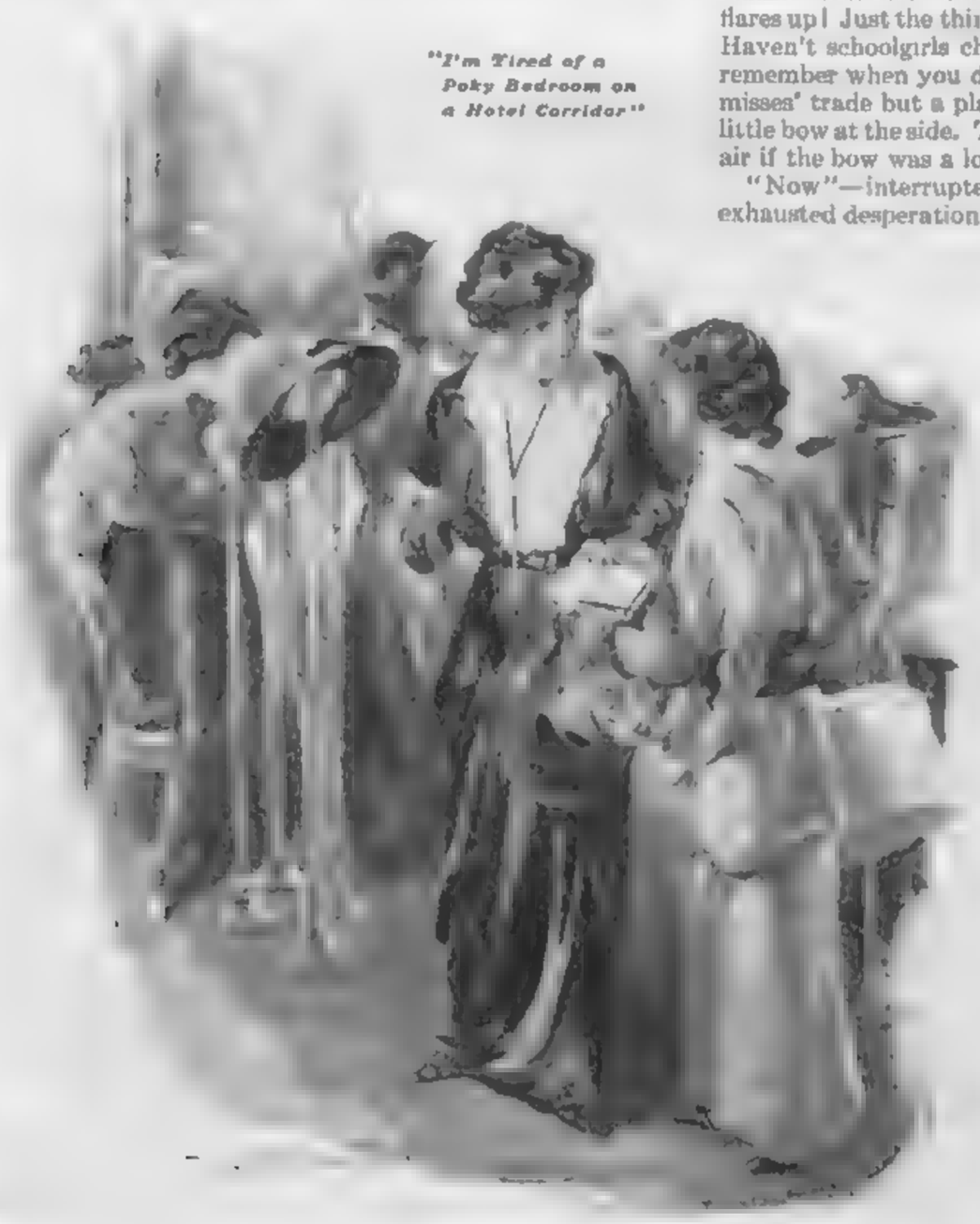
"Whatcha want?" impatiently demanded Madame Jenevie. "I'm in a hurry—gotta get the right shade of gray satin. Never saw an errand girl that wasn't three-fourths colorblind!"

"I wanted to ask you ——" Mr. Nossing's mellifluous voice sank; he drew Madame Jenevie to the other side of the room and murmured.

"I don't know," meditated Mrs. Brelly, the green satin tuft held aloft on a black-cotton-gloved forefinger. "Seems to me this hat's pretty much like some I got last spring—and they were terrible slow sellers!"

"Yes, it is—exactly," vacuously agreed Madame Dathers. Her eyes went over Mrs. Brelly's shabby shoulder to the two across the room. Mr. Nossing was talking earnestly—Madame Jenevie seemed to have forgotten her hurry.

Madame Jenevie was known as Sally Peterson between seasons. She was born in South Dakota and was not sure whether France was east or north of Germany. Until she was fourteen years old she wore nothing more pretentious in headgear than a percale sunbonnet—value some six cents. Her hair was the color of Dakota's sun-glistened cornfields. Her neck was as soft and white as the cotton of the milkweed pods that dot those cornfields. Her eyes were blacker and shinier than the La Mode's jettiest jet buckles. Her form was that slim, straight up-and-downness which is so alluring—after you've lost it. Her face was oval, and pink and white, and unwrinkled, and kissable. And you could stand Sally out on State Street in the wrinkle-and-rouge-disclosing glare of a noonday sun and her face would be as unwrinkled and kissable; for Sally was young. Not ten years lay between the last of the sunbonnet days and the chic audacity of her present cobalt charmeuse gown. She knew the use of spermaceti and cocoanut oil only by hearsay.



"I'm Tired of a Poky Bedroom on a Hotel Corridor"

"Well, now," beamed Mrs. Brelly, "that's honest of you to tell me!" She laid back the green tuft.

"Oh, Mrs. Brelly," cried Madame Dathers, shrugging off curiosity and getting determinedly back to business, "I'm sure you want some of these draped turbans. See this blue-and-black? Heavy? Sure it's heavy. A little out of style? Why, it's meant that way! Now, Mrs. Brelly, just you look carefully at it on my head. Wait till I squash my hair a trifle. There!" triumphantly. "Doesn't it make you think of all the Ladies' Aid Societies you ever saw? Why, of course! That's what it was designed for! You let me write down four dozen assorted. No—some are trimmed with wings and some with flowers; and I believe"—searching her recollection—"that a few have a loop of silk. But they all have that respectable unstylish look. You could order a hundred, and I'll bet you a last season's catalogue to a this-year's imported Italian Milan that on Easter Sunday ninety-seven of the hundred would be nodding in the Baptist Church or the Methodist, or the U. P."

"O-o-oh!" Sally's voice was shrill and far-carrying. "Why, Mr. Nossing, when did you get that idea? I thought you and ——"

It was purely involuntary—that spasmodic jerk of Madame Dathers' eyes from the blue-and-black turban to a mirror that reflected the two across the room. At the same second Sally, her eyes round and smiling, whirled round to look at Miss Dathers. Sally tried to assume an unconscious expression—and, instead, betrayed the self-conscious mien we all expose when people catch us talking about them. Their eyes met, clashed, wavered apart.

"Two dozen, you said, Mrs. Brelly?" cried Madame Dathers abstractedly. "Oh, yes—five dozen; to be sure! And you'll wish for more. Did Mr. Brelly come with you this trip?"

"Oh, but Mr. Nossing, I couldn't let you know—so soon ——" Sally's voice was a teasing trill.

"And this is another hit, Mrs. Brelly. Just examine this wide scoop brim—wool hemp, extra fine grade. It looks real rakish—don't it? The way that bunch of imitation aigrets flares up! Just the thing schoolgirls will go wild over! My! Haven't schoolgirls changed in the last ten years? I can remember when you didn't dare bring out a thing for the misses' trade but a plain flat sailor, with a perfectly neat little bow at the side. Their mothers went straight up in the air if the bow was a loud color. And now ——"

"Now"—interrupted and echoed Mrs. Brelly in a tone of exhausted desperation—"Now a seven-year-old girl thinks a rainbow's too plain! And if her mother says a word it's: 'Oh, shut up, ma! It's me that's going to wear this hat! And I guess I know what I want!' And they paw over the whole store before they're suited."

"That's the way they talk," agreed Madame Dathers. "Times are changing."

"Changing?" said Mrs. Brelly bitterly. "Times are somersaulting! Times are having apoplexy! It used to be you could save your scraps of lavender silk and black velvet and snippings of ribbon, and fix up some tasty old ladies' bonnets; and, since you made 'em out of scraps, what you sold 'em for was clear profit, and you was encouraged to keep on in the millinery business. But now ——"

"There isn't much call for old ladies' bonnets now," sighed Madame Dathers.

"Huh!" sniffed Mrs. Brelly. "I guess there isn't! Now when you see an old white-haired thing of eighty-three hobbling in the front door you can right away pull down the latest box of iridescent pink motor veils; and four times out of five she'll buy a skyblue poke to go under it.

For Some Reason the Wardens-Off of Age and Fat and Ugliness Seemed Trash

And if her granddaughter is along and remonstrates, wanting the veil herself, the old lady flings up her wrinkled chin and says: 'Keep still, m' dear! I've got a right to live my own life and have my own ideals!' Say, how much is that burnt-orange wreath of lilacs?"

"Wednesday evening, Mr. Nossing?" Sally's young trill queried.

"Any evening!" said Mr. Nossing with eager loudness. "The sooner"—earnestly—"the better."

"I haven't shown you the all-flower hats," said Madame Dathers in a steady voice.

So! Sally was the reason! Well, she didn't know that she could blame him. If she were a man she'd want Sally—Sally, whose white-and-pink firmness of cheek was not massaged to flabbiness and not scented sickeningly with lanoline and orange-flower water; Sally, whose lissomeness could dispense altogether with whalebones.

"I guess I'll try half a dozen of those green-lily Napoleons," said Mrs. Brelly.

"These leghorns trimmed with white and gray plums are catchy," urged Madame Dathers.

"Oh, surely! As if I'd forget, Mr. Nossing!" cried Sally, and the cobalt-charmeuse slimness whirled across the room and out the curtained doorway to the stockrooms beyond.

Mr. Nossing looked after it; then sauntered over to the largest mirror, tweaked his lavender rep scarf to a degree more of graceful hang, and sauntered back to the doorway in time to throw out glad welcoming hands to the Stubbs sisters, of Sioux City—stylish ladies both, with gowns exactly like the gray crêpe de meteor that Madame Dathers had worn the season before, except that theirs were of navy-blue poplin and made with wider, unslushed skirts, longer, looser sleeves, and were shoulder-seamed an inch closer to the spine. And there was another trifling difference—Madame Dathers' dress had fitted her as an eggshell fits an egg; the gowns of the Stubbs sisters fitted them as a peck measure fits nine pounds of potatoes.

Over their wabbling shoulder-seams Mr. Nossing shot Madame Dathers the same unkind smile of amusement he had shot the season before, when they came wearing sad purple taffeta imitations of her heliotrope crêpe de chine. She did not respond with twinkling eyes, as formerly. Her teeth caught tightly at her red under lip to forestall its trembling.

"Look at him!" she muttered resentfully. "Laughing at the poor things! I dare say he laughs the same way behind my back—to Sally!"

Monday was busy but not exciting. Many, many years had clarified Mrs. Brelly's knowledge of what and how much to buy. She was open to argument in the same degree that a small boy, after eating seven pieces of custard pie, is inclined to an eighth; he can dispose of it—but it must be extra luscious. And Madame Dathers that day lacked her usual zest in rolling forth luscious arguments; so the order was a few hundred dollars less than the year before. Madame Dathers, dully footing it, did not care. Ambition was atrophied.

Tuesday ambition sat up. It had to! There was no room to lie down. Iowa, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska and all their neighbors dumped many trainloads of fashion-transmitters at the La Mode's front doors. Hordes swarmed after the black velvet gown, after Lizzie Hoble's green broadcloth, after the cobalt charmeuse. They clamored for

(Continued on Page 38)

The Landscape Cook

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

HOW SHE DEPRIVES THE WEALTHY OF THEIR SIMPLE FARE

"SOUP, did you say?" asked the tired business man, interrogating the thick and sticky mixture that sulked in the bottom of the plate before him.

"Yes—*potage à la* something or other," conciliated his wife from the foot of the home table.

"Of course!" commented he bitterly. "Real soup that you take with a spoon doesn't exist any more. It's always *potage* or *purée* or *turbigo*, or some other French thing you cut with a knife. Well"—and he summoned a flagging resolution—"let's have a bite of it. Perhaps this one may taste alike in two different spots."

"The Woman Who Can Cook a Pot-tate-au is Paid a Much Higher Price Than the Woman Who Can Merely Cook a Potato"

His wife watched him anxiously as he experimented with the challenged mixture.

"How is it?" questioned she at length.

"It?" The head of the household reproached her with a glance. "My dear, you're too disrespectful. This soup is they—ten thousand of 'em—grated cheese, melted honey, fuming sauerkraut, troubled onion, with a tease of denatured parsley and a final reminder of misspent furniture polish. It's got more quotations than a stock ticker. It's—wow! Oh, do take it away, kind somebody! My last gulp tasted of olive oil."

"What a shame!" grieved his wife. "And Marie prides herself so much on that soup! She says the Vanderbrowns always had her make it on special occasions."

"The Vanderbrowns are so rich they can afford a few days at a sanitorium; but I'm not. I'm a quiet man and I love a quiet soup."

Certain it was, however, that the remaining courses of this home meal declined to humor any such taste for tranquillity. The entrée was a powdered remnant of fish flanked with lemon-slices, from which parsley everywhere shook its mutinous mane; the vegetables swooned away on mattresses of toast; the salad consisted of stuffed grapes daubed with patches of mayonnaise; and in place of the good old-fashioned brown gravy the débutante chicken was lapped by waves of pastel-tinted sauce.

When it came to the meat course the irritability of the head of the house was again unleashed.

"Nix on the sunset effect!" growled he, pushing away his plate. "Why can't I get some chicken once without perfume? Give it to me fried, barbecued, roasted or stewed—but give it to me, I prithee, in its rude, elementary state! What's become of the plain, substantial dishes anyway? Why is it that, no matter what we pay, we can't get anybody who'll cook English?"

Victuals in Masquerade

THIS harrowed cry from the heart of the American business man has been caught up by a thousand tongues and waved metrically in the faces of a thousand employment agencies—all to no avail. The employment agencies have burrowed long and faithfully, but they cannot find cooks who do old-fashioned cooking for the very Lewis Carroll reason that there are no such cooks to find. Only from those professionals who do it badly—who scorch the steak and undercook the potatoes—does simple, unlacquered fare now claim any allegiance.

The really accomplished and high-priced cook, who is fitted by her abilities to shed some little ray of comfort upon the somber homes of the rich, refuses to waste her time on unsophisticated dishes. She is dedicated heart and soul to the arts of making the dessert look like a picture-puzzle, and of cloaking the identity of the rustic egg from the eyes of the most sensitive observer.

So it is that the biographer of the tired business man has arrived at an elegiac comment on the subject of variety. For years back the public has acted with the said tired business man like a frantic bachelor trying to amuse a baby. It has brought him out this and it has brought him out that. New things have been rattled before his dazzled eyes pretty nearly every day of the week. Everywhere—at café and theater and summer resort—the pink heels of Lady Novelty have beaten wearied yet insistent time to the old refrain: "Let us give our American business man a change. Let us take his troubled mind from stocks and stenography and nasty steel rails." And now at last she has cleared the home table of its hereditary standbys. In order to appease this legendary appetite the cook has taken to ragtiming the bill-of-fare.

Needless to say, too, most men resent the intrusion of handmaiden Variety into their kitchens. Fancy cooking is all very well in cafés, of course. There is a certain sense of worldly accomplishment in saying airily: "Waiter, bring me a portion of *émince cavalier*—or *purée Africaine*—or *escalope de veau sauté Wackerman*."

In addition to this, the mere fact of running up and down two long pages of glittery French names generally gets the mind into a state of coma. By the time a man gets through he does not care what he eats, and his one lingering sensibility is gratitude that he is not paying more than five times the amount he would have to pay for honest old hash or vegetable soup.

In his own home, however, it is different. There the tinseled and gilded menu sings no lullaby to his eye; there the sight of a shower of Gallic dishes is about as irritating as fireworks set off in the middle of the day; there he would fain slip into the cozy and slippered dishes of his childhood. Yet, in the face of this protest against the affliction of Gallic sauces and imitation-café trimmings, the various employment agencies will tell you that the *à la* cook is only following the public's demand. Visit any one of these scenes of rancor and turmoil with the inquiry, "Why can't I get a good plain cook any more?" and you will invariably hear: "Because the woman who can cook a *pot-tate-au* is paid a much higher price than the woman who can merely cook a potato."

Elaborating on this thesis the bureau of discord goes on to say:

"Of course we do have a few requests for plain cooks, but in the majority of cases we find that our richest patrons like to be able to go out to their kitchens and say: 'The So-and-sos are coming tonight, Marie. Now do fix me up something unusual—something to make 'em wonder whether you break in with dynamite or a pickax.' Can you wonder, therefore, that the woman who is making only seven or eight dollars a week by plain cooking is anxious to learn the frills by which she can double and even treble her wage?"

"The fancy cook does make more money then?" you ask dubiously.

"Undoubtedly. So great is the demand for surprise cooks that many establishments are now following the lead of Great Britain and France by employing two cooks—one to do all the elaborate cooking and the other to make the bread and pastry and toss off all the simple dishes. This higher-priced functionary is known officially as the dinner cook, and she can command from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week."

"But how does she learn all these *à la* dishes?"

"Sometimes she has come from the Cordon Bleu—the great Paris school of cooking. More frequently she has taken a postgraduate course in one of the big cafés or hotels. Now and then she sits at the feet of one of the private teachers who go over to Paris every summer for the purpose of importing the latest sauces and entrées. Most often, however, the dinner cook buys an expensive book gotten out by some famous chef—a certain one that I have in mind costs twenty-five dollars—and laboriously tries to imitate the café technic. Even with such information, though, the dinner cook cannot just settle down in the midst of her repertoire. New compositions are coming out every year, and if she wishes to retain her prestige she must spare no pains in keeping up with the latest variations."

That to this restless scientific ardor there is an equal sacrifice of the employer is the universal testimony of all those who have been subjected to these laboratory dishes. The fact is that the fancy cook is a whole-hearted vivisectionist. She tra-las the soup and stuccoes the meat course

"Most Often the Cook Buys an Expensive Book Gotten Out by Some Famous Chef"

into the chicken?" To her this bird is a thing of bare outlines—all very well as a half-timbered house, but utterly lacking in atmospheric charm. So she sets out upon the dainty work of interior decorating. She chucks in a suite of Louis Seize chestnuts or some panels of old English walnuts, or a quart of oyster upholsteries; and by the time she is through with her work the fowl represents a pure period design and—a purely periodic taste of chicken.

Foods Within Foods

THIS passion for filling things with other things is a factor in modern cooking that could be treated properly only by a full-grown, grass-fed, Arnold-Bennett-length volume. Nowadays you just simply cannot get anything to taste the way it looks. Does your mind rest pleasurably on a plain, *bourgeois* baked potato? Do you rub your hands gleefully over the prospect of a solid canned pear? Does your heart leap at the sight of an artless hardboiled egg? Then does disappointment sit in wait for you round the corner. The baked potato is filled with hash; the pear is only a lodging for a sticky marshmallow; the taste of the egg has a dozen different backstops of oil, mustard, peppers and what-not.

As for the tomato, the way it has been played upon by a temperamental cook constitutes a lingering sorrow to all lovers of the cool, sweet, juicy Fiji. Such a thing as a solid Mission-type tomato does not exist any more—oh, no! In its travels from the vine to the table this fruit is hewn out, filled up with celery, apples and other shreds, and given to the world as Andalouse Salad.

The jovial tomato, however, is only one of the vegetables whose hospitality has been taxed to the limit by the methods of the modern cook. Squashes, eggplants, beets and cucumbers are now regularly excavated and filled with any old bric-à-brac that happens to be left in the refrigerator—and it is understood that string-beans will soon be available for occupancy. Also, fugitive bits of mutton, diced carrots, asparagus tips and minced chicken may find at any moment To Rent signs on the hitherto prohibited grain of rice.

For the genuine orphan asylum of all food, however, we must project ourselves to the up-to-date salad. When it comes to this item of the elaborate meal sound your cymbals, O reviewer! and make for the world a blithe young tune; for it is in this course that the modern cook displays her fullest genius for ambiguity.

Salads are, in fact, of infinite variety. There are luncheon salads and dinner salads and dessert salads. There are salads clogged with mayonnaise and there are those aglint with rippling currents of French dressing.

and frets the salad, with absolutely no regret that by so doing she is disheveling the American stomach and condemning the poor rich class to a constant scramble for nourishment—a sort of daily game of Mutton, mutton, who's got the mutton? arranged for its own home table.

The great trouble with the cook of today is, in fact, that she is too idealistic. She expects entirely too much of things. Take, for instance, the case of chicken. Now in former days the taste of this fowl was considered a fairly satisfactory ultimate—so much so that dashing old Henri Quatre uttered a universal truth when he outlined as the ideal form of government one that should provide "a chicken in the pot for each peasant every Sunday."

This simple specification the advanced cook of today begs leave to challenge. "All very well to put the chicken in the pot," says she; "but what shall we first put

There are salads named after aviators and salads named after Pullman cars. Much, however, as they may differ in externals, one general principle of manufacture is traced through all metamorphoses of the dish; that is—stand within easy reach of all the leftovers in the house and make ardent use of your proximity.

Some little illumination upon the subject of modern ideals in salad prescriptions twinkles from a remark dropped by a young society woman in the midst of a conversation on chiffons, reducing weight and the latest thing in dancing.

"We had the most delicious salad at the Van Quips' the other day!" said she rapturously. "It made everybody ill!"

Pressed for the harrowing details, she went on to explain that it had twenty-eight different ingredients, in which chicken livers and mushrooms were starring, with a support of such able though opposing actors as pineapples, oranges, lemons, maraschino cherries, and the entire vegetable family—in their well-known acrobatic acts.

Of course the chief object of all the modern cook's ragtime dishes is far removed from the vulgar thought of providing nourishment. What our kitchen artists really wants to do is to furnish landscapes, and this ambition reaches its climax in the salad. Here, to quote from a recent magazine article on the subject, "colors may be combined as carefully as in the finest picture." Here she invites you to take your place on the observation car and watch the shifting and overpowering panorama that unfolds before you.

Among all the various decorative elements available for the use of the landscape cook lettuce is far and away the most conspicuous. Nowadays every old dish has got to have its Midsummer Night's Dream setting. Ungainly lengths of steak and fish sprawl on lush green beds of lettuce; salads are all mixed up with it; and not the tiniest croquette or entrée or vegetable but can look out on its spacious lawn of tender green.

Cutting Trails Through Parsley Jungles

COMBINED with this verdure, parsley supplies the same rich note of color as do one or two pine trees in the midst of spring's green bourgeoning. Needless to say, too, the landscape cook is wide awake to its possibilities. She has it drifting idly down the tide of soup; she erects of it stately avenues leading from the meat course; she screens beneath its overarching foliage the rude forms of halibut and codfish. The fact is, indeed, that you cannot get into any modern dish without breaking down a whole rustling underbrush of parsley.

There are, of course, many other formal effects in scenic cooking. Take, for instance, the stuffed olive. Ten to one you will find a solitary olive brooding on the topmost peaks of your cold soup—the stiff, gelatinous soup they serve in cups. If it is not there it will be cuddled down among the lettuce leaves of your salad and entrée; or, failing there, it may even be apprehended among the uncongenial surroundings of the latest dessert.

As for peas, long since have they been diverted from their aboriginal function as a food. Such a thing as a good, old-fashioned, succulent saucer of peas, with a dressing of milk and butter, is now seldom tolerated in homes of real refinement. Not at all! Peas are used almost entirely as a decoration and hover as mere pensioners on the frontiers of meat and salad. Shy, dry, unappetizing little globules, we encounter them most frequently beside the ubiquitous croquette, where, in conjunction with two or three cheese straws, they look for all the world like the scenario of the golf links—balls, tee and sticks.

First aid to these green trimmings in the accomplishment of the modern cook is the lemon-aid. What would become of this functionary if one day a stern mistress should refuse to hand her a lemon? Horror upon horrors! The mind recoils from such a plight, just as it does from a hand-organ without the Miserere or a grocery store without a cat. Why, there is not a fancy dish in these times that could worry through without its garnish of lemons!

Here again, too, we find a case of outgrown superstitions. In old times lemon was looked upon as a flavoring. Our grandmothers used it in cake-icings and various dessert sauces—chiefly, it is thought, for the subtle purpose of making you glad there was not any more used. The lemon shower or the lemon bower—whichever you prefer—never once entered their simple minds.

Now, however, what a change! In order to get on friendly terms with any item of the stylish dinner you've got to give the password to a dozen slices of sentinel lemon. In order to even glimpse the fish you have to peer through endless vistas of parsley-powdered disks. There is, indeed, no operation they have neglected to perform on this hapless fruit. They hollow it out into little baskets and fill it with all sorts of irrelevant choppings; they stick slices of it through slits cut in tomatoes and other vegetables, so that the effect is for all the world like the flying buttresses of Notre Dame Cathedral. If they cannot do anything else they make of it little hoops, through which they pass three limp pieces of asparagus or two sardonic sardines. Slices and disks, disks and slices—verily the lemon has made all food look like cubist impressionistic studies.

Toast!—it jumps into the mind just like that in thinking of any kind of up-to-date cooking. Toast, yes—but not the blunt, untutored kind that is passed you in a rack, together with the orange marmalade. The toast that is accessory to the crime of modern cooking is whittled out into various geometric shapes and given to a helpless world as *croûtons* or *croustades*. If it is the former the toast occurs in your soup in the form of a flotilla of tiny squares; if the latter the pieces are full size and frequently hollowed out in a sort of crib. Behold a platter of things *croustade* and you will inevitably think of a dormitory in which are accommodated any old groups of drowsy wayfarers—oysters, asparagus, parsnips or sardines—all tucked down under blankets of woolly-white cream dressing. Nobody ever eats the toast, but the landscape cook should worry.

We have by no means exhausted the possibilities of landscape cooking, however. We have, in fact, barely mentioned the wide area of marine dressings in which the modern cook insists upon launching all her proudest achievements. Yet it is the sauce to which we must look for the most complete demonstration of up-to-date culinary genius. In this item the fashionable cook shows us how enfettered we were in the days when we considered that sauce was a mere drab gravy or a flavored dessert dressing. She has unfolded to us as many variations of the sauce as there are of the tango, and not a day goes by that she does not invent a new sauce-step.

Food ahoy! Just glance over the gilded and crested menu of one of the smartest cafés and you will find what your own cook is trying to put over on you in the way of nautical settings. There is Bearnaise sauce, and Hollandaise sauce, and sauce *suprême*, and sauce *à la* Mornay, and sauce Marie Antoinette. They have as many names as New York apartment houses and even more tastes than names. The one thing you can be sure about is that there is a sauce, and the one thing the cook must be sure about is that her dishes and plates are all seaworthy.

"'Don't You Wash Your Pans, Celeste?'"

Sometimes your sauce is cold and clings damply to an otherwise tempting particle of food. Oftener it is hot and frolics in rills over the surface of meat and egg and fish. As for its colors, they are various and range from the fast shades to all the delicate evening tints. These latter are, by the way, one of the proudest achievements of the dinner cook.

By the use of a vegetable dye she turns her sauce a lampshade pink, throws a regular comic-opera high light on the demure form of the fowl and bathes the bleak outlines of the roast in a dazzling Turner sunset.

Humble Eggs in Fancy Dress

ONE of the favorite playgrounds for the variegated sauce is the simple old egg; and with the mention of this food we must pause for a special requiem. Hunt your best for a hardboiled or a fried egg on the tables of the rich and you will meet with the same success you do all through the French capital. We have, in fact, completely adopted the Parisian dictum that eggs in the plain old style are inelegant.

We are still served eggs, of course, but they are all deprived of their vote by a dozen different statutes of parsley, asparagus, leeks, peppers, tomatoes and stiff sauces. We get eggs *à l' estragon* and eggs vermicelli and eggs Beauregard. We get eggs drifted over with cheese, and eggs floating in a rich, dramatic sauce of Pompeian red, and eggs thrust at us in insulting little ramekins. But where do we ever find an egg that is permitted to be itself?

They have acted the same way, too, with the desserts. Those pies with the crisp curling edges, those artless fruit puddings and plain cup custards have now no place except in the memory of the sentimental plutocrat. In their place we find on the modern table *mousses* and things *Basaroise* and things *parfait*—mostly made up of a great deal of outdoors and a little taste of sweet.

If you are tired out with the hum of trade and the confusion of the marketplace go home and rusticate for a dessert space. Look on the strewn fern leaves, the willful negligence of the nasturtium carpet, the airy grace of the flowered pergola—the rustling glades of whatever it is. Let your mind be soothed by the lapping of the tinted sauce. Leash dark Care among the rustic staging for a troop of *sauté* pears or marshmallow-prompted apricots. And forget, above all, that food is a mere vulgar something which you eat.

Fancy cooking is not only extensive but expensive. Aside from the tremendous salary you are obliged to pay a surprise cook—aside, too, from the costly raids on the greenhouse and the lemon groves—the ingredients of most fancy dishes are such as to demand a private income. Those whimsical sauces must have constant tributaries of butter and oil; vegetables out of reason are demanded by nearly

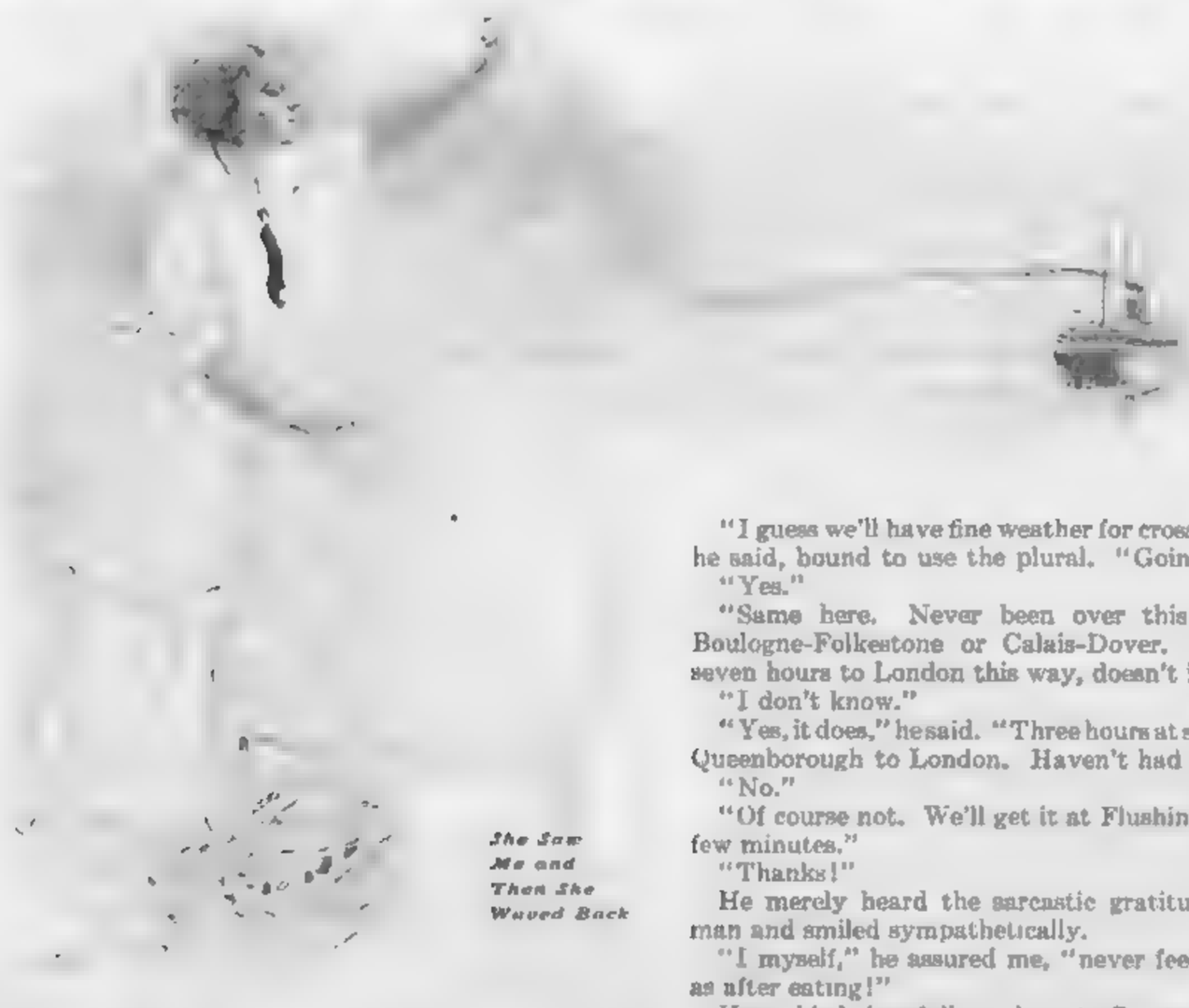
(Continued on Page 65)

Two Pages of Glittery French Names Get the Mind Into a State of Coma

WITHOUT END

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ



She Saw Me and Then She Waved Back

THE blessing of sleep is mine anywhere—even in a *Schlafwagen*. Therefore I decided to leave Berlin in the evening for London via Holland. One of my companions-to-be had preëmpted my lower berth by the favorite device of covering it with valises. He looked up as I entered the compartment and smiled pleasantly. He had a rosy, chubby face, and gave out an impression of having an abundance of futile good nature.

I told the guard in broken German that my berth was the left lower.

"Excuse me!" cheerfully said in English the owner of the valises. "I was waiting until you should turn up. Sometimes people miss the train."

I had not missed it, thereby cheating him out of my own berth; but I could see that he forgave me.

"I'm from Cincinnati," he volunteered.

You might have thought it was a club and that we were fellow members. I could see that he was not born in America.

"Indeed!"

I regret to say I spoke coldly. He was the kind that call you by your first name after learning what it is from the hotel register.

"Know anybody there?"

"No!" I answered.

"Fine town!" he exclaimed.

"So I've heard."

"If you ever go out there I'd be glad to show you——"

"Thank you very much," I interrupted, so rudely that he lifted out the last of his valises in silence.

Two others came in—a tall, bearded German, with a chronic frown and particularly angry-looking *Semmisse*, or dueling scars; and a stout, blond young man, with smooth plump cheeks that made you think of pink sausages. Cincinnati instantly entered into conversation with the newcomers. The German said "Nein!" in such an unfriendly tone of voice that dead silence followed for nearly three minutes. The blond young man—I could not help overhearing later—was a Belgian and had never been in America. In one of his autobiographical outbursts Cincinnati confided to his audience that he was an Austrian by birth, but for nearly twenty years had been an American citizen. He said this proudly—exactly as though he had emerged from a battle not only unscathed but famous.

We woke in Holland. It was a bright morning. I rose to find that my fellow travelers had gone. They were outside in the little corridor. I dressed in comfort. Cincinnati already had made the acquaintance of everybody else in the car and had given to the guard a cigar from the upper right-hand pocket of his waistcoat—the commercial traveler's favorite form of self-betrayal. When he saw me poke my head out of the compartment he swooped down on me as though he were my courier and proud of it.

"Good morning!" he said in his perennially congratulatory voice. "Fine day, isn't it?"

"Good morning!"

"I guess we'll have fine weather for crossing, won't we?" he said, bound to use the plural. "Going to England?"

"Yes."

"Same here. Never been over this route; always Boulogne-Folkestone or Calais-Dover. It takes about seven hours to London this way, doesn't it?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, it does," he said. "Three hours at sea and four from Queenborough to London. Haven't had breakfast yet?"

"No."

"Of course not. We'll get it at Flushing—be there in a few minutes."

"Thanks!"

He merely heard the sarcastic gratitude of a hungry man and smiled sympathetically.

"I myself," he assured me, "never feel so good before as after eating!"

He nodded cheerfully and went off to talk to an old man with a rabbinic beard at the other end of the passage. There was something about this Viennese Cincinnatian that gave to his well-intended smiles the unpleasant adhesiveness of porous plasters.

We arrived at Vlissingen, which the English call Flushing—doubtless to annoy the Dutch, as they do the Italians by calling Livorno Leghorn. The boat would not sail for an hour. Cincinnati stuck to me—sat at the same table and ordered exactly what I did—coffee, rolls and butter. All three were bad and dear.

"Devil of a place!" smiled Cincinnati. "But it ain't your fault!" he told the stolid waiter, and gave him a tip of a shilling.

Our traveling companions were on the platform opposite our compartment. A girl with a basket of fresh-cut roses on her arm was speaking to them. I saw the German, still frowning, nod impatiently. Whereupon the girl selected a rose and pinned it on his coat. The German silently gave her a coin. The girl said *Danke schön* and dropped him a curtsy.

The Belgian's turn came next. I caught the word "Monsieur." The blond Belgian smiled, shook his head and said in German: "But I am not French." Whereupon she retorted in French: "No; but monsieur is a Belgian."

He smiled and said something in Walloon, and she instantly answered him in the same dialect. So he let her pin a rosebud to his lapel and gave her a franc. She turned toward us as we came up.

"Good morning, sir," she said to me, in English almost free from accent. I stared at her blankly. "Will you not let me give you one of these roses?" she asked.

She had very soft clean brown hair and very clear deep brown eyes. Her cheeks had the wonderfully smooth thin skin and living pinkness of a baby. It was that marvelous complexion that made her seem a mere child until you realized she must be at least eighteen.

I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head, meaning to convey, of course, that I could not understand English.

"How sad!" she said, with sympathetic distress. "The gentleman must be deaf!"

She pointed to her ears, then to mine, and shook her head so dolefully that I burst out laughing and surrendered.

"How did you know I spoke English?" I asked her—in English, of course.

"Because you are an American," she smiled.

"Why not English? Or Irish?"

"Oh, no, sir—American! And, of course, I know it now that you have spoken."

"You are the polyglot flower girl I've heard about?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'm Dutch. Will you not have one of my so beautiful roses?"

"I have not decided yet. I must consider."

"See, sir! A dewdrop! I gathered them myself this morning, and——"

"Try that gentleman," I pointed to Cincinnati, "and see if you can speak his language."

The Austro-American immediately took on the look of a man posing for a tintype. She looked at him steadily and seemed to hesitate. Presently she addressed him in German.

I laughed. Cincinnati, displeased but still smiling, shook his head.

"If not from Frankfort, perhaps Vienna?" she said, still in German.

"I'm from Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.," he told her in English and tried to look triumphant.

"I am certain——" she began in German. Suddenly she checked herself and then tactfully went on in English: "Everybody makes mistakes, sir. Will you not have a flower? Americans are all my friends. It must be a fine country, sir."

"God's country! And if you ever come to Cincinnati—— Yes, certainly!" And she fastened a flower in his buttonhole. He gave her a half-crown—we all could see the coin very plainly; and equally plainly that extravagant tipping had not yet lost the charm of novelty for him.

"Thank you very much, sir!" Then she turned to me. "Oh, sir, now you alone have not one of my roses!"

"I have looked at nothing else these five minutes," I said, very seriously.

"Yes, sir?"

"Yes."

I was looking at the amazingly smooth cheeks. She understood. I saw a light like the flash of a fugitive sunbeam appear in those brown pools she called her eyes. The color rose in her cheeks. Somehow you imagined that, being flower-textured, they must give out delicate flower fragrance. You longed to touch them very lightly with your fingertips, and very softly with your lips, and—don't laugh—with your nose, to fill your lungs and your soul with the subtle fragrance that went with her.

"They've got to know all languages," explained my adhesive friend from Cincinnati. "They make a lot of money at it. There was one of them in Florence for years and years that——"

"This one is very young," I said.

"That's her dress. They wear 'em short on purpose and——"

"I will take one," I told her. She searched among her roses and selected a bud with an air of exquisite fastidiousness. She put her basket on the ground and then pinned the rosebud on my coat.

"How much?"

"Oh, I give it to you, sir, with my good wishes—my best wishes, sir!"

When she smiled the sunlight got into her eyes and her lips became flowers—red and smooth, and moist with the moisture of blossoms at dawn. She herself was all a rosebud! The miracle that would turn her into a full-blown rose might happen with an hour or two of sunlight. The more you looked at her, the more you wished for the miracle.

The tall German, who had been looking on with his incurious frowning eyes, walked away. The Belgian said to him in German, too low for her to hear:

"She is very pretty for a Hollander."

"She smiles too much," volunteered Cincinnati to them.

They turned their backs on him squarely, with deliberate rudeness. He deserved it; for, as a matter of fact, she did not smile too much. No girl with such eyes and such lips could smile too much. Moreover, her smile never degenerated into a smirk, or into one of those horrible fixed grins of female royalty at a reception.

"It looks very well on your coat, sir. Thank you!" she said to me.

"Don't thank me that way!" I told her.

"Yes, sir? I mean, no, sir?" she said.

There was a question in her eyes. I did not tell her why I did not like her to be thanking me in a way that suggested an English menial.

"And in exchange for this rose?" I asked her.

"My gift to you, sir!" That way they are more likely to be overpaid.

"I wish you had given me instead something that would live forever. This rose will die before I reach England."

"They are very strong, sir," she assured me.

"Do you think roses have souls?"

"Souls?"

"Yes—like people."

"The roses?"

"Yes. Why can't there be a Heaven for roses to go to after they die?"

"Oh, but there are flowers in Heaven—I mean in our Heaven. That is why, when you die, always they give you flowers."

"Will you give me what does not die so long as you remember?"

"It is some wonderful thing——" she began doubtfully. Her English was so precise—so carefully delivered! A wonderful little Dutch girl she was, indeed!

"Wonderful!" I acquiesced. I was looking at them—I mean her lips.

"Have I any?"

"Oh, very many!" I assured her.

She had ceased to smile. She looked at me as if she would learn my meaning from my eyes; but she shook her head in despair. Presently she said determinedly:

"If I have so many as you say I will give you one."

"Only one?"

She looked at me, still puzzled, and repeated:

"Only one!" The sound of those two words caused her to think something that made her color rise.

"In exchange for the rose I will give you something. I have it here." I held my closed fist before her. Within was a gold coin but she could not see it. "But that which will make me remember you all the days of my life—— Well, whether you give it to me or not, I think I shall remember you always!"

I really thought at that moment I could never forget her. Let us be frank—men never forget the longing to rub cheeks with such cheeks!

"But if I have very many I wish to give it to you," she said like a child convincing you that she is generous.

"Do you know what I mean?"

"N-No, sir."

I must have looked skeptical, for she shook her head and said, "No, sir!" again, and smiled. There was no more malice in her smiling lips than in any other rosebud.

"It is a kiss!" I said.

She stepped back and drew in her breath with a quick, frightened little gasp.

"It would not become me to kiss you," I told her; "but you can safely kiss me, my child. And that is what I can never forget—once you give it to me!"

Her cheeks were very smooth and her lips very flowerlike, and her eyes like a child's in their utter fearlessness.

"I will give you one, sir," she said simply, and looked at me so directly that I felt as if I had been guilty of jesting coarsely within a sanctuary.

I held my cheek toward her. She put her flower basket on the ground. I did not bend quite low enough, so she rose on tiptoe and touched my cheek with her roseleaf lips. Then she looked at me with a half-smile, her eyes very bright, and held up her cheek for me to kiss. I took her chin in my hand and kissed first her left cheek and then her right; and then—how I could do it I don't know to this day—her lips! Her face flushed. She lowered her eyes and I saw her cheeks turn a deep crimson. You knew by looking that they must be very hot to the touch.

"Thank you!" I said very softly.

I remember I felt quite strongly the sense of my own unworthiness; but she kept her eyes from me and began to breathe quickly as fear accumulated in her soul—fear, now that it was all over!

"Here!" I said and opened my left hand. She saw the gold sovereign.

"No! No!" she said quickly, and shook her head

"To remember me by, so that if I ever come again——"

"Will you—again, sir?" she asked eagerly.

"If I do will you again?" I asked; and for all that I smiled lightly my voice trembled.

There was some shouting and of a sudden all the baggage porters woke to life. The feverish activity incidental to getting overpaid descended upon the place. The dozens who expected tips looked it.

"Good-by!" I said. I still held my hand toward her. On the palm lay the sovereign. She again shook her head vehemently.

"Oh, no, no, sir! Oh, no, no, sir!" she repeated; and again she drew in her breath sharply. Her eyes glittered now so you could not tell they were brown and her cheeks were still very red.

"To remember me by!" I urged. And then, because she looked so distressed, I was foolish enough to kiss the goldpiece! Once more I held it toward her.

She took it. Her hand rested on mine. Instinctively my fingers closed on hers.

"Good-by!" I said again.

"No! No! No!" She looked at me, feverishly frightened.

"No?" I said, and drew her gently towrd me.

"No! Not good-by! Not good-by, sir!" And she smiled pleadingly, like a child whose toy has been taken suddenly from her.

"*Au revoir*, then!" I said, and raised her hand to my lips; but she snatched it away quickly and came up to me. And then she said, half asserting, half questioning:

"One more!"

She put up her face to be kissed and looked at me. Her eyes shone and her cheeks were aflame. I would have kissed her on the forehead, but she raised her lips to my lips. And it was she who kissed me—on the mouth—twice.

"You'd better hurry up!" shouted Cincinnati to me.

There was no reason why I could not have stayed in Vlissingen a day or a week or a month. The little flower girl was a dear innocent little thing, and—and—— She had sold flowers to thousands upon thousands of men—always to men; and when a girl sells always to men and always expects to be overpaid, some of the flower freshness goes. And yet this little girl, I was willing to swear, was as flowerlike and——

"Good-by, you beautiful little girl!" I said. "I'll never forget you!" And I followed my luggage instinctively—merely a human sheep!

"*Bon voyage!* I shall wait! *Bon voyage!*" she said.

Turning, I saw that she had picked up her flower basket and was following the passengers. She went to the end of the quay. I was the last passenger to go on board.

In less than two minutes the steamer was under way. I went on deck, Cincinnati tagging at my heels. Overhead the sky had turned gray with the sodden listlessness of a wept-out woman. The sea was gray-green, with an oily menace; you imagined it muttered and grumbled under its breath—a murderous slave in mighty chains! The boat somehow felt unfriendly; you were made conscious that it wished to be rid of you—the sooner the better!

I went to the rail, frowning because everything was wrong without the compensating luxury of a specific grievance. I looked toward the quay.

At the very end stood the little flower girl, her basket in one hand, the other pressed against her mouth as if she would not speak.

There came upon me a great desire to shout her name—and then great anger that I had not asked her for it. I leaned out as far as I could and waved my handkerchief frenziedly.

She saw me. She almost dropped the basket, she laid it on the ground so quickly; and then she waved back. I thought I saw her lips move; but if she spoke I did not hear.

I remember distinctly how sorry I was to think I might never see her again; and then I felt a curious certainty that her life and my life must cross and recross again and again—times without number. I was sure I should come again, very soon—possibly on the same steamer the next day!

My non-losable friend from Cincinnati came up to me.

"How much did you give her?" he asked. He managed to convey that he admired my generosity in advance.

"A sovereign," I said, and kept on waving.

"No wonder she misses you!" he said, awed by my munificence.

The figure on the quay had become too small to distinguish—I could not even see the flutter of her handkerchief. I took out my marine glasses.

"Oh, I Give it to You, Sir—With My Best Wishes, Sir!"

There on the quay, standing all by herself, still waving her handkerchief, was the little flower girl whose eyes had flamed at me; and——

"Those are fine glasses," said Cincinnati, with profound conviction.

I could not answer him and I could not hold the glasses steady enough. I passed them to him in silence.

"I can see the little flower girl!" he said, mildly excited.

"Do you—think she is crying?" I asked him. It was the first time I ever felt he was a fellowman and therefore a possible friend.

"All she has to do to weep a bucketful is to tell herself that she will never see you again!"

He said it with such conviction that I suddenly felt very friendly toward him. Overloquacious—but a heart of pure gold! He put down the binoculars and said amiably:

"They don't often get five dollars for a rosebud! She'll look for you from now on. Believe me, you can't beat the Dutch for cleverness, mister. These glasses must have cost you a heap of money—what?"

"I believe I will! I believe I will!" Without intending it, I spoke out my desire.

"You will what?" asked the man from Cincinnati.

But I never did.

"What is the end of the story?" you ask.

The end is that it has no end!

In every life there are ten thousand great big little tragedies—the things that do not happen! Ungiven kisses and unspoken words; unsmiled smiles, and sorrows that unfortunately never were felt!

Do you recall all of your own? More than you thought? Of course!

A Lesson From Mars

THE canals on Mars require great pumping stations developing four billion horsepower, or six thousand times as much as is now developed by turbines at Niagara, to keep the water from the great Martian irrigation system moving, according to an eminent irrigation engineer who has been studying the Martian canals and figuring out just what the engineering problem there is and how it is probably met.

Whether or not there are any canals on Mars built by intelligent beings is still a question that will start a heated argument between astronomers; but this engineer took all the information on canals gathered by the astronomers who believe in them, and then gave an engineer's description of them to a gathering of astronomers.

He built an irrigation canal or conduit three hundred and fifty miles long through the Australian desert to meet just such a problem as that presumed to exist on Mars, and simply supplied his experience. The Martian canal theory is that when the polar caps melt, the water is carried by canals to all parts of the planet where farming is good, to irrigate the land; and that the vegetation growing beside the canals and in oases causes the markings of the planet.

The engineer found that three-eighths of Mars is irrigated, and in his opinion the snowcaps would not supply enough water for this; so he adds on a theory of artesian wells also. This is his explanation for the appearance of new canals reported in 1909, for he believes new wells had been opened. Taking as his basis the minimum amount of water needed for vegetation on the earth he found that Mars needs for irrigation a flow of thirty-six million cubic feet a second from the combined sources of the melting polar caps and wells.

He makes the point that this water will not flow as it is needed in open canals, but must be pumped in pipes. Accordingly he has figured that the most economical method of pumping would require a great number of conduits, six feet in diameter, under a pressure-head of eight hundred feet, corresponding to the three-hundred-feet head that would be used on the earth with its different force of gravity. There must be four hundred thousand of such conduits, of metal or concrete probably.

Each of the canals noted by astronomers would be, according to his version, strips of vegetation beside a row of these conduits, probably one thousand of these conduits side by side making a canal. Pumping stations would be needed about every one hundred and forty miles, of eleven hundred and fifty horsepower each. He believes that the power is developed possibly from oil wells, or more likely by utilizing directly the power of the sun for Mars has uncloudcd skies. The building of such conduits would be much easier on Mars than on the earth, owing to the difference in gravity; for dirt there weighs only three-eighths as much as the same material on the earth. He believes that irrigation engineers of the earth could undertake the contract to duplicate this system and could successfully carry it through.

BEATING THE GAME

By JOHN W. CHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I PLAYED the game once too often. Twice previously the wrong side of the market had wiped me off the financial slate; but each time I shut my teeth, grinned, and fought back to a temporary prosperity at least. With the third crush I lost not only my money, which was not a serious matter, but my nerve, which was fatal.

I can't explain it. I suppose it's practically the same thing I have read about as happening to acrobats. Some accident occurs, perhaps a trivial one viewed in the light of prior experiences, and a man finds his career at an end, simply through an uncontrollable lack of confidence. I tried to spur myself back into the market, but every nerve in my body shrank from it. It was as if a deadly satiety held me, every mental and physical fiber revolting from a return to the strain and excitement of the Wall Street game.

I hadn't any money; the wreck was too complete for that. For three years I had been struggling against ill health. Continual nervous tension, late hours, and the conventional dissipations of my class finally played hob with a constitution that had withstood the fevers of South America and the hardships of life along the Mexican border.

"Major Clayton, I Shall Have to Ask You to Excuse Me"

In my youth I had been a newspaper man, and printers' ink still clung to my fingers. Sometimes when I was worn out with the strife of the money game, yet too nervous to sleep, I would lie awake and soothe my raw nerves with a little day-dream, in which I promised myself that some day I would slip away from it all and end my days editing a little weekly paper somewhere in the South, with a rose-clad cottage and an old-fashioned garden at the end of a village street.

Now as I sat facing a doubtful future the day-dream came forcefully back to me. Why delay? I was sick of it all, and the thought of the quiet and calm of life where Mammon hadn't a stranglehold on existence was too much to resist. My personal effects, paintings and library would bring a few thousands over my debts. I would do it!

Never having been in jail I am not competent to gauge the feelings of a released prisoner; but I question if they ever equaled the buoyancy of mine, once I had reached this decision. I began right off to make an inventory of my effects, carefully selecting the few I intended to retain. When I reached my library I experienced the only pang occasioned by the plan, for I loved my books. My friends had often laughed at me for my "crankiness," as they termed it, in neither lending nor borrowing anything between covers. But I needed the money, so I chose about four hundred of the volumes I loved best for my library in the little village home and sent them to storage. The remainder—some two thousand books—became an available asset.

I am Beaten and Robbed in Louisville

A WEEK later I left New York with all my debts paid, a ticket to Louisville, a trifle over three thousand dollars in my wallet, and a lighter heart in my breast than had been mine for many a day. I was thirty-seven years old, and had a pair of weakened lungs and a much-abused nervous system; but no hale and hearty youngster abroad on his first adventure ever watched the flying trees and fences from a car window with greater zest than I as my train sped southward.

For several reasons I had chosen Louisville as my first stop. It is in a sense a gateway to the South. I am a Kentuckian, and there were friends of my boyhood and youth whom I wanted to see again. Then, too, I intended in Louisville to feel out rural newspaper conditions in the Southern states, and to secure leads to visit at my leisure. A half interest in the sort of weekly I wanted could be purchased at anywhere from one to two thousand dollars, so I had no fear that my purse would not be long enough for my purpose.

I spent the first day and evening in Louisville looking up old friends. After midnight comes a hiatus of two weeks of which I have no memory. I had made several purchases during the afternoon, and these exhausted the small currency in my pocket. A friend met me by appointment for dinner, and later we went to the theater. At the box-office it was necessary for me to take out my wallet, disclosing the packet of large banknotes it contained.

After the play we had a drink at a near-by café, and parted, Brent to take a street car, I to walk the few blocks to my hotel. I must give due credit for neatness and dispatch to the gentlemen who relieved me of my bankroll. I haven't the slightest recollection of the blow that landed me in the city hospital with a broken scalp and a slight concussion of the brain.

A fortnight later I was discharged, and walked down the hospital steps with an aching head, a heavy heart and forty-five dollars, the change from the fifty-dollar-bill I had broken at the theater. I had placed this carelessly in my vest pocket, where it was probably overlooked by the thugs.

I wandered slowly back to my hotel. The manager knew of my accident and was extremely kind. Despite my telling him I could not afford it, he insisted on my going up to the room I had occupied before my accident and remaining a few days as his guest until I could get my bearings.

My day-dream had gone glimmering, and it was mighty hard now to decide what to do. I had neither trade nor profession, beyond my somewhat wide range of financial knowledge, and that was mostly of an executive order. Of the petty details of bookkeeping and accounts I knew very little. I lacked the physical strength to hold down a reporter's job on a city daily, granting that I succeeded in getting such a position. However, as I look back, I know now there were many things I could have done, but I was too sick, too dispirited, too dazed to realize it. Neither did I see that, a start along new lines being inevitable, it would be infinitely better to try in Louisville, where at least I had friends. On the contrary, the only coherent thought I possessed was to get away. Winter was on, and the thought of the gentle climate of the Gulf Coast lured me. I had a hazy idea that in some town down there I could easily secure work. I'm certain I couldn't have told why.

That night I slept soundly in spite of my aching head. Early the next morning I invested nearly half of my entire capital in a ticket carrying me through to the Gulf Coast. There were no roseate dreams now to lighten the journey. Anxiety to reach my destination replaced them. In an attempt to make my few dollars go as far as possible I foolishly denied myself the comfort of a sleeper, and for the first time in many years spent the night in a day coach, my sick body cramped and tortured by ineffectual efforts to dispose comfortably two yards of suffering flesh over three feet of rattan seat. In the circumstances sleep was next to impossible, and I welcomed the dawn of another day with its trivial distractions.

Excepting for a few fast trains, the railroad service throughout the South leaves much to be desired. I had been unfortunate in my choice of a train, and by late afternoon of the second day the constant delays and petty annoyances incidental to "yellowdog" travel had worn my patience to shreds.

We were not due to reach the coast until the following morning, and another night such as I had endured was not to be thought of. Even the idea of taking a Pullman to complete the trip did not appeal to me.

We were scheduled for Emory at six o'clock, and when the train eventually arrived there, two and a half hours late, I lost no time in gathering up my suitcases and leaving the coach, swearing solemnly to myself that I would at least sleep one night in a quiet bed between sheets before renewing the journey.

I came within an ace of fracturing that vow. A porter, black, garrulous and attentive, guided me to the hotel, two short blocks from the station. Here we shouldered our way through a dense crowd in the lobby, finally landing me at the desk. Before I could register the clerk stayed my hand.

"I'm sorry, sir," he apologized, "but every room is taken, and I've turned away fifty since supper. Legislature's in session, you know."

I was too worn out to argue the point. As I turned from the desk to relieve the porter of my baggage something impelled the clerk to say kindly: "Better let Sam check your grips till you find a room. Town's jammed tonight and I don't know where to send you."

I thanked him, and while the porter was checking my baggage I pushed my way wearily through the crowded office to the rear. The clatter of dishes reached my ears from the dining room, but although I had not eaten since noon, the thought of food did not tempt me. What I wanted was a bed.

For a few minutes I leaned against a booth, screwing up what physical strength I had left for the task of finding quarters somewhere in the town, when a hand touched my arm. I turned, to face a tall, gray-haired man of soldierly bearing smiling at me.

"My name is Clayton, sir. You look ill," was his greeting, extending his hand as he spoke.

"Mine is Thorpe, and I'm not in precisely robust health," I replied, accepting his advance in the spirit in which I was sure it was offered. I told him why I had left the train, and the result.

I Encounter a Good Samaritan

HE NODDED. "Billy told me," he said, waving a hand toward the friendly night clerk. "You were unfortunate in arriving here at night during the legislative session, sir. Our hotels are never adequate to the demand made upon them at this time, and I'm afraid you haven't a ghost of a chance of finding a room in Emory. A big bill comes up tomorrow in the Assembly, and I reckon some of our free and sovereign population from the hills, who are here to keep their chosen representatives in the path of rectitude and virtue, will be sleeping in chairs tonight, and count themselves lucky at that. We must take care of you somehow, though, Mr. Thorpe," he continued. "Emory won't let a sick man spend a night in the street. I have a double bed and a couch in my room. My friend Beale, of Rondon, has commandeered the couch, although the young rascal will probably play poker until breakfast. I shall be very glad if you will share the bed with me, sir."

This unlooked-for hospitality and my own weakness made my voice tremble a bit as I thanked him.

"Not at all, sir, not at all. A pleasure, sir," he assured me. "Let's go right up."

Clayton lived in the hotel. We went at once to his room, where my good Samaritan evinced a genuine delight in getting me comfortably installed. After a hot bath I

climbed between cool, fresh sheets, and with a cheery "Pleasant dreams, sir," from my departing host, I quickly fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock the next morning when I awoke, after twelve hours of sweet, unbroken rest. If Clayton returned during the night I knew nothing of it. Lying sprawled on the couch was a young man, evidently "Beale, of Rondon," gently snoring, having retired there without the formality of removing any of his clothing.

I dressed quietly, entirely refreshed and feeling more fit than I had any time since my accident in Louisville. The ache was gone from my head and my appetite was anything but that of an invalid.

Downstairs the dining room was still open, and reckless of the cost, I ordered the heartiest breakfast I had eaten in years. My waiter, a giant, lampblack negro, looked after me in a way that would put Delmonico's service to shame.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

He grinned, exposing a huge mouthful of ivory. "Mos' ginrally I'se called Mose, sah."

"Very well, Mose; I'll remember that. Do you happen to know a Mr. Clayton who lives here in the hotel?"

"Ginral Clayton? Yas, sah; Ah sho' do know Ginral Clayton! Ah done bin waitin' on him fo' two yeahs. Yas, sah. He's sho' a fine, high-toned gentleman, sah."

"I'm sure of that. What's his business?"

"Ginral Clayton's bisness? Doan you-all know Ginral Clayton's perfeshun?" Mose looked at me in injured surprise. "He's a banker, sah. He done got de fines' bank in dis heah town, 'deed he has. It's right dar nex' to de hotel."

An Interview With General Clayton

SO MY benefactor was one of Emory's leading citizens, and a banker! I began to wonder if this wasn't the town I was seeking. Surely the entry, so swiftly changed by chance from misfortune to good, was auspicious. I paid my breakfast bill and strolled out in the lobby to sit down and take stock of the situation and my resources. I had now sixteen dollars, the stub of my ticket through to the coast, and my slender wardrobe contained in two suitcases. I had left a trunk of clothes in Louisville, awaiting my call. This and the books in storage in New York completed my possessions.

To remain at the Emory House was, of course, out of the question. I decided to call at the bank, thank General Clayton for his kindness and look about town a bit. If I concluded to remain, he might know of some opening.

At the Emory National Bank I was informed that the president was out, but was expected back before one o'clock, so I continued my walk on up the main street of the town. Emory has a population of round twenty-five thousand, only about ten thousand of it white, for it lies in the heart of the "black belt," where the negroes outnumber the whites on a ratio ranging between three and eight to one. This Southern December morning found the deep lawns richly carpeted with grass, the massive trees lining every street still in full leaf, climbing roses and flowering vines blooming everywhere, even, in many instances, nestling against the sides of stores along the main business thoroughfare of the little city.

Early in the nineteenth century Emory became the capital of the state, drawing to it the aristocracy of the Old South, whose stately homes and broad stretches of velvet-green lawn spread in every direction from the noble eminence on which stands the white marble capitol. The striking beauty of the town, and its quiet, hasteless atmosphere, despite the crowds on the main street, charmed me, and I was not long in deciding that Emory must make room for one more citizen. I strolled about the streets until nearly one o'clock, when I returned to the bank, to be cordially greeted by its president.

"Mighty glad to see you looking so well, sir," was his welcome. "I trust you had a good night?" Leading the way to his private office, he waved me to a seat.

"Thanks to you, general," I replied heartily.

President Clayton drew down his gray, shaggy eyebrows and looked sternly at me.

"Young man," he said, "you've been talking to that nigger Mose."

I smilingly admitted the truth of the impeachment.

"I knew it. I ain't any more of a general than you are, sir. I did have the honor to be a lieutenant with Forrest during the Civil War, and my fellow citizens of Emory are responsible for conferring upon me the unearned title of major. Ten years ago Governor Ranson, of this state, sir, saved my face by appointing me a major on his personal staff. Not satisfied with the existing conditions, Mose pertinaciously insists on going everybody one better. But I'll get even with the black rascal!" The major's eyes twinkled. "Going to stop over here a few days, Mr. Thorpe?"

I took my chance in both hands and went to it. "I'm going to stop here forever, Major Clayton, if I can make it stick," I announced with decision. "After your generous hospitality of last night, it's hardly fair to ask anything more of you; but, if I am not encroaching too much on your courtesy, a little advice would be very valuable to me."

The change was subtle, but distinct. Instantly I realized I was now talking to President Clayton, of the Emory National Bank. His keen gray eyes took stock of me in a way that was unmistakable.

"Ah!" he said finally. "Thinking of going into business here? I gathered from our brief conversation last night that you were headed for somewhere on the Gulf."

"I was; but there isn't any real reason for it. May I tell you just why? It won't take long, major, and I'm rather sadly in need of advice just now." My voice and manner bespoke my earnestness, and the kindly light shone again in the major's eyes.

"Certainly, sir. Just a moment." He glanced at his watch. "Suppose you go to lunch with me; then we can kill two birds with one stone." Picking up his broad gray felt hat, the major waved aside my protest against accepting more of his hospitality, and we went to the Commercial Club a few doors up the street. During luncheon I briefly rehearsed the events culminating in my arrival at Emory, and in reply to his questions, outlined my life in New York and much of my occupation prior to that time. By the time we had lighted our cigars I had given sketchily my career, almost from the time of my birth.

Major Clayton had been as attentive as a listener as he was clever as a questioner. Always the gray eyes watched me, sometimes sympathetically, more often making shrewd deductions from my somewhat disjointed statements.

"You've had some banking experience then?" he inquired presently.

"Not precisely banking, major, though I'm pretty well versed in finance. The term Banker and Broker in New York more often than otherwise means merely a fiscal agency disposing of stocks and bonds, usually unlisted."

"Were you successful as a stock salesman?"

"Fairly so, I think."

"Can you prove it? Wait a minute. Do you know anything about insurance?"

"Emory Won't Let a Sick Man Spend a Night in the Street"

"Practically nothing. It's been out of my line. What do you want me to prove?"

Major Clayton pursed his lips and studied me thoughtfully for a few moments. "I have an idea, Mr. Thorpe." He paused again. "I asked you if you could prove that you can sell stock, and—pardon the necessary bluntness, if we are to consider business—if you can show a clean record."

"I can, sir," I replied promptly, "and shall be glad of the opportunity."

"How?" The question came sharply.

I thought a moment. "I can give you the names of twenty men prominent in financial circles in New York to whom you can write or wire."

The banker nodded. "That sounds reasonable, Mr. Thorpe. I reckon you better make up that list. As I remarked, I have an idea. I don't know how it will work out; but you'll find these references from the gentlemen you suggest very convenient to have, so it's probably worth your while to acquire them anyway."

Better Prospects Ahead

THE cost of a score of telegrams and their replies, with sixteen dollars in my pocket, flashed through my mind. Still I had a gold watch, and perhaps Emory boasted a pawnshop. Somehow the major read my thought. "Of course, sir, it shall be my pleasure to forward the telegrams," I heard him saying. "Better have your friends answer by wire, C. O. D., as the plan I have in mind is in connection with a matter requiring immediate attention."

"I haven't looked up a boarding place yet, major," I said as we left the club. "Of course I can't afford to stop at the Emory House now. Could you suggest one to me?"

Major Clayton's eyes twinkled whimsically. "I reckon you can't afford not to, Mr. Thorpe. I haven't told you what my idea is, and I won't till I know more than I do now; but meanwhile we'll have to gamble your keep at the Emory House on it. Not exactly as a bluff, sir, but as the only fitting hostelry in Emory where a gentleman of your ability could be properly entertained. I trust you grasp my meaning, sir?"

"I do, major," I laughed. "I'll take the tip and keep my affairs to myself."

"Quite right, Mr. Thorpe. They make a very interesting story, very interesting; but it is just possible that down here they might prove prejudicial to your best business interests. Now, sir, if you will come into the bank and write those telegrams I'll call a meeting of a board of directors of which I am chairman and see if my idea will ripen properly."

I wrote the telegrams, twenty-two of them, and then went to the room that had been assigned me near Major Clayton's. I did not hear from the banker again that day, but the following morning

I Must Give Due Credit to the Gentlemen Who Relieved Me of My Bankroll

a card was handed me at the desk, requesting my presence at the Emory National Bank, signed J. T. Clayton.

"Well, Mr. Thorpe," he greeted me, "I reckon my idea is going to sprout in good shape. Now if your friends will reply promptly it looks as if we might do a little business, provided you are a first-class stock salesman."

My heart sank a little at his words, for I am a first-class stock salesman, and I knew just how hard it was bound to be to dispose of any type of securities during the time of business depression then gripping the South. But this wasn't the time to say so. Instead I smiled and thanked him.

"I've asked a few gentlemen to meet us here this afternoon and talk it over," continued the major. "Meanwhile I'll give you a line on what it's about. Last year, when the investigation of a number of life-insurance companies up North had exposed their methods—and decidedly rotten methods they are, sir—two gentlemen connected with the insurance business here conceived the idea of starting a home company. The idea was favorably, I may say enthusiastically, received by the papers all over the state, and I was asked to become the president of the infant enterprise. I emphatically declined, pointing out that I knew nothing whatever of life insurance. I was assured by the gentlemen interested that every one else in the state possessed the same handicap; that my banking knowledge and experience would be valuable, and, against my better judgment, I was persuaded to allow the use of my name in that capacity."

A Chance to Lead a Forlorn Hope

"WELL, sir, we got our charter and held the preliminary meeting. Mr. Ford and Mr. Rennels, the gentlemen in whose minds the company originated, had a novel plan for its capitalization, which I must admit did look feasible at the time. The company was to be capitalized at two hundred thousand dollars. Five of us were to advance two thousand each for preliminary expenses, and two thousand shares of stock were to be sold at one hundred dollars a share, no stockholder to be permitted to own more than one share. In this way, sir, it would be to all intents and purposes a mutual company, and the widespread stock issue would make many friends throughout the state." The major paused to relight his cigar.

"It didn't work out quite that way?" I inquired.

"Not by several jugfuls, sir. This isn't a rich country in actual cash, and after Mr. Ford and his able assistants had secured twenty-seven thousand dollars, you couldn't rake the state with a fine-tooth comb and find enough men with a hundred dollars in cash to spare, combined with the desire to give it up, to meet one-tenth of the deficit.

"So, sir, the scheme mighty near died stillborn. Several of the gentlemen who obligated themselves to assist in the preliminary financing couldn't quite see their way clear to meet the demand, and I have advanced personally four thousand dollars in my effort to help out. That was six months ago, and the matter has remained *in statu quo* ever since. When you spoke of your experience in financial matters it occurred to me that with your New York training you might possibly devise some way to vitalize this moribund infant. I'm not fond of chucking good money after bad, but if you can evolve a plan I'll gamble a little more on it. And I may tell you, sir, there's a field for the company. Of that I am certain; but how we're going to raise the hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars balance to get started is beyond my comprehension."

It was beyond mine, too, knowing pretty well the type of men and conditions to be dealt with. The utter fallacy of using up the few rich men on a hundred-dollar-share plan was the initial blunder. How many more had been committed by these enthusiastic tyros in finance I could not even surmise, but I knew I was up against a hard game. The situation with me was desperate, though, and I quickly decided to assume a confidence I did not possess.

"It doesn't look very promising, major," I said; "but you never can tell from surface indications with any certainty, you know. There may be a very easy way out."

"That may be, Mr. Thorpe; but I'm inclined to doubt the 'easy' part of it."

"How much is the company in debt now?"

"I reckon about seven thousand dollars, sir. Of course the money subscribed for stock is intact in the bank."

"Ah! Then it hasn't been returned?"

"No, sir; it has not. My conscience has suffered somewhat, but we have been so in hopes that the miracle of resuscitation would come about in some way that it has been retained." Major Clayton dived into the long drawer of his desk and drew out a bundle of papers. "There's the literature of the Planters' Mutual Insurance Company," he said, "down to the clippings from the newspapers Slocum made for me. That pile," the major smiled whimsically, "and one share of stock constitute all the returns and emoluments, up to date, of my four-thousand-dollar presidency."

I laughed. "We'll see if we can't add a trifle to their value. If you don't mind, major, I'll go back to the hotel and run over these. Then I'll be better prepared to present a plan, if one suggests itself."

"My idea exactly," agreed the banker. "And—ahem—I would suggest in talking to these gentlemen that you rather—well—let them be a trifle, just a trifle more anxious to secure your services than ——"

"I quite understand, major," I smiled, taking his extended hand; "and if I can't find a way out of this I'll be greatly disappointed. I'm rather fond of leading forlorn hopes."

"Then it looks to me as though you were going to be plumb surfeited with amusement," chuckled Major Clayton. "I'll send you word when to come over."

I went directly to my room, took a bath, shed most of my clothing and got busy. I knew nothing about the practical side of insurance, but I had successfully launched several industrial enterprises, and I was not long in discovering that my knowledge was sufficient for at least an attempt toward the reorganization of this company. It was not a simple task to separate and assemble the various stages through which this much maltreated incipient corporation had passed, and I was plunged up to my ears in it when a knock on the door interrupted me.

"Majah Clayton says yo' is to cum yondah to de bank," announced the messenger.

I wasn't ready to "cum yondah to de bank," and I quickly decided I wouldn't go off halfcocked.

"Jim, you present my compliments to Major Clayton," I instructed, "and ask him if he can spare a moment to run over here. Tell him it is important." I flipped a dime across the room.

"Yas, suh; Ah done tell him right away. Thank yo', sah."

Ten minutes later the banker came. "Major," I explained, "I'm not ready to meet your people. I think I can beat this game, but I'm not going to fire before my gun is loaded. I'll be ready at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Can't we postpone this meeting until then?"

"That will be entirely agreeable, I am sure," assented the major. "I might tell you, sir, that a number of telegrams have arrived. I congratulate you, Mr. Thorpe, on having some mighty good friends in New York."

"And I hope to have even better here," I rejoined. "Ten tomorrow it is then."

The major gone, I buckled down to my task with renewed vigor. The constructive element is probably the strongest in my mental make-up, and the reorganization of this half-baked company, on paper, whetted my appetite for the actualities to follow, granting my plans were approved.

By midnight I had solved my last paper problem. I knew quite well that the putting of them into execution would be another story. Our Southern planters and business men—and, in parenthesis, practically every business man in the far South is a planter or a plantation owner—are peculiar. Not infrequently they are a source of dismay and indignation to the man of broader outlook who tries to transact business with them in his way. Of course the men in the larger cities are different, but the state in which I had cast my lot was and is almost entirely rural. Emory, with a white population of about ten thousand, is its metropolis.

My own record, my family's record—my father and four uncles had served under the Stars and Bars—I knew would be of great value to me. Offsetting this was my residence in New York, and my past connection with the abhorred Wall Street. Not one man in a hundred in Emory can even vaguely tell you what Wall Street is, but to them all it typifies a monster of which to beware.

My greatest stumbling block was the word "Mutual." All over the state the creation of a mutual company had been heralded, and many of the clippings given me by the major were editorials applauding this unique way of protecting the policy and stock holders from "the grasping and rapacious plutocrats and wolves of finance."

As a matter of fact the idea was neither new nor in a strict sense mutual. Likewise, as events had promptly proved, it was an impossible plan under existing conditions; but I foresaw the protest and suspicion that would overwhelm and defeat me if the charmed word was stricken from the company's title. My only chance was to leave it in, go ahead on a purely stock company basis, and trust to the future to rectify the error.

Promptly at ten o'clock the following morning I entered Major Clayton's bank. He escorted me back to the directors' room, introducing me to the secretary of the company, Mr. Oliver Rennels, and to Mr. Ford, the agent who had conceived the idea of the company and was at present in charge of its affairs.

"Mr. Rennels, sir, is one of our brightest young attorneys, and has attended to all the papers in connection with the Planters'," explained Major Clayton, "and Mr. Ford here knows the insurance business in this state from a to izzard. By jove, you ought to, Ford! How long have you been writing insurance?"

"For about thirty years, major," replied Ford, a bald, spectacled, heavy-set man nearing sixty.

The Personnel of the Company

FURTHER conversation was precluded by the entrance of three other gentlemen interested in the fortunes of the Planters'—Simon Bassett, lean and dour, a wealthy cotton planter and factor; Fred Hilliard, a slender, leather-faced chap, whose cheeks crinkled into a thousand wrinkles as he gave me a welcoming grin and a hearty handclasp; and a pompous, side-whiskered party who proved to be ex-Governor Longworth, now practicing law in Emory.

Major Clayton closed the door, took his seat at the head of the table and motioned me to sit beside him. On the table lay a pile of telegrams, obviously the messages from New York. Without preamble the banker got down to the business in hand.

"I reckon we are all here," he began, "except Corson, and he ain't going to object to anything except the idea of drawing that twenty-seven thousand out of his bank. Mr. Rufus Corson," the major looked at me in explanation, "is the treasurer. He lives at Millwood and didn't find it convenient to be here today. Knowing Mr. Thorpe to be a pretty good financial doctor, and we having an almighty sick enterprise on our hands, I've asked him to prescribe for it. This, gentlemen, he has consented to do, under certain conditions; and in order that none of you might have any doubts about him I took the liberty of getting these telegrams from New York, where Mr. Thorpe resided for a number of years, until he concluded to reform and come back home. Mr. Thorpe, gentlemen, is a Southerner, a Kentuckian, whose father led his regiment against Thomas at Chickamauga. He has been studying the history of our little company, and, as I informed you all yesterday, promised to have something to say to us today. Mr. Thorpe, will you please take the floor, and don't mince words, sir. It's information we want, and I reckon if it's wholesome we can swallow it without sugar coating."

"Thank you, major," I smiled; "I've left my sugar-coating device at home." Nonetheless I did try, in the two hours that followed, to let down Rennels and Ford, who were responsible for the mongrel corporation, as

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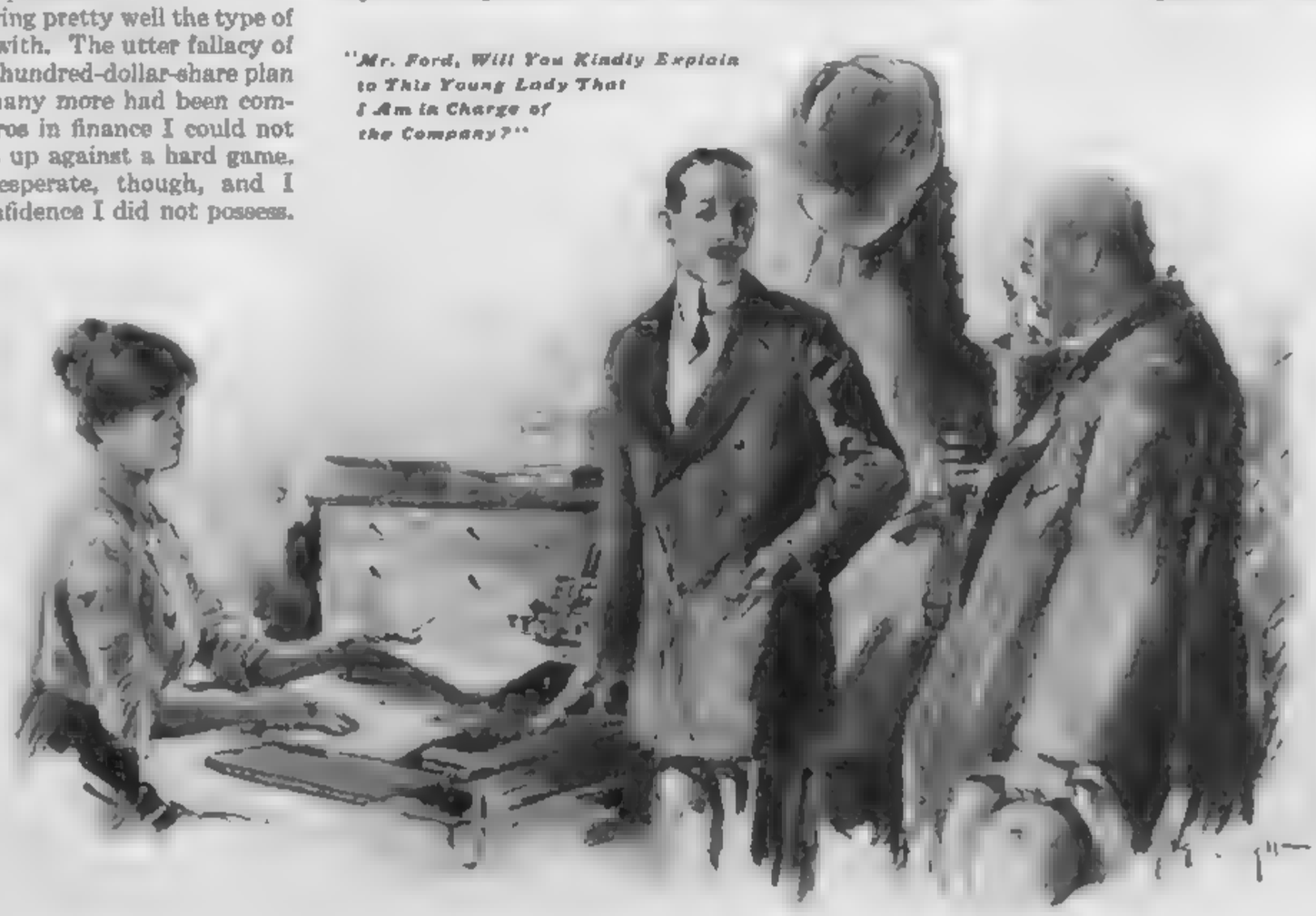

"Mr. Ford, Will You Kindly Explain to This Young Lady That I Am in Charge of the Company?"

Tiberius Tinker—Press Agent

The Story of the Obscure Author—By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE clock in the steeple of St. Mary's pealed the hour, and in his modest lodgings a block distant Mr. Tiberius Tinker, fix-it specialist, ambulance chaser and police-court shyster, rolled over in bed and opened his eyes to another day of bad business.

For several minutes Mr. Tinker lay supinely under the covers, striving to gather together sufficient courage to rise and face the situation debonairly. It was a mighty effort even to start, but by degrees he commenced to heave and surge, until presently he found himself seated on the edge of the bed, holding his head in his hands and staring dismally at his toes.

Thus he sat until the clock in St. Mary's tolled the quarter hour. He raised his head and glanced out the window to observe the time—not that it made any material difference in his plans for the day, for time with Tiberius Tinker was, to quote a trite expression, a drug on the market, but merely from force of habit. It was probably for this very reason he continued to stare at St. Mary's steeple while he slowly and subconsciously spelled out for the thousandth time the text graven beneath the face of the clock. It was to Tiberius Tinker—today, at least—an uproariously funny text, in that it ran:

YOUNG MAN, OBSERVE THE TIME—AND FLEE FROM EVIL!

Mr. Tinker gave way to a weary snicker. In all his adventurous life he had never fled from evil. On the contrary it was the very breath in his nostrils and without it he could not survive, for upon the human frailties of mankind did Mr. Tinker fatten. We do not willfully father a pun when we state that Tiberius Tinker was in his element when the evil was good; but just now, due to the fact that a reform police commission and a reform chief of police were in the municipal saddle and had ordered every known thief, wastrel, oaf and scoundrel of both sexes out of town, the field of Mr. Tinker's endeavor sported an alarmingly short crop of grass—so short, in fact, that as Tinker drew on his trousers no heartening jingle issued from the pockets thereof.

"Huh!" muttered the shyster. "Flee from evil! Joke! I'd flee in a minute if I had the price of a railroad ticket. As it is, with those new, incorruptible upper-office men boycotting me and threatening the third degree, with variations, on every prospective client if I'm the attorney for the defense, it looks like the finish for Tib Tinker. Flee from evil! Why, I'll starve to death if something doesn't turn up in a day or two."

These reflections were not due to morbidity. On the contrary, Mr. Tinker usually managed to face disaster with the same easy grace with which he faced success in his most brilliant coups—the very latest of which had gotten him in bad odor with the powers that be round the Hall of Justice, and in addition had netted him nothing financially.

In a moment of enthusiasm he had taken over the defense of one Percy the Penman, a notorious bank swindler, and had in turn been swindled out of a fat fee by Percy's partner in a manner so adroit and clever, and bearing withal the earmarks of such absolute genius, that Mr. Tinker had been left—so to speak—with a brown taste in his mouth, an overdraft at his bank and the haunting suspicion that he, Tiberius Tinker, was losing his punch for good and all.

Though there had been no possible means of directly connecting Mr. Tinker with Percy the Penman's case, still the shyster's record for past performances justified the minions of the law in recognizing his fine Italian hand, and furthermore inspired them to combine against him in the restraint of trade. Full well Mr. Tinker was gleaning the true inwardness of the old saying that if one gives a dog a bad name it will stick to him. For two months he had scarcely made the expenses of maintaining his office; he had borrowed to the limit of his credit and of late had taken to hiding out from his creditors. His situation was truly desperate!

"I Said I'd Fire You the Next Time You Went Boheming Round"

Presently, as Mr. Tinker sat on the edge of the bed lacing his shoes, he was aware of a slight scratching sound issuing from the doorway. He glanced up in time to observe an envelope being inserted under the door and a few seconds later he heard footfalls departing down the hall.

Tiberius Tinker continued lacing his shoes. His was no abnormal curiosity. He knew full well that envelope contained his matutinal dun for an overdue boardbill, so he completed his toilet before condescending to open it. Within was the usual bill and appended to it a red ink note in handwriting not familiar to Mr. Tinker:

MR. TINKER.

Dear Sir: Put up or close up! Forty dollars or forty punches—today!

Final notice.

"At last," soliloquized Mr. Tinker sadly, "it is up to me to flee from evil."

He was puzzled no longer about that strange handwriting. In a vague way he had understood his landlady had a husband who was chief mate on a Panama liner, and he realized now that Jack had just come home from sea.

Tiberius Tinker carefully packed his more important belongings in a suitcase; then from a dark closet he brought forth a coil of rope thoughtfully provided for just such an emergency as the present, and lowered his suitcase out the window into the rank grass of a vacant lot that abutted on the rear of his lodgings. Next he wrote a note and pinned it to his pillow. It was addressed to his landlady:

Dear Mrs. Mulhern: I leave you with mixed feelings of regret and delight. I would pay if I could, but I can't; so I'm leaving now. When I get the forty I will send it to you. Meantime please accept this rope on account. I understand your husband is a sailor and can doubtless use it.

Next he drew his bed to the window, tied the rope securely to one of the front legs and followed his suitcase into the vacant lot. He picked up the suitcase, left the rope dangling out the window and departed downtown by a narrow back street.

"If every cloud has a silver lining," he complained to himself whimsically, "mine was made in Germany. I've simply got to rustle a piece of change by Saturday—with the office rent and Pearly's salary due then! Good devil, send me a handcuffed crook with money!"

Satan, however, was not in a disposing frame of mind that day. A painstaking round of the city prison, the police courts and the hospitals failed to produce a client. At the Central Emergency Hospital about noon he got on the track of a Chinaman who had been run down by a motorist and buffeted about considerably. After temporary repairs at the hospital the victim had been removed to his washhouse in Sutter Street, whither Mr. Tinker traced him and earnestly exhorted him to institute suit at once against the owner of the automobile.

It developed, however, that the heathen had received no broken bones and was averse to entangling himself in the meshes of the white man's law. Desperation made Mr. Tinker insistent and in the end he was forced to flee to escape a hot sadiron.

He was waiting for the car at Sutter and Mason streets when Fortune again extended her hand—only to withdraw it, grinning. The car had paused on the crest of the hill and Tiberius Tinker was about to board it, when his attention was attracted to an elderly gentleman in a frock coat, a silk hat, and sundry other visible evidences of a healthy bank account. This person was about to cross the street in the rear of the car, and Mr. Tinker delayed boarding the trolley in a half-hearted hope that an automobile, thundering up the hill and about to pass on the left side of the car, might connect with the elderly person crossing the street in ignorance of its approach. He was disappointed in this, but an instant later hope again flared high.

The trolley rope, which is an indispensable adjunct of the equipment of all cars operating under an overhead trolley system, was the mighty thread upon which Tiberius Tinker now built his hopes. This rope, instead of being passed through the rear window and looped over the handle of the brake, had become unfastened, slipped out the open window and was trailing after the car, with the loop dangling in the center of the right-of-way.

Unfortunately for the respectable citizen passing behind the car at that moment, he was of that degree of fatty degeneration when one is forced to take the word of one's friends that one's shoes are well blacked. Hence he failed to observe the deadly loop spread beneath him and drove his foot into it just as the car started down the hill. The instant the car tilted over the crest, the motorman threw off his power, released the brakes and commenced coasting; the respectable citizen's right leg was snatched from under him and he went down on his rotund paunch; the trolley flew off the overhead wire; and Tiberius Tinker chortled with joy to see a possible fee rolling and bumping along in the wake of the car.

Only for an instant, however, did he permit himself this unholy glee, for it behooved him now to play a hero's part, and he flew to the rescue.

"Stop!" he shrieked, and waved his arms dramatically. "You're killing a man!"

The conductor pulled at the bellcord and the car came to a sudden stop. Tiberius Tinker dashed to the rear of the car, cut the trolley rope, and was assisting the half-dazed citizen to his feet while the conductor and motorman were in front looking for the body under the fender.

The fat man endeavored to stoop and remove the fragment of rope which had tightened round his ankle.

"Don't!" gasped Tiberius Tinker, straightening him up—"not until we get witnesses. That rope's Exhibit A. Here's my card, sir. I saw this whole thing and I can win you a suit for damages ——"

"Nonsense!" panted the fat man. "I'm not hurt. I was dragged only fifteen or twenty feet."

"But your clothing is ruined. You're bruised and battered. Faint, my dear sir, faint! Fall over in my arms and

I'll carry you to the sidewalk. Groan a little—why, I saw this whole thing, I tell you. Flagrant case of carelessness on the part of the carcrew; and in the eyes of the law a corporation is responsible for the acts of its employees - for the love of Heaven, sag into my arms! I'll guarantee you a new suit of clothes and a couple of thousand dollars' damages—quick! Here comes the conductor ——"

With a prod of his huge elbow in Mr. Tinker's midriff, the fat man sent his rescuer reeling toward the curb.

"You pitiful shyster!" he snarled. "You morgue-haunting, ambulance-chasing scrub! You disgrace to the legal profession! Do you think I want the newspapers cartooning me dragged along by the heels at the end of a trolley rope?"

He scuttled back and rescued his high hat; and a taxicab coming by at that moment the fat man hailed it and climbed in. The conductor hastened after him, in order to get his name and address, as required by the rules of the traction company in all reports of accidents.

"Never mind who I am!" raved the fat man. "I won't tell you! I don't want any publicity—I won't have it! Go 'way and attend to your business!"

"You are unduly excited, sir." Nowise dismayed at his rebuff, Mr. Tinker had approached and stuck his head in the taxicab window. "You have a splendid suit for damages ——"

"Get out!" roared the victim. "Scoot, you renegade!"

"Oh, well, you big, fat lump of nothing!" snarled Tinker. "If you feel that way about a simple matter of plain, every-day business ——"

The motorman, who revered his job, tapped Mr. Tinker lightly and familiarly on the shoulder with his brass controller-handle.

"You heard the gentleman!" he breathed menacingly, and pointed an atrociously dirty thumb in a general southerly direction. "Fade!" he added.

Tiberius Tinker paused long enough to make a mental note of the taxicab's number and faded. At a distance of, say, fifty yards he glanced back. The fat man was leaning out the taxicab window shaking his fist at the carcrew, who stood, crestfallen and ashamed, after the manner of two dogs of hitherto impeccable reputation who have just been discovered with wool on their chops. For half a minute Tiberius Tinker stood surveying the tableau, then turned sadly away and caught the next car to his office.

The late Mr. Longfellow is authority for the statement that troubles come not singly—likewise adventures. Tiberius Tinker's life that day was destined to be filled to the last second with the most surprising adventures with the most astonishing people. He spent the afternoon until four o'clock running in circles—that is to say, when a creditor came in the door of the general office Mr. Tinker slipped out the door of the private office; and just before the creditor emerged into the hall via the door of the private office the agile Tinker slipped back in through the door of the general office.

Things had come to such a pass that his creditors would no longer take the word of Miss Pearl O'Malley, Mr. Tinker's stenographer, that the said Mr. Tinker was not, at that moment, in hiding in the private office; so, whenever one disputed her veracity—and their number was legion—Pearly first gave Tinker the distress signal by means of a concealed pushbutton. Then she gave him thirty seconds to disappear and invited the collector in to look.

"After all," reflected Tiberius Tinker as he dodged out by the back stairway that afternoon, "ambulance chasing has its advantages. It tends to keep one in training for a race with one's creditors."

He was hot and thirsty after his day's work; and, finding himself still three dollars ahead of the poorhouse, he decided to drop into a neighboring saloon and quaff a soothing beverage—the purchase of which would also entitle him to do a little pronging among the ruins of the free lunch; for, with the close of business and the departure of the last collector, the nervous relaxation had come and Tib Tinker was as peckish as a raven. So he entered—and for the twentieth time that day Adventure burgeoned forth in all her pristine allurement.

Draped negligently over the end of the bar was a young man. He wore a wide, flapping black hat and a flowing red Windsor tie. His clothes were black and seedy; his hair was long and black and dank, and streamed out behind him in a wavy comet effect; his eyes were dark and mournful. At the first glance he gave one the impression that the sorrows of the world rested on his narrow shoulders; at the second glance one wondered whether he might not be an undertaker's assistant out of a job; and at the third glance one saw that he was ever so slightly inebriated. He fixed his melancholy eyes on Tiberius Tinker as that scout of fortune breasted the bar; and Mr. Tinker, seeing that he was under observation, nodded pontifically. It was his invariable rule to scrape acquaintance wherever he went.

"My dear sir," said the sorrowful one, adopting rather a musical James K. Hackett intonation, "will you honor me to the extent of helping me pour a slight libation upon the altar of friendship?"

Tiberius Tinker had already placed his coin upon the bar, but he withdrew it now.

He Followed His Suitcase Into the Vacant Lot

"Thank you, sir," he replied pleasantly, for he was brother to all men. "Your invitation saves me the greatest disgrace that can possibly befall a gentleman—the disgrace of drinking alone."

He approached and proffered his card. The man of gloom extended a Uriah Heep hand.

"I am Philip Davenport Chessler," he said.

Tiberius Tinker experienced a vague discomfort. There was a fixity of expression, a finality in the personal pronoun and that triple-jointed name, an assured certainty of worldly position in that whole, simple declarative sentence that left Tiberius Tinker with a haunting suspicion that if he did not know just who Philip Davenport Chessler was his ignorance must be construed as reprehensible. He decided to spar for time. Philip Davenport Chessler read the shyster's card.

"Ah!" he boomed in sepulchral tones. "In the law, I perceive."

Tiberius Tinker bowed.

"And you," he replied, "are famous for something, though I'm blessed if I remember just what. I know the name is familiar."

"I," said Philip Davenport Chessler, "am an author. I write short stories, essays, special articles—and an occasional poem. At times, I blush to confess, I have seriously reflected upon writing that curse of modern literature, the best seller."

Tiberius Tinker was out of deep water now. He was an inveterate reader of all the best magazines and really was possessed of a very decent taste in literature; in fact he had once defended an author in a divorce suit.

"This bird is a freak," thought Mr. Tinker. "If he's an author he must have a very low batting average in a bush league. I'll string him along and get him to take me to dinner."

"By Judas!" he said aloud, and grasped Chessler's clammy hand again. "How stupid of me not to recognize the name! Let me see! Didn't you write that story that appeared in What-You-May-Call-'Em's Magazine some time back, about the young army officer who was in love with the girl, and she threw him over cold for the worthless social parasite who wanted to marry her for her money—wasn't that it? And the young army officer went to the war and was wounded saving the flag, and they took him to the hospital. And his nurse turned out to be the same girl who had turned him down—the family had lost their money—old man gambling in Wall Street or something—engagement declared off on account of it girl turns nurse and goes to the front—meets her rejected lover and nurses him back to health—and they marry?"

Philip Davenport Chessler's eyes glowed with an unearthly joy as the glib Tinker artfully and cruelly credited to him the plot that had whiskers on it when Adam was cutting his first tooth. Tiberius Tinker had merely taken a quick sight at point-blank range and hit the bull's-eye with his first shot.

"That was mine!" breathed Chessler softly. "Do you remember that story? Why, that poor little brain child of mine was published nearly three years ago."

"One doesn't forget a great short story in a hurry, Mr. Chessler. But what's happened to you since? I've been looking for your work right along, and oh, I see! You're writing under a nom de plume!" And Tinker smiled with devilish malignancy.

Chessler's pale features were a rosy red. He heaved a gusty sigh.

"Perhaps you observed, Mr. Tinker," he said, and helped himself to an absinthe frappé, "that in alluding to myself as an author I had the good taste to omit the adjectives which usually accompany the use of that much-abused word. I am not a popular, a brilliant, a versatile or a famous author, for I have not as yet reached that stage of literary abandon where I can bring myself, for money, to prostitute my God-given gift by stringing language together after the fashion most in vogue with the editors in charge of our current periodicals."

"That's right," was Tinker's sympathetic comment; "they do print some awful rot."

"And the sad thing about it all, my dear Tinker, is the fact that they pay for it! Art has no chance against modern magazine methods. Plot isn't everything. Style and shades of meaning are sacrificed to the lust of the proletariat for excitement and red blood. I could, by abandoning my ideals, overcome these obstacles; but even then there is that other curse to overcome!"

"What's that?" demanded Tinker.

"Favoritism! Unless your name is well known your manuscript stands absolutely no chance of being read; but once your name becomes known and your work is in demand the editors will pay you a thousand dollars for any kind of rot you care to send them. The editorial brutes who inhabit the city of New York have ruined more hopes, blighted more youthful genius and broken more hearts than did Napoleon in all his wars." Philip Davenport Chessler paused and tucked away another portion of absinthe.

"Well," Tinker retorted bluntly, "if it's a dead game why buck it? I'd tackle some other line of endeavor, seems to me."

"A man must do his appointed work, Mr. Tinker. Now at the present time, situated as I am more than three thousand miles from New York, it is simply a waste of postage stamps endeavoring to compete with those writers who are close to the Hub of the Wheel. One cannot fight the editors by mail and generally one cannot afford to—in consequence of which the real genius of the country is driven to the wall and idiots prosper. Now if I lived in New York I could interject the personal equation into the game. I could call on the editors, argue with them—bully them into giving me my just due. To get ahead in the writing game—for it can no longer be termed the profession of literature—one must be on the ground to fight the editors—fight them tooth and toenail ——"

"Very true," interrupted the philosophic Tinker; "but, then, one sometimes travels a long way for a licking."

"One cannot avoid one's destiny. Remember, Poe sold The Gold-Bug for ten dollars."

"So they told me in high school. Ten bucks was probably all it was worth at the time."

"Mr. Tinker, do you know where Poe is now?"

"Dead, of course."

"Aye—but in the Hall of Fame!"

"Which buys Mr. Poe nothing. He bucked a hard game while he lived and was buried by his wife's relatives."

"But, Mr. Tinker, that is the debt genius must pay to itself!"

"Good Lord!" rasped Tinker, disgusted. "Doesn't it ever outlaw?"

"You are unsympathetic!" challenged the author.

"I'm a business man. But surely, Mr. Chessler, you have some other source of income in addition to your literary work!"

A tear started across the author's pale cheek and clung glistening to his lip.

"I grieve to confess," he stated, "that, pending the day when my work shall become more generally recognized, I support myself by writing advertisements for a local advertising agency."

"What's the stipend?"

It had occurred to Tiberius Tinker that a judicious investment in absinthe might return large interest in the shape of a loan.

"Forty a week. I am thinking of resigning."

"In Heaven's name, why? Why abandon forty a week?"

"To devote myself entirely to literature." He turned to the barkeeper. "Charge that last round to my account, Henry."

As one who casts aside a week-old newspaper, Tiberius Tinker cast Philip Davenport Chessler into the discard of ruined hopes. He was disgusted with himself for wasting his valuable time on such a barren prospect, and he had conceived an equal disgust for the author personally; for Mr. Tinker despised bibulous persons who wept. He turned to the lunch counter.

"Faugh!" he spat sneeringly. "You weary me! No wonder you can't place your stuff. You haven't a drop of red blood in your body."

"You're ungenerous, Mr. Tinker."

"You're a conceited young man, Chessler!"

Too late Tiberius Tinker had discovered that it is unwise to fraternize with a freak, and he longed now to be left in peace to forage uninterruptedly among the cubes of cheese and disks of bologna sausage; but the author was too far gone to heed the rebuff. He approached and took Tinker by the arm.

"I am not conceited. What I feel and cannot—hic!—help expressing is con—conscious power."

"Well, all right; I won't hold it against you. Leggo my arm!"

"You shay I haven't—hic!—drop red blood in my—er—body?"

"Not a corpuscle."

"Then," said Philip Davenport Chessler, "I'll—hic!—prove it."

"How?"

"By—hic!—thrashing—first policeman—we meet!"

Tiberius Tinker pricked up his ears, so to speak. Whip a policeman, eh! Why not? That meant the arrest of Philip Davenport Chessler and incarceration in the city bastile over night unless some kind friend—Tiberius Tinker, for instance—should hasten to his rescue. It meant an appearance in the police court during the morning; and this freak was just the kind to let himself be bullied and frightened into giving a lawyer ten dollars to appear for him in a plain drunk-and-disorderly charge that would have been dismissed with a reprimand anyhow. Tinker resolved to egg the author on to his destruction.

"You haven't got enough red blood in you," he sneered, "to start a nose-bleed!"

"Come!" pleaded the maudlin author. "I'll show you whezzer I got red corpushles—hic!—my blood or not!"

"Very well," taunted the perfidious Tinker. "You've got to show me! We'll go down to Sutter and Market streets and tackle the traffic cop. He's a friend of mine, and if the going gets too slippery I'll save you."

Accordingly Mr. Tiberius Tinker, accompanied by his newly-made acquaintance, repaired to the designated corner, where the majesty of the law, represented by Officer Michael Redmond, held the city at bay with his index finger.

"Light into that!" suggested Tinker.

With drunken abandon, the author replied that nothing could be fairer; and forthwith he walked up to Officer Redmond and smote that astounded functionary on the end of the nose, following up the blow with a kick on the shins.

"Ye little wasp!" howled Redmond.

He reached forth one ham-like hand, grasped his assailant by the nape and cuffed him roundly. However Chessler was not to be denied; and so vigorously did he squirm and kick and scratch that Officer Redmond felt impelled to hit him once with the stick for luck. Once was enough! As Chessler wilted to the pavement, a gory, crumpled heap, Officer Redmond, who was feeling particularly lucky, brought into play an ancient police formula for the handling of intoxicated men—he rapped Chessler across the soles of his feet twice, and then signaled a comrade across the street to call the wagon.

A crowd had gathered, and during the ten minutes Redmond waited for the wagon Tiberius Tinker hung discreetly on the outskirts, awaiting developments. Officer Redmond supported the limp author with one hand while with the other he rubbed his beak reflectively.

"Thought ye could lick an orficer, eh?" he burred. "Is that the deloosion ye had? Faith, if it is, ye came to the right man to cure ye!"

"That clout on the hoofs will sober him up," reflected Tinker.

A man dressed in gray tweeds brushed past him and, craning his head and shoulders into the crowd, caught sight of Philip Davenport Chessler's roving and uncertain eyes gleaming through a tangle of blood-soaked hair. Chessler saw him and turned away.

"You profligate scamp!" hissed the man in gray tweeds, and crowded in beside the distressed author, with Tiberius Tinker at his heels. "This spells your finish! You know what I told you, Philip! I said I'd fire you the next time you went Bohemming round and got into trouble—and I meant it. You call tomorrow and get your week's salary. You're fired!" And without another word he hurried away. Tiberius Tinker noted that he did not pause to ask questions of the bystanders either on his arrival at the scene or at his departure.

"This Philip person must be able to write ads," soliloquized Mr. Tinker. "Evidently this boss of his has put up with his foolishness for a long time—had him on probation probably; and now that he's fallen off the wagon his job's vacant. Well, he's got a week's salary coming to him and I'll see that it's all used up in his defense."

The wagon arrived about that moment and Philip Davenport Chessler was whirled away to durance vile, where he was searched for deadly weapons, booked as drunk and disorderly, and lodged in the big tank to think it over.

"I'll Guarantee You a Couple of Thousand Dollars' Damages—Quick!"

As for Tiberius Tinker, that Machiavellian disciple of equality and justice drifted into a cheap restaurant and purchased himself a kidney sauté and a cup of coffee.

Three hours later he appeared at the gate of the cage wherein Philip Davenport Chessler reposed with a dozen other unfortunates. Mr. Tinker had counted on that lapse of time to produce within the author all the varying emotions of fright, horror, disgust at his surroundings, sorrow for his misdeeds, and a keen appreciation of a porterhouse steak. He was not disappointed.

"Well," said Mr. Tinker pleasantly, "you have more red blood than I thought you had—and, at the same time, about a quart less than you originally possessed. If you aren't the wild young thing! Why, my dear boy, I thought you were joking, or I'd have knocked you down and sat on you until the spasm passed."

"Why didn't you?" wailed Chessler.

"You pulled that stuff so quick I didn't have time. I went in to save you that clout on the bean, but the crowd gathered so thick I couldn't get to you."

"I'm a fool, Tinker! I left the office at four and I met a fellow Bohemian. We had a drink or two—or three or four—and then I met you. And here I am!"

"Also out of a job! I thought I saw your boss come up, recognize you and tie the can to you."

Philip Davenport Chessler broke down and wept.

"Then that wasn't a hallucination after all!" he sobbed. "I had hoped it was. You know old Munro has a horror of drink—won't employ a man that drinks—and he's forgiven me three times. I'd promised him I'd never drink again—and now he's seen me intoxicated—and discharged me! I don't know what I'm going to do, Tinker! I haven't a dollar in the world ——"

"You have forty dollars coming to you—and that's a lot of money."

"But my job ——"

"I can save your job. I can save you from prison. That's my business—saving people. I'm a fix-it specialist, Chessler, and I can fix this whole thing for you for forty dollars."

"You mean ——"

"I mean get you out of jail without a trial and the disgrace of having to sit in the police-court dock; and I mean to get you back your job and restore you to good standing with the advertising agency—all for the sum of forty dollars. Want to hire me? No coin to be passed until I deliver the goods."

"I shall engage you," said Chessler hopefully.

"Good! Then listen carefully to what I have to tell you: Your name is Johnny Withers and you're the city editor of the Chronicle—in case anybody asks you. Your real name, which you gave to the desk sergeant, is a fake to hide your identity—understand? Now digest that: Your name is Johnny Withers and you're city editor of the Chronicle. Don't forget it."

Continued on Page 53

"You Will Listen to Me or Find Yourself a Defendant in a Suit for Criminal Slander"

A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

The Story of a Struggle Between Will and Habit

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I Would Dance Until I Felt From Sheer Exhaustion

FIVE years ago I emerged from the enslavement of morphine. I have not relapsed. There is no possibility that I ever shall relapse. I can say this emphatically, because in saying it I am on firm ground. I am today about as healthy a man as there is in the Western Hemisphere. Physically and mentally I am absolutely normal. No shadow of the conquered addiction rests upon me.

In every way I am in better condition—better for a reason that shall appear later—than ever I was before the drug claimed me. Every day, the clock round, I enjoy a keen sense of well-being. At the age of forty-two I find life very sweet—very much worth living. I want to round out my threescore years and ten; and as I come from a long-lived family I confidently expect to do so.

I was and am lucky, however. It is necessary that I should emphasize this point at the outset. I was and am lucky for several reasons. The first and most essential of these reasons is that mine was not a typical case of morphine addiction.

This is not to say that the drug did not have me in chains. It did. I was a downright morphine fiend; but I did not form the habit in the typical way. The typical way of forming the morphine habit, let it be said at once, is an involuntary, unmeant, undreamed-of way.

The typical morphine habit is a doctor-created habit. Persons subject to minor indispositions or pains, such as digestive disorders, recurrent severe headaches, neuralgia, toothache, sciatica, rheumatism—persons who in their normal state of health would recoil in horror from the thought of becoming addicted to a drug—are in the main the victims of morphine.

The habit is fastened upon them by their doctors. The best men in the medical profession know this, acknowledge it, rage in their minds and hearts over it. Morphinism rarely is a wantonly adopted vice. Human beings are not so mad as that would presuppose.

How Habits are Formed

NEARLY always morphinism is a wantonly or heedlessly inflicted curse—a horror fastened upon mildly sick people by physicians who are all too ready with the hypodermic needle. Ask any doctor you know to be conscientious if this is not true. He will not deny it. He will, on the contrary, have some justifiably warm observations to make on the subject of physicians who carelessly or wantonly administer morphine to patients that not only have absolutely no need for the drug, but to whom the giving is both a peril and a crime.

I did not get into the morphine habit through any real sickness. All the same, I got my first dose of the drug and many succeeding doses from doctors who had about as much moral right to carry a hypodermic syringe as a madman has to carry a pistol. There was a good deal of carelessness and wrongheadedness in the way I formed the habit. Nevertheless the doctors set my feet on that sinister path. They gave me morphine to get me over drunks. That is a bald way of stating the fact—but it is a bald subject. They gave me morphine to get me over drunks, because that was the easiest way for them and for me.

The time came when I gave myself morphine for the same purpose. This was inevitable. The doctors knew—or they should have known—that it was inevitable. Hundreds of persons form the morphine habit in this way. I myself know more than a dozen persons, men and women, who are hopeless, incurable morphine fiends today because their physicians chose the easiest way to tide them over the effects of alcoholic excesses.

There are plenty of drugs, none of them of a habit-forming character, that are effectual in straightening out people who have taken too much alcohol into their systems; but none of these drugs is so promptly and numbingly effectual for this purpose as morphine. Therefore the don't-care doctors inject morphine into persons suffering from alcoholism or even from the mere "bigheads" that result from overnight sprees; and every year they are adding scores upon scores of fresh victims to the already mournfully long list of morphine fiends in just this way.

This, however, though one of the ways, is not the typical way. And it is because I did not form the habit in the typical way—that is, while suffering from an actual or a more or less imagined illness or pain—that I pronounce myself lucky. I was not weakened by any illness, real or fancied, when morphine came my way. Drink sickness of short duration was virtually the only kind of illness I had ever known. Years on end of pretty stiff periodical—not steady—drinking had not undermined my phenomenally rugged constitution. Pound for pound, I was as strong as a buffalo.

In my younger manhood I had been a more than middling good all-round athlete. I had lived in the open. I had put in several years of hard work at sea. And so at the age of thirty-four, when I began to use morphine, I was a wrought-iron nail for strength. That was the luck of it. Of course the drug debilitated me mentally and physically, but I had had a big start of it. Being as tough as teakwood, my resisting power was not wholly wiped out. I had something left to fight with. I followed the wreck-strewn morphine trail for three years.

The Battle With Fifteen Grains

THIS was not a long morphine history as such histories go; but when I abandoned that trail I was taking fifteen grains of morphine a day by hypodermic injection. This was a lot of morphine when it is remembered that from one to two grains taken by a person not habituated to the drug will cause death, and considering also the cumulative faculty of morphine in the human system. Of course there are thousands of instances of victims taking a great deal more than fifteen grains a day; but I never passed that limit.

The doctors will concur that it was a pretty bad limit.

That which made my case so exceptional, and the respect in which I was so fortunate, was that my vigorous constitution stood the terrific strain and left me with enough physical and mental strength to give battle to the morphine devil when I determined to quit the drug once and forever—or die in the attempt. No more luck than that could have been asked for. And I won out solely because so much strength had been left to me. Oh, it was no easy fight! But I won because I had formed the habit while on my feet, in a way of speaking—while a perfectly well man, that is to say.

To conquer it took all I had left of strength or will; and, as I repeat for a purpose, I had never been really sick. How, then, to compute the quitting chances of the unfortunates who form the habit—or, to be more exact, have the habit literally thrust upon them—while in a weakened or chronically poor state of health? With what weapon are these non-rugged ones to fight when they are caught in the web of a habit that manufactures a thousand positive illnesses of its own? In what condition are such unfortunates for attacking the

"I Have Something Very Wonderful to Tell You. Prepare Yourself to Hear"

stupendous task of shaking off the bondage? What are their chances for liberation from the enslaving habit?

It is disheartening even to frame such questions. One who knows the magnitude of the job of shaking off the morphine habit will refuse to attempt to answer such questions, for fear the answer might discourage one human soul who has a fighting chance to escape from the bondage out of the thousands who long in vain for their liberation from morphine. But the doctors know the answer. Yes, even the doctors whose too-ready hypodermic needles are one of the causes of fastening this great and growing curse upon the world—they know the answer as well as the conscientious doctors know it. Then why do they go on putting human lives and human souls in jeopardy? There are several answers to that. The answer which stands out is that many choose the easiest way, with no regard for the consequences. Therein they are criminals! The time is coming when they will be handled as criminals.

My escape from the morphine slavery was no more typical than was my assumption of that bondage. It was an unusual, even an extraordinary escape. There may have been precedents for it, but certainly not many; nor can I think, though I should like to hope, that many victims ever will escape in just the way I did. Again I lay stress upon the fact that I was standing upon a pair of good stout legs that upheld a good stout body when I acquired the morphine habit. I cannot too often repeat that if it had not been for that fact alone there is small likelihood that I ever should have been able to squirm out of the morphine morass. I got into it on my feet, I came out of it on my feet. Pure luck! Not the sort of luck, however, that one gloats over.

When one comes safely and successfully through that unspeakable ordeal he is grateful, but certainly not gloatful. There is no place in his seared being for so gross a feeling as that. There is too much of mournfulness in his heart when he thinks of the others—the thousands upon thousands of others—for whom there can be no escape! For it would be a downright perversion of the plain truth to state that, even with the best modern methods of institutional treatment, the percentage of cures of victims of confirmed morphinism is a high percentage.

Cures and Half-Cures

A SMALL percentage of cures of morphinism, in cases where the drug has not been used for so long a time as to have accomplished too great a deterioration in the physical, mental and nervous organization of the victims, is effected by scientific treatment. It would be a fine thing if one could truthfully say that this percentage is large. But it is small—comparatively small. And even morphine victims taken through this long and difficult course of treatment by earnest and sympathetic medical men—even these have a discouraging way of going back to the use of the drug. Yes, even with the best scientific treatment and with the circumstances all in favor of the cure, it is one thing to get a man away from the morphine habit and absolutely another and a far more baffling thing to keep him away. Every doctor of experience with the victims of the drug knows this.

There are no trustworthy statistics giving the real percentage of actual cures of morphinism. The victims of the habit do not proclaim their cure any more than they announce their addiction. It would be unfair, unwise and needlessly cruel to say that there really is little hope for confirmed, far-gone victims of morphine. My own escape, extraordinary as it was, would give denial to such a statement; but it would be equally cruel and unwise to hold out false hopes to far-gone victims of morphine or to those who are interested in them. The percentage of escapes is small. That is the fact.

The learned experts who have made an exhaustive study of morphinism know now that the morphine habit is a curse that should be and can be and will be prevented. The habit now is placed in the comparatively new domain of preventive medicine. And, strangely enough, the preventive weapons must be wielded by medical men against some medical men! The unworthy doctors who often are responsible for the infliction of the morphine curse upon the world must be rounded up and driven into professional banishment by the conscientious medical men who are becoming more and more alarmed and angered by their knowledge of the hideous evil wrought by the careless wielders of the hypodermic needle. Many signs portend that the time is not far distant when such doctors who degrade their profession will be rounded up and punished.

I did not make my escape through institutional treatment. I had the good fortune to get out by another method. But there would be little or no virtue in my account of how I got clear of the drug if I did not first tell how I became addicted to its use. It is a story to be told without self-condonation or excusatory embellishment; and that is the way I am going to tell it.

I knew little or nothing of the morphine habit before I myself acquired it. Up to that time I had chanced upon but one victim of the drug. This victim was a famous confidence man with whom I, as a newspaper man, was acquainted. He was an accomplished and likable chap, a notable linguist, who would have made his way in the world had he been able to remain straight; but he was a natural-born crook. He had given me many good stories of the underworld for various New York newspapers for

My Friend the Pharmacist Knew I Was Lying. Long Afterward He Told Me So

which I worked as a reporter and special writer. One day he was arrested for swindling and locked up in the Tombs.

At that time I was a police reporter, covering Mulberry Street, and I went to the Tombs to get his story. I found him in agony. This astonished me. I had known him as a game, self-contained fellow, who had taken his previous arrests coolly. Now he was squirming on his bunk in grievous torture. When the keeper who admitted me to the confidence man's cell had gone away the suffering man, whose gray, drawn face and obvious physical and mental anguish were dreadful to see, begged me for the love of God to go out and get him some morphine—and quick! Quick!

I know now what he was suffering. At that time I sensed it but vaguely. I knew nothing of the maddening grip of morphine except what the average person gathers by hearsay; but here was a human being, a man who frequently had been of real service to me in my newspaper work, manifestly undergoing mortal misery for the need of the drug. I got the morphine for him. I explained the situation to a young pharmaceutist of my acquaintance and he sold me two tubes of half-grain hypodermic morphine tablets.

I remember with what strange, baffled curiosity I gazed at those two little tubes resting in the palm of my hand. The tablets seemed such tiny, trivial things to be capable of balancing the scales between a sentient human being's comfort and tranquillity and his piercing mental agony and physical misery.

I shall never forget the very abandonment of gratitude that shone in the crook's misery-clouded eyes when I handed him the two little tubes.

He had no syringe with him; so, with a hand shaking as if from palsy, he got four of the tablets—two grains—into his mouth. I recall how it amazed and even terrified me to observe how after a little while the man relaxed. It depressed me to see a man so slavishly dependent on a drug. Gradually his uncontrollable twitching movements ceased. After a while he even smiled wanly! I could not stand that. I came away. But I was glad I had helped him—and I am glad yet!

On the following day I was required to turn in a feature story for the Sunday edition of my newspaper. I had no subject. Cudgeling my brains for one, my experience at the Tombs offered a suggestion. "Morphine! Morphine! Why not write something about the morphine habit?" I thought. And so, without any knowledge whatever as to what a victim of the morphine habit could or could not do by way of getting cured or curing himself of the addiction, I wrote a purely imaginative account of how a prominent banker of Denver had effected his escape from morphine slavery. I described how he went into the Colorado mountains, accompanied by his wife, his physician and some close friends; and how, determined to be rid of the morphine habit, he had voluntarily permitted himself to be locked in a padded iron cage, all the members of his party having been solemnly sworn in advance not to give him morphine, no matter how piteously he begged for it.

The Fake Story

AT RANDOM I stated that he had been taking forty grains of morphine a day by hypodermic injection for seventeen years! And the finish of my imbecile and shameless fake story was that, after excruciating agony, he had won out! Of course such a thing was grotesquely impossible. For a man who had been taking such an amount of morphine each day for so long a period, the sudden relinquishment of the drug would have meant insanity first and then death from exhaustion. The time came when I was to be bitterly ashamed of that story.

How the medical men who read it must have sneered—and justly! Worse than that, how many tortured victims of morphine throughout the land must have caught the glimpse of a hope impossible of realization from that unpardonably silly newspaper story! The yarn is yellowing somewhere among my clippings. Some day I shall come upon it and throw it into the fire. I wish I had not written it.

The crook in the Tombs was the first victim of morphine with whom I had come into actual contact. It was not long after this experience that I got my own first dose of morphine. I was on vacation. It was about the breaking-up time of a men's party in the Adirondacks. We had spent a week at the lodge. There had been a good deal of drinking. I had done considerably more than my share of the drinking, as in those days I always did when there was drinking going on. And I had no right to drink at all. I was a confirmed dipsomaniac—that is to say, a periodical heavy drinker.

With me, the taking of just one drink of liquor inevitably meant a hard spree to follow. Time after time—hundreds of times—I tried my best to take one or two drinks and then stop. It was impossible! The first drink completely revolutionized my mental processes. Every time, after that first drink, I would keep right on drinking immoderately.

During the first two or three days at the lodge in the Adirondacks I remained off the drink. Then I wabbled. I found excuses—how humiliatingly easy it always is to find such excuses!

It was my vacation-time. This was a remarkably clever lot of men at the lodge. The lid was off. They were all drinking and enjoying their drink. I did not reflect that this was because they were a hard-headed lot who knew how to drink. The dipsomaniac rarely does himself the justice to indulge in such saving reflections. I convinced

myself that by abstaining from drink I was a death's-head at this spirituous feast of reason and alcoholic flow of soul. So I took my first drink.

At the end of four days, when the party was preparing to disperse, I was in pretty bad shape. I woke one morning with something disquietingly akin to the horrors. I was told that I had done a good deal of calling out in my broken sleep. There was in the party a New York physician who has since become noted in his profession. On this morning he came into my room to see me. He knew that I was due to be back in New York on my newspaper job the following day.

Thrashing round in bed, I asked him to send me a drink. Instead of doing that he got out his hypodermic kit and gave me an injection of morphine.

Now there was no need for him to do that. Not only was there no need, but it was an absolute crime for him to do it. It was a crime if for no other reason—and there were plenty of other trenchant reasons—than that it ought to have been perfectly obvious to him that a man he knew to be a periodical hard drinker must necessarily be of a temperament that would respond dangerously to the effect of morphine. I did so respond. This young doctor had with him in his kit other remedies with which he could have set me upon my feet for the trip to New York. At the worst I was merely suffering from katzenjammer. I was a strong man. Hundreds of times before I had recovered swiftly from the effects of alcoholic excesses without morphine. It would have been perfectly possible for me to do that again.

A Contrast in Doctors

YET this doctor jabbed the morphine into my arm and I responded dangerously to the drug. That was the beginning! Doctors of that sort will do it! Heaven only knows why they do it—but do it they must and will! It is so easy, so handy to quiet a patient and to gain the patient's gratitude and admiration by giving him a soothing jab in the arm! The worst of it was that this doctor was my friend. He knew all about me. He knew that it was impossible for me to do anything in moderation. Yet he must and would jab morphine into my arm to numb the effects of a few days of drinking.

Later in the day, noticing that I was becoming shaky when the effect of the first injection was wearing off—perhaps I affected some of the shakiness with the hope of being numbed again—he gave me another injection. And before we started to the train for New York he gave me still another! With the numbness there fell upon me a new easement and a permeating sense of irresponsibleness. And right then my face was set toward the trap!

This young doctor was, I think, more careless than wanton. Also he was inexperienced. He did not mean to do me an irreparable injury. But there are experienced, grizzled doctors as well who do the same thing—and do it not only to strong, hearty men, who have at least a chance to come safely through the peril, but to men and women weakened by illness, who emerge from their illness in a stupor of morphine and with an irresistible appetite for morphine thus set up in their weakened bodies and souls!

Of course I knew what the doctor was giving me. The hypodermic syringe tells its own story. They do not give you bromides with the hypodermic syringe! And yet bromides, taken by mouth, or some other simple remedy, would have done the trick for me easily enough. True, such remedies would not have been so rapid or numbing in their effects, but they would have served. They should have served. Of course, after the first injection of morphine, the thumping ache left my head. I was benumbed. Even after the third injection there was no nausea such as afflicts many persons following their first doses of morphine. How many, many times afterward did I wish there had been!

I did not sleep on the train that carried me to New York. Morphine—even great quantities of it—rarely gave me sleep. Instead of sleeping I lay in a stupor in my berth, devising what I considered at the time to be ingenious plots for stories, but which, when my head cleared, turned out to be no plots at all, but mere drivel. I felt decidedly dull and depressed when I went to work in New York the following day. My work was grueling, but I pitched in; and the depression gradually wore off.

Well, the devil of morphine always perches within sight—waiting, waiting! What happened to me was inevitable. On the next occasion when I tried to take "just one drink," and then started in to consume all the drink there was for several days running, I sent for a doctor one morning when I knew it was imperatively necessary for me to sober up and get back to work.

Naturally the heavy drinking had caused me to wake up feeling pretty badly that morning; but I had felt that way before hundreds of times—nor had I ever before sent for a doctor at such times. Always before I had clenched my teeth, endured the misery, and gone back to work without ever dreaming of any such thing as medical treatment. Now, however, it was different. I wanted a doctor. A doctor I must have. And never believe I did not know perfectly well what I wanted a doctor for!

The doctor, a stranger to me, came. I told him what ailed me. He began to write some prescription—bromides or the like presumably. I craftily simulated profound misery shot through with hysteria.

"There is only one thing that will get me over these affairs, doctor," said I—"a couple of half-grain injections of morphine"—I said "half grain" at random, guessing at the amount. "Nothing else works with me."

A cool, perfectly deliberate lie, of course. But there never was a really subtle, first-rate liar in the world before opium was discovered! I wanted to experience again the benumbment I had experienced in the Adirondacks. Nothing else would do. The doctor in the Adirondacks had given me an effectual initiation. Therefore I lied. The doctor at my bedside, an elderly, highly competent and conscientious man, gazed fixedly at me.

"A bad business, that," said he. "Have you always had morphine before?"

"Always," I replied shamelessly. I resented his observation and his question. What I wanted him to do was to get busy with his hypodermic needle!

"Well," said this fine old medical man, "I won't give morphine to a man to get him over a drinking bout. There are doctors who do that. I don't and won't! It is vicious, criminal, dangerous malpractice."

I salute that doctor at this moment of writing, but at the time I felt very impatient toward him.

"Dangerous, no doubt, for weaklings," I began to splutter; "but if there is any character ——"

He raised his hand to interrupt me.

"Morphine is a thing that is above and beyond all character!" he said.

How many times afterward did I hear that same true expression, virtually in the same words, from the lips of conscientious medical men who knew all too well what they were talking about!

The elderly doctor went away, flatly refusing to give me morphine. But I would have nothing else. I would have that benumbment or nothing. I would have it if to get it I had to summon all of the doctors in New York! Of course I was obstinately in the wrong. Of course it was now all my own fault. I did not need the morphine. I merely wanted it. But it is to be remembered that I never should have wanted it the second time had it not been given to me by a doctor the first time. You cannot have the stirrings of an appetite for a thing of which you do not know the taste. And right here is the nub of the gruesome business: Had there been no first time there never would have been a second—and there never would have been a habit!

I summoned another doctor. This one was a cheery young man. I told him the same lie as to my absolute need for hypodermic injections of morphine in order to get sober that I had told the elderly doctor. But did a medical man need to believe such an incredibly foolish lie, told him by a strapping, hard-muscled two-hundred-pounder of a man stretched out there in bed and suffering from a simple case of mild alcoholism? I do not think he believed it. I do not believe any of them believe such fatuous nonsense. It is simply that they do not scruple to administer the morphine, because it is the easiest way. Of course I experienced a throb of satisfaction when I saw that this young doctor had no scruples against morphine. He got out his hypodermic kit.

"Half grains, did you say?" he asked me, glancing at the labels on his tubes of morphine. "Unless you're pretty well accustomed to the stuff a half grain is a pretty good-sized jab."

"I've always had half grains," I replied, still lying.

He gave me the injection and I was benumbed. He came later in the day and gave me another half-grain injection. Then I went to work. My nerves were so benumbed that I could work or make a pretense at working. So I had a recipe for getting back to work or pretending to work after drunks!

On the Easy Descent

THERE nearly always is a next time for the periodical drinker. He may not be conscious of it, but he coddles the thought of the next time in a secret recess of his brain. My next time sped along a few months later, after I had relinquished newspaper work and started to write, with pretty fair success, for the magazines. This drinking period lasted four days. Again I sent for a doctor—and again I knew precisely why I was sending for him! On the first day he gave me four half-grain injections.

The next day he came again and gave me four more. I demanded them. I told him it always took two days of morphine to get me off a drinking period. But did he have to believe me? I was becoming quite facile as a liar, though really I did not have to lie at all in order to get the morphine. I found that out later. They would have given me the morphine anyhow. The recollection of this lying humiliated me after the effects of the morphine had passed. Always I had been a fairly truthful person; yet, when I wanted the benumbment of morphine and when under its influence, I would lie prodigiously and *con amore!*

As yet I had taken no alarm over my trifling with morphine. I did not sense the danger. Few victims do—in time. Every intelligent person, of course, has a natural abhorrence of the thought of becoming the victim of a drug; but, unlike alcohol, morphine somehow fails to flash any signal of danger until it is too late—or almost so. The man who suddenly wakens to the fact that he is

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I Lived in a Grisly Trance

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

XI

ALICE and Charlie remained in Florida the whole winter. I had an occasional letter from Alice. She was practicing deep breathing in the blossom-scented air of the South. She had much to say about the occult, as if this were a new recipe she had discovered for compounding a soul. She wrote at length about metaphysics. She did not know that this is a science having to do with the anatomy of mind, because she did not have a mind, only an addled egg intelligence incapable of hatching an honest thought. She was as much absorbed in this effort to dissolve herself as she had been in charity and good works the previous year.

You will observe this about a certain class of shrewdly wicked women—they are not really shrewd, merely liars. They try every device save honesty and uprightness to escape self-knowledge. They search for a moral disguise. They sanctify themselves with vague doctrines, and they never have the courage to look themselves in the face, what they really are, as men do. A man knows when he is going to the devil, and though he may conceal the fact from others he does not attempt to conceal it from himself. Alice wrote fervently about eliminating the evil of Nature, as if it were a psychic disorder to be removed by frequent doses of spiritual salts. Once late in the winter she wrote with a kind of holy enthusiasm of having made the acquaintance of a mystic, a wonderful man who was helping her to cultivate her astral shape.

Soon after this she and Charlie came home, and she devoted herself to organizing a club of Yogi in Millidge. She had the missionary passion for soul culture. She was very well, oh, perfectly well, she said, for the first time in her life. Health was harmony with the invisible. She had that. She was really greatly changed, wasted, her eyes unnaturally large and brilliant with nervous excitement. She dressed queerly, in gowns that she said were classical, like those worn by vestal virgins. She said they left the body freer. There was no doubt about that—they did. They were merely rainbow-colored chemises bound beneath her bust with iridescent girdles. She hated hats and went about with a fillet in her hair when it was possible.

One day early in the spring I had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Buckhaulter. When I came away she accompanied me a short distance, giving me some instructions about my garden. As we stood talking at the corner of the street Alice passed in her motor. She was wearing a pale blue garment, draped from her shoulders and drawn in beneath her bust with a lavender girdle, and she had a narrow white fillet on her head. She had been to a meeting of the Yogi.

Mrs. Buckhaulter hurriedly adjusted her spectacles and stared at her. Colors chosen on account of their spiritual significance are never becoming to a mortal.

"I have always said that a woman's sense of clothes is founded upon her sense of morality," exclaimed the old lady. "If anything happens to that she'll show it in her dress—she'll become a fool about what she wears."

"You don't understand," I explained, laughing. "Blue is the shade of Alice's aura, and it's the highest-grade aura to be had."

"It's the color she chooses to veil her hypocrisy," she retorted. "Don't tell me. That woman will become so conscious of her soul presently that she'll be willing to go stark naked."

I was astonished at the shrewdness of her observation.

Alice and I kept up a sort of limited friendship. I think we each sought the other hoping to hear something of David, but his name was never mentioned between us. It was merely the silent question ever present which neither of us could ask or answer. If David had descended into the solid earth he could not have disappeared more effectually than he had since his departure from Millidge. However, Mrs. Buckhaulter's remark recalled the visit I had with Alice the day before. She had reproached me gently and sadly about the low plane upon which I was living. She was sure I was capable of rising superior to the carnal body. She said she scarcely felt her own now at all; that so far as her feelings were concerned she was simply a spirit; that she had lost the vulgar sense of modesty that made people ashamed of their bodies. Hers, she felt, meant no more to her than a little candle she burned. The wick of it was her immortal spirit, and she did so long to be free. She wished it were possible for her to show how free she really was. But Charlie objected, she concluded with a sigh.

The Sobs Mounted to a Confused Moan

Charlie was now her chief sorrow, the stone that hung dragging about the neck of her astral shape and retarding her ascension. He would have nothing to do with the occult. He scouted the Voice of Silence and devoted himself sullenly to business, leaving Alice to go her way, but keeping an eye upon her astral activities—enough to prevent her from showing a too flagrant disregard of the carnal proprieties.

It is difficult to interpret my own condition during this period. We sometimes serve a life sentence for our crime or our folly without appearing in a court of justice. I believe most of our life is taken up in doing time for our transgressions. It is not repentance; it is simply inevitable punishment, a sort of discipline no man or woman escapes. Wealth cannot bribe this justice or commute this sentence. I do not know if it is even shortened by good behavior. If you have done wrong you may evade the law of man, but you do pay. A good many of us die in this involuntary penitentiary of the soul, making a bluff of it on the outside, but rattling our ball and chain inside just the same.

I began to pay for the folly of nearly five years' social dissipation immediately after David left Millidge. It came upon me inevitably, as if I had been working toward it from the first—in fact I had been. A misused opportunity kicks like an overloaded gun. I had lost my chance of happiness in this manner. There was nothing left for me to do but retire from the scene. The Hallowe'en ball was the last one I ever attended in Millidge. I withdrew from the social world there, closed my books and went out of that business, having failed in it. But I was bitterly discontented with the only existence now open to me, that of keeping house, of devoting myself to narrow economies and to the comfort of father and Francis.

I was not by nature domestic. I make the assertion here boldly, sure of contradiction, but none the less sure of my contention—women are not by nature domestic. They do not belong in their homes any more than birds belong in the cages where they have been imprisoned. They are there for the same reason—caught and put in and trained to service some thousands of years ago by men who chose them singly for this purpose. The proof that they have never really settled down willingly is that they have to this day no initiative about living in a house. They have never invented a single thing necessary to lighten the labor of the home. Every device known in the modern establishment for comfort or convenience was invented by a man. Women have been trained merely to do what is to be done, whichever way they are told to do it. They are of all creatures in this world the wildest, the least capable of exercising the genius of civilization, because people in bondage never have the liberty of mind necessary to develop any kind of genius.

I do not know if men are to be praised or blamed for this situation. Certainly they not only have the advantage in strength, but they have made the world what it is, written all the Scriptures, defined all the virtues for their own convenience, even set the Lord himself up to be feared and served more particularly by women with their heads modestly covered, while they continue to hobnob opportunely with the easier devil. It has all been very shrewdly managed, and doubtless for the best. But I say we, the women, are not what we were made to be. We are merely the trained automatons of an order of things we did not invent.

This was the caged existence I was compelled now to enter through my own folly, not by my own choice. I became a woman in this sense for the first time after David went away, not so much because Francis refused to bear the expense necessary if I kept up appearances in society, but because I had no further interest in it. There was not a man in it now that I could consider accepting as a husband, or who would consider me, so I became a part of the furnishing of our home, which is the fate that awaits the average woman at last somewhere. She is the animated dustcloth of her establishment, the hostess of her family. Her interests are not in the larger affairs of the world. The world is a squint-eyed monster she is trained to shut out with her front door. She does not know when the whole country is trembling upon the verge of a financial panic because she is behind with her sewing. She does not care who is elected president, or whether tariff is revised upward or downward, because she is beside herself with the worries of spring cleaning.

No word can describe the irritation, the secret discontent with which I passed through the dull days of that first winter, occupying my time with a thousand infinitesimal duties, thinking of David, watching each morning for the postman, always hoping to hear from him, never hearing.

As the spring came on I seized upon the only diversion possible with hysterical desperation. I became fiendishly active, tearing up carpets and changing the furniture in the house. Women move their furniture about because they cannot remove mountains or change the order of things by blowing their breath in the face of creation. It is the outward symptom of an everlasting inward unrest; the same thing that makes a canary hop all day long from his perch to his swing and back again because the door of his cage is closed.

One instance of this first house revolution I record here, merely to indicate the cross-purposes of life between a woman enduring the peonage of domesticity and the man in her family. Each works out for the other a comedy of errors or tragedies so small that they take from the dignity of tragedy and impart a certain ludicrous insignificance to their mutual unhappiness.

It was a blustering day in March. I wore a gingham frock, a long apron over it, a ruffled unbecoming dustcap on my head, and I was frowning. It depends upon the quality of the woman what indication resignation gives of the weather of her spirit. In me on this particular day it registered somewhere in the storm regions of domestic disturbance. I had been doing right a long time; and I do not say that doing right is bad for one's character, but it is depressing to the spirit, takes some of the happy vim out of living, makes one unhealthily good—or ill. Nature becomes one's foe or one's neuralgia. I had reached the typhoon of discontent known to all wretched women as the last day of house-cleaning week.

It was late in the afternoon. I walked from room to room, considering the changes I had made. I was not on good terms with Molly and the man who helped with this

business—no housewife ever is with her servants at such a time. Nevertheless at the last moment I called them in and had them move the highboy in my room upstairs to Francis' and place it on the right-hand side of the door. It was an ugly old thing, with arms that held the mirror crooked outward like elbows. I was tired of looking at it, and I did not care whether Francis wanted it or not.

I was almost satisfied with the changes I had made in Francis' room. Not a single piece remained where it had been. The massive mahogany bed that had occupied the same corner for thirty years now stood on the opposite side of the room. The wardrobe was before the fireplace and the dresser was set between the windows. I wondered what father and Francis would say. They had been away all day. Francis, who was out of town on business, would get in on the midnight train. Father had telephoned he would be detained at his office till late in the evening. This meant that he was at the club.

I dismissed Molly and retired early, throbbing with weariness, oppressed with the thought that this might be the only kind of excitement I should ever have, this periodical upheaval of inanimate things. I thought perhaps after all I had better join the Woman's Club. This was an organization in Millidge that took itself seriously, and that harbored all the unattached females left over from their social careers or who aspired from the first to make something of themselves. Mrs. Buckhaulter had suggested that I might enjoy it. I told her I would think of it. As a matter of fact I was so profoundly feminine that I revolted at the idea of making something of myself.

I began to weep softly in the dark at this horrible alternative against loneliness—of becoming well informed, of reading papers on child labor or the Sistine Madonna. I appealed to David. My mind went back to him timidly. I wondered if this was the kind of girl he could have trusted, this Joy Marr who wore plain frocks made by a sewing woman and urged Molly day by day into a sort of anguished tidiness. If I had always lived in this manner, if I had never gone into society or felt the acquisitiveness of that greedy atmosphere, should I have been willing to marry him, fortune or no fortune? Undoubtedly yes! I understood for the first time clearly that it is this monotony, this bondage of little things in domesticity, that drives the girl in average circumstances to accept any man who asks her hand in marriage. It is the way she has of lifting her scenes at least once in a lifetime.

At last I fell asleep. It was nearly midnight when I was aroused by the closing of the front door. I knew by the sneaking softness of his tread in the hall that it was father. His habit was to enter very quietly when he was late, undress and retire without turning on his light

I must have dozed, for presently I was startled by queer fumbling sounds in the next room, mixed with sobs of uncontrollable grief. I raised myself upon one elbow and listened. The sobs mounted to a confused moan as I sprang from the bed, turned on the light, slipped my arms into an old red kimono and threw open the door that communicated with father's room.

At first I could see nothing; then in the darker shadows where his bed had stood I beheld father down upon his hands and knees, his hat cocked sidewise and far back upon his head. His heels were entangled with the rockers of the easychair, which was swaying back and forth as if in unholy mirth. The face he lifted to me was the most woful I ever beheld. Tears streamed from his eyes, his mouth worked beneath his mustache, his white goatee bobbed up and down with his puckering chin.

"Father, what on earth is the matter?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Joy, my shile, have you sheen anything of m' bed? Been lookin' for it 'n hour. Can't find her anywhere. Can't find er shingle thing in thish room," he quavered.

"There it is, father, straight in front of you," I said, pointing to the bed and beginning to laugh.

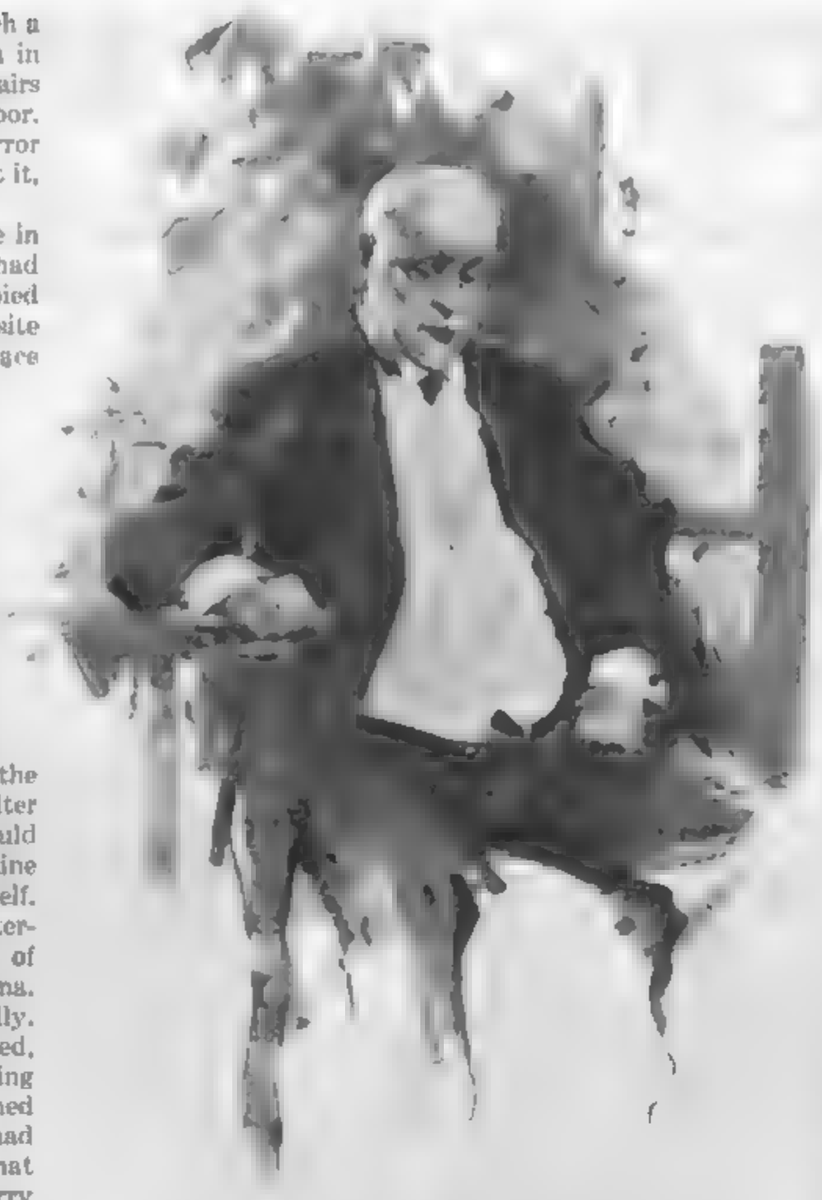
He started for it, still upon his all-fours, moving very slyly, swaying from side to side as if he were prepared to head it off. He stretched out one hand when he came within arm's reach, seized one of the mahogany posts as if it had been the leg of a wild animal and held to it frantically, his face smoothing out into an expression of relief.

While this was going on I heard Francis come in and ascend the stairs. Now I heard him descending swiftly, as if he was merely hitting the steps at random, half falling. The next moment he burst into the room. Blood streamed from between the fingers he held to his face. One eye was already swelling beneath a red welt upon his forehead.

"Joy, what do you mean?" he finally shouted.

"What do you mean, I shay!" groaned father, looking up at him lugubriously from where he sat upon the floor, with his arms about the bedpost, his head leaning against it.

"My shon bringing my gray hairs in shorrow to the grave!" he sobbed dolefully. "Always expected you'd do it, Franchis! Never had any confidench in y' outrageous profession of virtue. Been in a midnight brawl, that's where you've been, shir! Get out of m' shight!" he commanded, permitting his head to sink upon his chest with the air of a befuddled saint overwhelmed with shame and grief.



He Was in a Vague Hurry to be Going Somewhere

Francis stared from one to the other of us, livid with rage; then he crossed the hall and went into the bathroom where we kept the family medicines upon a shelf in the corner.

I followed him, weak with laughter and filled with a vague guilt, like a child overtaken in a fault, but who does not know yet what the fault is.

I bent over the basin, helping Francis sponge his face.

"Joy," he demanded, turning up his swollen, bloodshot eye at me, "what's that just inside the door of my room?"

"It's the highboy," I answered, struggling to restrain my mirth as I pressed the sponge into his eye. He leaped back, quivering with pain and rage, holding his wounded eye and glaring at me out of the other one

"Have it taken out of there in the morning! I thought a man had struck me when I came in tonight."

"I will not!" I retorted.

"Do you dare to tell me ——"

"Yes," I interrupted; "I dare to tell you that I am the mistress of this house, and I'll put the sideboard in your room if I like!"

I dropped the sponge and walked out, leaving him speechless with amazement.

This was the first time I had ever defied him, and it was the beginning of the subjugation of Francis. I no longer had any reason for enduring his petty tyrannies, but he was forced now to endure mine. This was the penalty he paid for reducing me to the sphere of feminine usefulness.

It was fortunate for him and for father and for Molly, who wore the whole winter the peeved expression of an ebony saint, that as the spring days widened in the sun I escaped into the old garden at the back of the house. Having accomplished such a revolution in the house as only an irritated woman can accomplish, I began with the same desperation to devote myself to working out certain reforms in the garden.

A woman must devote herself to something. She craves a vocation rather than a profession. If she has no husband, no children, no lover, she may become religious. She will make a vocation of the life to come. Piety is her remuneration for the life that is. She will live by faith upon the substance of things hoped for. Or she will get an affection for flowers, become the mother superior of these little children of the sod that never grow up, that never forsake her and wander away to bloom in some other woman's garden. Really to love flowers, to tend them with faithfulness and tenderness, is always a sign of loneliness or bereavement in a woman.

So, bereaved of David and debarred by poverty from holding my position in Millidge society, this garden rather than the house finally became my convent. I came in time to know the flowers that bloomed there as other women know their prayers.

If the reader is annoyed by this break in the narrative, if he is impatient to know what really did happen in the end, let him consider how many breaks there are in the narrative of his own life, how many times the good God changes his scenes and gives him another chance by sending him upon the stage in a new part. Also let him take heart. These adventures do not end with a horticultural anticlimax. In as short a space as possible I shall set down here as much as I can of that which it required two years to live, and only because it is important. When a woman incorporates a garden into her existence it affects her character even more than religion does. The culture of flowers is a creed, like any other! It is really the Shorter Catechism written in quaintly illumined type—the Larger Catechism being the whole earth, which has never been learned even by the wisest man.

This garden was two hundred feet wide by two hundred and fifty feet deep. The walls of it were a ragged boxwood hedge; the walk that divided it in the center was bordered with thrift which bloomed as pale as the lips of a maiden that has never been kissed by a lover. At the end of the walk there was an old summerhouse the chapel, so to speak—covered with honeysuckle. Here, seated upon a moldy bench that leaned against the green walls, in times past I had listened to lovers' vows. I had come perilously near kissing and being kissed in that place by more than one man. We had been eavesdropped there by the violets and concealed by the fragrant honeysuckle. No church in the world is so sadly sacred to a woman as such a place, if she does not marry. If she does, for some reason it loses its sanctity. But I had not married.

On both sides of the walk there were beds in the shape of moons, quarter moons and little pointed stars, with narrow paths between, as if the maker expected whoever walked there to be alone. All was overgrown and blurred by years of neglect. The roses stood up lanky and half dead, like the survivors of old families who have been reduced to indigence. Spirea bushes spread their bridal boughs far and wide over the hedge at the end of the garden. Two flowering pear shrubs—erroneously called Japanese quince—which stood upon both sides of the summerhouse like a thorn barricade, bloomed red in the spring as if they drew blossoming blood from the sod.

There was in the center of a little star bed a smoke tree that harbored a mole among its roots. Two crêpe myrtles with slender white bolls stood like ladies-in-waiting with a bench between them halfway down the walk. And there was a climbing cloth-of-gold rose that clung like a lover to the casement of a window of my room. Everywhere there were a thousand little annuals that lived as they could. When flowers are neglected they do not die, but they starve, bloom smaller year by year. And they migrate. Nobody knows how, but if jonquils and hyacinths and tulips are left long enough in the weeds and grass they do take up their bulbs and walk over into the neighboring bed and bloom the next season with the sweet williams and ragged robins. And the season after that the sweet williams and ragged robins in deep offense will have moved in among the lilies and stars of Bethlehem.

Nothing could surpass the social confusion of flowers in this garden when I took refuge there from my own greater confusion. It had become an outrageous democracy of weeds and blossoms. Many years before, when father's mother designed and planted it, there had been order and proper distinction between masses and classes. The zinnias lived in one moon, the poppies in the other. There was a star filled with nothing but primroses and another with heartsease. The lilies bloomed like candles in a row within the hedge, and the verbenas did not cover the face of the earth like a patchwork quilt in the sun, nor did the four-o'clocks wag their blooms like pilgrims in the middle of the walks.

Mother, it seems from father's account, made a strenuous effort to keep down the proletariat larkspur and marigolds when she first became mistress of the place; but after her death there was no longer any question of class distinction, and the larkspurs fought and obtained liens upon the best soil. They massed side by side with the fat peonies and bloomed like rainbows as they pleased. Socialism reigned over the whole place after the distracted manner of socialism. I set it down here humbly, having little knowledge of the wisdom of governments, that socialism is a divine theory of life, impractical in a world not ready to be divine.

If any honest man desires to know what would actually happen to society under a socialistic form of civilization let him spend a year trying to bring order out of confusion in a flower garden that has governed itself for twenty years, without reference to the law and order of gardens, but merely upon that theory of Nature which permits everything to live and flourish that does live and that wants to flourish. The best things do not die: they starve, lose caste. The worst things do not grow better, but stronger. I can never forget the anemic hyacinths with thin stems that I found among the hardy bluebottles, or the dewdrops lifting their little pauper cups like beggars in the luxuriant grass.

I did not really care for the flowers at first; but I was still obsessed with the feminine hysteria for order and cleanliness. I spent days weeding the beds, clearing the walks,

always leaving the flowers where they stood. It was too late that year to replace them where they belonged, even if I had known how to do it. This proved fortunate, because as they stood the whole garden was a mass of bloom until frost.

XII

I WILL not say that I was contented, as the year wore on, widening and shortening its days, making its seasons for the first time in my experience not by social functions, but by the time of flowers to bloom; but I was less discontented. I had not accomplished Alice's harmony with the invisible, but I was drifting gently into an easy place with the visible. We do take on the meaning, even the color, of things about us. This is why so many women in society are dangerous and never quite good. They live in an artificial light. And it also explains why women who live always indoors, however dutifully, become drab in nature and homely in expression. They miss the cardinal colors of the sun, invisible currents of the earth ever ascending. They are the mushrooms of domesticity, raised even by prayers in a dark place.

I escaped both fates in the garden. I was the medium of a Providence that overruled it, that lifted the clods gently from little, green, aspiring heads. I was not religious, but I was adjustable, which may be the divinest spirituality, provided you get in the right place. I accomplished a relationship with the things about me that did not depend upon etiquette or conversation or wealth or fashion. I wore plain white muslins and the green spears of the lilies were my foliage. I had an old, wide-brimmed straw hat with no trimming upon it, which I bent and tied under my chin. All the roses of the garden bloomed above my head as I knelt with soil-stained fingers here and there in the beds. I thought less of David. It was as if by some strange incantation I had drawn nearer, not to him, but to that which had made him what he was when I first knew him and when he loved only me. I was a kind of widow, and like widows of that age I was not inconsolable.

We are fuller of contradictions than the Holy Scriptures, which is saying a good deal, for within the green peace of the blossom-scented days, there is no doubt about it, I still expected a lover. There is something veiled deep in the subconsciousness of every woman that waits for a lover. I do not know if we ever outgrow this maiden habit, even when we marry and bring children into the world and fade and grow old. There come days when the middle-aged wife forgets herself; when she sits at the window and watches for her fat, bald-headed, middle-aged husband in the tune of mind in which she watched for him before they were married. She astonishes him with a mood. She wants to be loved again as she was loved. All at once she is very sad because he does not understand; because he sits down heavily in the commonplace and looks at her, vaguely wondering why on earth she demands to be told that she is still entrancingly beautiful, the bright beam in his eye, the sweet bobbin of all his thinking. Being a man, he never suspects that this is a kind of infidelity she is working off on him; that she is tired of being the wife and mother, tired of his being the husband and father. She is the maiden again disguised in this homely woman, and she wants him to be the lover again. But he cannot. Men are not capable of this kind of back-acting sentimentality. So she treats him coldly. She is wounded. He feels guilty, but he does not know and cannot imagine of what he is guilty. This is how women acquire the reputation of being queer, mysterious, unaccountable. They go back every now and then and become what they were. No man can follow them. He can only stand by astonished, confused, speaking by rote the lies she demands of him; and she knows they are lies, spoken in that manner, and she blames him bitterly for them; not because he said them, but because they are not the truth.

So some days when all the garden bloomed, while the primroses died in the summer sunshine, I used to stand by the hedge and look up and down the long, dusty street, apparently, even to myself, merely looking up and down at nothing in particular.

I was really looking for a man who could be a lover.

Love is a sacrament. Sacrilege consists in not being honorable and faithful in loving. Theologians may say what they please, but I do believe this is the unforgivable sin. And yet we come perilously near committing it many times, even if we do not commit it. At least this was one of my own experiences.

One morning after a rain I came down into the garden wearing a freshly laundered muslin, my hat tied with a wide green ribbon. The June sun was shining. The air was warm and moist. I thought it was too hot to weed the pinks, so I went to the hedge and looked over. The street was full of people, men walking beneath the trees, women whisking along under their parasols, but yet no one in sight for me. I wondered how I should get through the day. This is more of a question when you are still beautiful and young and unmarried than it would be otherwise. And there was no answer to it in the heavens above or in the flowers beneath.

I turned about with head down and started back into the house, walking in the narrow path between the moons and quarter moons. Suddenly I caught sight of a little irregular puff in the soil, as if something beneath had raised a tiny tunnel during the night. It began under the smoke tree and wound about in the general direction to where a row of young cosmos plants stood with thick plumy fronds upon the other side. I recognized my old enemy, the mole, that lived somewhere deep in the earth among the roots of the smoke tree. Whenever a rain softened the ground he became a civil engineer, tearing up the sod and cutting the roots of the flowers as he went. Our interests conflicted and for months I had made futile efforts to catch him. Even as I watched now, I saw the ground near the cosmos break and rise as he tunneled. I knew better than to attack him without cutting off his retreat. Experience had taught me that he could run back half a dozen different ways to his hole under the smoke tree. I knelt softly where I stood and pushed my trowel deep in the ruffled earth through which he had just passed. Then I ran forward and thrust my hand in where he was working. The trouble is, a mole can run faster backward than he can forward. For the fraction of a second my fingers touched the cold velvet skin. Then I beheld the ground rising, melting, giving down as he made with all speed in the other direction. The distance between where I was and where the trowel stood was too great for me to reach. I dared not lift the hand I had thrust into the earth. I had him trapped, but still beyond my grasp.

"Molly," I shrieked, "come here quickly!"

"What's the trouble?" demanded a deep voice.

I looked up startled, to find Charlie Archibald standing beside me, his feet wide apart, his hands in his pockets, smiling down at me.

"It's the mole," I cried. "He's down there by the trowel now. If you'll put your hand in there and work up this way we can catch him."

He went back, knelt down, pulled up his sleeve, stuck his hand in as I had directed.

"I felt him," he yelled.

"Don't just feel him, Charlie; catch him. He's ruining the cosmos!" I exclaimed.

The chase began. We discovered a branch of his tunnel leading among the clove pinks. Just in time we headed him off, only to find that he had another running parallel with the bleeding hearts. We ran back and forth, trampling the flowers ruthlessly.

At last, in the shadow of the summerhouse, we were sure we had cut off his last retreat. I knelt in a bed of sweet alyssum; Charlie was upon his knees a yard distant with his heels among the blue flags. My hat hung upon my shoulders, suspended by the strings; my face was burning with excitement. I lifted a grimy hand to brush back a lock of hair blown across my eyes. Charlie laughed. A red bird in the spirea bush began to call:

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!"

Far out the traffic of the town boomed along the streets, but the morning above the garden stood still, held its sweet breath while for a mere moment the prescience of a vague pain passed between us in a glance quickly withdrawn.

"Be careful!" he called, thrusting his hand slowly along the tunnel. It was as if he said: "Let us change the subject. We must change the subject! We were chasing this mole but now. You and I cannot think of each other."

I flushed and fixed my eyes upon the bruised and fainting alyssum. Then I exclaimed, half withdrawing my hand from the earth: "Charlie, can a mole run up my sleeve?"

"No. It's the nature of a mole to run down."

He made a quick furrow, ripping the soil.

The next instant I felt my fingers seized, drawn up, clasped in a strong hand. Charlie looked at them astonished. They were red as rose petals, covered with dirt. Then he bent his head above them, half dragging me from the alyssum as he pressed them to his lips. I drew them back quickly, sprang to my feet and walked into the summerhouse, holding the guilty hand behind me, my eyes filled with tears, my heart singing, my soul crying: "Shame! Shame!" All these things can take place instantly in that strange being, a woman. No wonder morality sometimes pulls its hat down and walks off till the farce is over.

"Your face is smudged and your hair is coming down," said Charlie, following me.

"Yours is as grimy as a stonemason's!" I retorted, not looking at him.

"I am glad I caught the mole anyhow!" he laughed, turning upon his heel and walking off.

This was the way we began again the old relation in the garden. After that he never came in, but scarcely a day passed that he did not stop upon his way home outside the hedge, salute me, ask some trivial question, tell me some news of the town. I could not complain. I could not even forego the pleasure of being in the garden at that hour between sundown and dark, when the shadows fell beside me like guarding presences. Once he brought a slender little green thing in his hand.

"Plant it in the shade," he said. "It is the lady-of-the-lake."

This happened in the beginning of the next spring. After that he came every day to inquire after her health, to know if she had bloomed.

At last one morning in April I found her lifting a tiny pale blue bonnet of a blossom with parted tails, and out of the top of the bonnet there was a queer little green cockade, standing as straight as a feather.

Charlie came in the twilight as usual.

"Charlie," I called to him, "she's put on her Easter bonnet. Come and see her!"

No, he would not come. He looked at me sadly across the hedge.

"Plant it in the Shade. It is the Lady-of-the-Lake"

(Continued on Page 49)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1913

A Good Banking Bill

THE Glass-Owen Bill exactly pleases nobody. No practicable bill could exactly please anybody. All such legislation must be a compromise. The bankers themselves are as widely divided in their views of banking and currency needs as laymen are. No set of men in the world could frame a bill that would not be strongly criticized in certain particulars by other sets of men. If we are to have any legislation at all on the subject no set can expect to see its own views carried out entirely.

Naturally and properly the Glass-Owen Bill has been a storm-center of criticism ever since it was published, nearly three months ago; but do not let that mislead you as to the main point that it is substantially a good bill. Any other bill would have drawn an almost equal fire of criticism.

The sponsors of the bill, so far, have met criticism rather open-mindedly. They have already amended and improved the bill in half a dozen or more important details. Very likely they will still further amend it by reducing the number of reserve regions and giving the central reserve board a less exclusively political character.

If the bill passes as it stands at this writing it will immensely improve our banking and currency system and go a long way toward putting us abreast of all other great commercial nations in the fundamental matter of dependable credit facilities.

In our opinion the economic benefits flowing from it would much exceed those of the tariff bill—but not the political benefits, for high protection has always corrupted politics.

It will be a great misfortune if this bill is defeated—or indefinitely postponed—through the bigoted opposition of bankers or impractical radicals.

Personal-Property Tax

MANY states, first and last, have attempted to collect an income tax. Every such attempt was a practical failure until Wisconsin tried her hand at it. Elsewhere the income tax was evaded just as personal-property taxes are.

As to Wisconsin's reasons for trying an income tax, Senator La Follette recently instanced several eminent citizens of that commonwealth whose sworn returns to the local assessors showed taxable personal property valued at five thousand dollars, but whose estates, upon their demise, showed taxable personalty running from three hundred thousand dollars to over a million. That is the way personal-property taxes are collected everywhere. The farmer and merchant, whose movables are in plain sight, pay; the capitalist does not.

Wisconsin, in the first year after the new law went on the statute book, collected nearly three and a half million dollars of income tax; and it proposes eventually to do away entirely with the personal-property tax there, substituting the income tax for it. Farmers and merchants should hail this departure gleefully.

The chief reason for Wisconsin's success with the income tax appears to be that the administration of the law is not left in the hands of local officials—so often subject to local influences and more or less inspired by that local patriotism which makes them fearful their community may pay proportionately more taxes than some other neighboring community.

The local assessor is an important factor in the failure of the personal-property tax; but Wisconsin's example ought to mark the beginning of the end of the barbarous personalty tax everywhere.

Democratic Plutocracy

ENGLAND has an advantage over us in that her richest citizens are much more modest and democratic than ours. This is powerfully brought to mind by an eloquent appeal that appeared the other day in the London newspapers.

In the Olympic games at Stockholm last year, you remember, England fanned out every time she went to bat; and vast was the national mortification thereat. The reason, it appears, was primarily a lack of funds. While athletes of other nations were as tenderly nurtured as a millionaire's teething heir, Britain's champions—so to speak—had to rustle up their own grub.

There is to be another Olympic contest at Berlin three years hence, and noble patrons of sport in England realize that chill penury will doom them to another humiliating defeat unless energetic means are taken to raise funds. A hundred thousand pounds are needed—for the honor and glory of Great Britain.

In a like crucial case this side of the water some bumptious plutocrat would thrust himself forward and plank down the money. They do it better over there. A very urgent and moving appeal for public subscriptions is published in the papers, signed by Lord Rothschild, Lord Strathcona and the Duke of Westminster—which is as much as to say, in American equivalents, by Rockefeller, Morgan and Astor.

Thus modestly, amiably and democratically does the British plutocracy keep in touch with the great public and invite it to share in public benefactions.

A long list of subscribers follows the appeal. How much it must make for neighborliness and social solidarity as Mr. Goldfinch, Mr. Laing, Mr. Shurhoff drop their ten shillings into the ducal hat! How pleasant it would be to see Mr. Carnegie, with a Salvation Army kettle and tripod in Madison Square, soliciting dimes for a free library!

A Tired Little Dog

A SOLEMN congressional investigation of the divorce of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads is in preparation. This is by way of becoming the standard national program for dealing with combinations. Our poor earthbound judiciary toiled patiently for many years to dissolve the Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Ink on the final decrees was scarcely dry before both ends of the Capitol echoed with passionate assertions that the courts had completely failed, and with demands for congressional investigation into the reasons.

For quite half a dozen years the courts labored over the divorce of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific. Before the final order was entered there were months of painstaking negotiations; plan after plan was brought forward, microscopically inspected, and vetoed as being imperfect in this detail or that.

The Department of Justice under two administrations and a large corps of eminent lawyers pondered, perspired, redacted, recast, rejected and tried over again, in order finally to evolve a dissolution of ideal purity above any breath of suspicion. And the courts, after anxious deliberation, scarcely sanctioned this immaculate product before up rose congressional patriots to demand an investigation.

You have seen a small dog run in frantic circles round a large dog, and have probably observed that the net result of the performance is merely to tire the small dog.

We wonder whether possibly the Wilson Administration has a big constructive and effectual plan up its sleeve for dealing with the trusts—to be produced at the regular session of Congress.

How Uncle Sam Figures

THE Ways and Means Committee figured that reduction of tariff duties would decrease Government revenues some seventy million dollars, and it framed an income tax which was calculated to meet that deficit. The income tax, of course, was criticized.

Some senators wanted it to begin with incomes of one thousand dollars instead of three thousand—so that a much greater number of citizens, as Senator Lodge eloquently expressed it, would get an intimate sense of their relationship to the Federal Government through having to pay a direct tax to it. Others wanted big incomes taxed more heavily than the bill proposed.

Now there is merit in both these proposals, and the only cogent objection the Democratic leaders could make to them was merely that they would bring in a greater revenue than the Government had any need of. This poor objection was given scant consideration by the critics. "Senators on the other side," said Mr. Borah, "may be assured that they will not have any surplus." Which is even so.

For many years nearly half of the Government's revenue has been derived from tariff duties, which have been fixed with only the slightest regard to the Government's fiscal needs. We levy taxes for other purposes than the production of revenue—with a serene assurance that however much revenue may be produced it will all be spent.

This debate on the income tax illustrates our cheerful national habit of taxing first and then considering how we shall spend the money.

Dangerous Competition

IN NOTABLE contrast with a recent unsuccessful attempt by Missouri to force fire-insurance companies into wide-open competition comes a sharp warning from the New York Insurance Department that liability insurance companies must stop competition in ratemaking in that state by October first.

Missouri, of course, proceeded on an untenable theory. New York is proceeding on the solid ground of experience. Companies writing insurance against liability to damages rising from personal injuries to workmen and others have, it appears, been in that condition of cat-and-dog competition that Washington regards as the ideal for a Christian community.

Superintendent Emmet notifies them that they must stop it. Their underwriting, he says, must be based upon statistical experience and "free from the element of competition"—that is, they must charge such rates as experience shows to be necessary to support the business profitably.

It is perfectly plain that if insurance companies, in fighting one another for business, cut rates below the cost of carrying the insurance their solvency will presently be impaired, and the insurance they have written at the cut rates will be of little or no value to the insured.

New Ideas in Legislatures

THIS year's convention of governors at Colorado Springs illustrated the growing recognition by those in the best position to judge of the hopeless inefficiency of state legislatures as now constituted. Governor Hodges, of Kansas, urged his plan of a very small, single-chamber lawmaking body, to sit continuously.

Other state executives went so far, at least, as to recommend that there be smaller membership, more frequent sessions, and that a part of the membership be elected at large instead of representing particular districts. Governor O'Neal, of Alabama—where the legislature normally meets only once in four years—observed that this quadrennial plan had proved the most prolific source imaginable of hasty, ill-advised, ill-considered legislation.

The American Railroad Association reports that this year nearly fifteen hundred bills regulative of railroads were introduced in state legislatures, and two hundred and thirty of them became laws; while the Association of Life Insurance Presidents reports more than two thousand bills this year to regulate that business. This spasmodic, grab-bag legislation cannot possibly be anything but faulty, ill-digested, conflicting and vastly wasteful.

Within a very few years we expect to see Kansas lead the way with a constitutional amendment for a small, continuous, one-chamber, expert legislature. And, once the example has been set, other states will quickly follow.

Useful Speculation

OPENLY and steadily preparations for civil war go forward in the north of Ireland. Arms are smuggled in despite the vigilance of customs officers. Volunteers pledged to rebellion against the British government train and maneuver. At this writing Sir Edward Carson and his colleagues are putting the finishing touches to a scheme of provisional government, which, they say, will be set up at Belfast the moment the Home Rule Bill becomes a law.

Elsewhere such proceedings might cause disturbance; but commercial Britain views them with the utmost calmness—merely taking the precaution to insure itself at Lloyd's. For a good while the Lloyd's underwriters have been issuing policies of insurance against damage that may rise from civil war in Ulster. They do it conservatively, usually binding themselves to pay only half the actual damage. Up to the first of September some ten million pounds of such insurance had been written; and as the demand for it increased notice was given that the premium rate would be doubled.

This, of course, is an ancient and honorable British custom. Is there probability that the crops will fail, that the tariff will be changed, that there will be civil war, a German invasion, plague epidemic, a frost on the sun? Well, in any event, do not get excited about it; just go over to Lloyd's and take out insurance against it.

This insurance is pure speculation—and shows that by way of distributing a given risk speculation may be useful.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Colorado's Champion Runner

IN ADDITION to discovering what war is—a discovery he afterward embodied in terse, not to say epigrammatic language—General Sherman had other troubles on his celebrated—if you look at it from a Northern angle—or dastardly—if you take the I. Shrewsbury Cobb view—pedestrian excursion across the state of Georgia in the early sixties.

One of these troubles, as I am reliably informed, was Charles Spalding Thomas, then in his teens, who descended from his native lair in the Georgia mountains and harassed General Sherman in such manner as he was able. The general was wont to say that Charles Spalding Thomas was a most vexatious problem for him, for Charles Spalding was so thin no sharpshooter could hit him with a bullet, and his legs were so long he could run faster than any pursuer of whom the Sherman entourage boasted. The result was, until the very last, Charles Spalding Thomas did what could be done by so thin and so long-legged a youth to preserve his altar and his shrine, and those of his neighbors and friends.

Of course it was not much, as things turned out; but it determined one trait in the Thomas make-up, which is this: "If you are runnin' keep a-runnin'!" Many men who start running—and start doing other things—fail because they quit along the road. Not so with Thomas. When he began running after Sherman's army, or began running away from it, as the case variously happened to be, he never quit. He stuck!

So, too, in his later years, when he began running for the United States Senate. He just ran, and ran, and ran, and ran! Every morning when he woke he said to himself: "Well I must shave, get on my clothes, eat my breakfast and go out and run a while for the Senate." Every evening, after he had concluded his labors for the day, he took half an hour and ran steadily for the same place.

Though he is deeply religious by nature, he ran a short time each Sunday; and as there was nothing else to do on the Fourth of July and other holidays, he put in eight good solid hours at it. Thomas counted that day lost whose low-descending sun did not see him for the Senate run.

Citizens of Denver, noticing a streak of rapidly moving, extremely thin and spidery-legged individual progressing up Sixteenth Street or across Arapahoe, were wont to point it out to the stranger within their gate, with Welcome on it, and say: "There goes Charley Thomas, running for the Senate!"

The men on the rubberneck wagons always had an opportunity to exhibit him to their wondering patrons: "That elongated person, moving rapidly through our unrivaled dry, sunshiny and invigorating climate, breathing our unexampled air, which is like tonic to the lungs, and gazing at Pike's Peak, which you can see in the distance, is one of the celebrated features of Denver life. Observe him closely! That, ladies and gentlemen, is Charles Spalding Thomas, running for the Senate!"

So he ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. For full twenty-five years, every time there was an opportunity and many times when there was none, Charles Spalding Thomas ran for the Senate, walked for it, dog-trotted for it, jigged, ambled, fox-footed, trotted and galloped for the Senate! He held all Colorado records for running for the Senate on high gear, on intermediate gear and on low gear. He was the champion sprinter, the champion middle-distance runner, and the champion marathoner. He ran a yard when there was but a yard to run; and he ran across the state and back again when that was the distance to be negotiated. There never was a moment when he was too weary for the rigors of the sprint.

A Twenty-Five-Year Run

HE RAN, and ran, and ran, and ran—and now see where he is! Where is he?—do you ask? He is in the Senate, an it please you—in the Senate of the United States of America! Which goes to show that if you keep running long enough you'll get something, even if it is only calluses on your feet.

Once C. S. Thomas was within sight of the prize. He was nominated; but somebody threw a switch on him and he had to go back to running again. This he did with greater zest, uncomplainingly, and with renewed determination. When a man runs for the Senate for twenty-five years, and then is sidetracked by an accident of politics, or the politics of an accident, he does not sit idly by and moura his sad case—not if he is a Thomas. No, sir! He gets out on the path again and begins running—running as if he had never stopped.

Two years ago, after Senator Charles J. Hughes died, Thomas had the toga almost ready for his laundry mark, he thought. That was the time the Colorado legislature deadlocked itself so tight that even a marvelously expert stage burglar could not open it, due to the struggle between the Speer and anti-Speer factions. Mayor Speer, a large and positive person, desired to wedge into the Senate himself. Others, including former Senator Patterson, had no such ambition for Speer.

Instead, these others and former Senator Patterson said they would perish ere they would permit such a thing to come to pass. Thomas was one of a number of Democrats put forward to block the ambitions of Speer. The said ambitions were blocked effectively, but so were the ambitions of all others and there was no election. Then came the time when there were two vacancies.

In the interim—Thomas runs better in an interim than at any other time—he revels in interims—just eats them up!—In the interim Thomas kept steadily running—running morning, noon and night, and on occasions between times. So it fell out, when the two plums were awarded, that Thomas drew the short term—the two years. And there he was! The run of twenty-five years was rewarded!

He had the job. But habit is a powerful factor in the life of any and every man. C. S. Thomas could not stop running. Right at this identical moment he is running again—running harder than he ever did before—for he drew the short term. And of course, naturally and to be sure, he desires to shed his light on Washington for a much longer space than that; in fact he is unalterably of the opinion that he should stay in the Senate for quite a spell.

Politically Thomas is a Democrat who is firmly fixed in the idea that no Republican could by any possibility do aught than maladminister the affairs of the Government. He revels in his Democracy. He took the party platform seriously after he got into the Senate and acquiesced in the Democratic plan to remove the duty from sugar.

Colorado is a beet-sugar state, and the cries of horrified indignation that rose when it was made clear that Senator Thomas was standing for the frightful assault on the vested rights of the sugar producers made Pike's Peak tremble, and the gods in the Garden of the Gods squeak and gibber on their pedestals. Beet sugar is the greatest agricultural revenue producer in Colorado—except possibly alfalfa; and it was extremely pergola, as Bert Williams would say, in Mr. Thomas not to fight for protection thereon.

That is the reason he is running again at this moment—and running so assiduously. The beet-sugar men, and others, are after him; but he scorns their threats and says they can't catch him. As a runner he has no superiors and few equals. He is a Democrat and this is Democratic doctrine. So he snaps his fingers and runs—runs—runs!

No man who knows Thomas can doubt his honesty of purpose or his sincerity of conviction. He is a real Democrat. After the Civil War he was sent to Bridgeport, Connecticut, to school, and then went to the University of Michigan.

He went almost directly to Denver and has lived there ever since, except for a few years when he was in Leadville. He was governor of Colorado from 1899 to 1901, and was temporary chairman of the Kansas City convention in 1900, when Mr. Bryan was put on the ways for his second launching as a presidential candidate. As said temporary chairman Mr. Thomas produced one of the longest and dullest speeches ever heard at such a time, but it was filled with the genuine article of Democratic principles.

He is tall, thin, longer-legged than seems possible, and is a successful lawyer. He walks for exercise, runs for the Senate as a perennial and pleasurable occupation, and has a hunch that some day he will become a millionaire through mining operations. Also he has a hunch that he will go back to the Senate. Anyhow he has not quit running—nor will he until he runs down.

"Anybody Can Lick Me!"

How to Obtain Loans From Banks—By Roger W. Babson

IN OUR last article we discussed the different kinds of bank loans, first classifying them as legitimate and illegitimate loans, after which we subdivided the latter into unattractive legitimate and attractive legitimate loans. In short, we concluded that the young business man does wrong to borrow—on six months' paper—money for real estate, permanent improvements, machinery, and so forth, and that such loans are illegitimate; but he may legitimately borrow money of national and commercial banks in order to extend credit and purchase additional merchandise.

We concluded, therefore, that not even all legitimate loans are attractive to banks, and that the really attractive loans are those which the borrower makes simply for carrying him over the busiest seasons. In other words, if during some four or six months of the year the young business man finds it necessary to carry an abnormally large amount of merchandise or accounts receivable, he is entitled to borrow of his local bank sufficient money to carry this extra burden for those few months; but in four years out of five he should pay the notes up when due and be free of debt to the local bank for a few months each year. Moreover, such loans are attractive to banks. In conclusion we deduced the following rule:

Let not the amount of your indebtedness to commercial banks—or, if possible, the sum of all your accounts and bills payable—exceed the average difference during any year between the maximum and minimum of your merchandise accounts and bills receivable.

Now, assuming that you desire a legitimate and attractive loan from your local bank, the question arises as to how it can be obtained. Perhaps I can best answer this by recording some of the inside workings of the average national bank.

The first thing which impresses one when becoming acquainted with real banking conditions is that in almost every bank some one man rules absolutely and the rest of the directors and employees are mere dummies. Sometimes this man is a director, sometimes an employee, and sometimes both; but in some form or other he exists in nearly every banking institution. This one man may hold his position owing to various reasons. In some cases it is due to the amount of stock he holds, though such cases are very few. Even when this man is the largest stockholder, his stock usually forms only a small percentage of the total.

In other cases he assumes this position by length of service or possibly inherits it, just as the Czar of Russia inherits the right arbitrarily to determine the destinies of his subjects. In most cases he holds this position, however, on account of his natural make-up and certain qualifications he has for ruling. Chief of these qualifications is the ability to hold friends and at the same time keep the bank solvent.

Personalities That Attract Deposits

The banking methods of most of these men are similar to the cooking methods of my mother, who worked by no rules; she had a way of putting things together without apparent thought or measure, but they usually came out all right with the work done in half the time it would take the average person. In other words, these men seem to be above either writ or logic, but by some intuition seem to know who is good and who is not, when to loan and when to contract. Moreover, most of them have the happy faculty of knowing how to refuse a loan without offending and losing the depositor.

Personally I have great respect for most of these men, especially for one who is at the head of a bank in which I am a depositor, who is in a way typical of thousands of others. This man came to a certain New England city some twenty-odd years ago and began work as a clerk in one of the four banks of that city. A few years after his arrival a small trust company was formed and he was made treasurer at a very small salary.

As above stated, four banks were already established, three of which were commercial banks. Of these three I think none then had deposits exceeding four hundred thousand dollars, and one was the third oldest national bank in the United States. In other words apparently there was no need for another institution in the city at that time; but this young man had a sort of instinct for getting deposits, freely loaning them without losing money, and with this wonderful result: though the population of this city has decreased about twenty per cent, he has built up deposits from one hundred thousand to about three million three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, while the other banks are only a little better than when he started his trust company.

Hence, in a community where population and business have been declining and which has always been overbanked this able man started an institution with practically nothing that within a decade has become many times larger than any of the other commercial institutions in that vicinity. He, however, did this largely himself through his wonderful personality, for he has been the lock, stock and barrel of the institution.

Now almost every other strong institution has a man who, to a greater or less degree, has these qualifications, and who is the real czar of the bank, even though some hard-working treasurer or other official is entitled to a large share of the credit.

Typical Board Members

This is the man of your local bank you ought to see in order to get a note discounted. Do not bother with any of the other directors—it will be only a waste of time. The other directors are usually mere figureheads who hold their positions for the honor of being bank directors, or for some other reason—sometimes legitimate and sometimes illegitimate.

It is really amusing to sit at the directors' board of a national bank and think of the motives of one's fellow directors for attending the bank meeting. Let me illustrate by describing a typical national-bank directors' board—I say national bank, as this does not happen to apply to trust companies with which I am familiar.

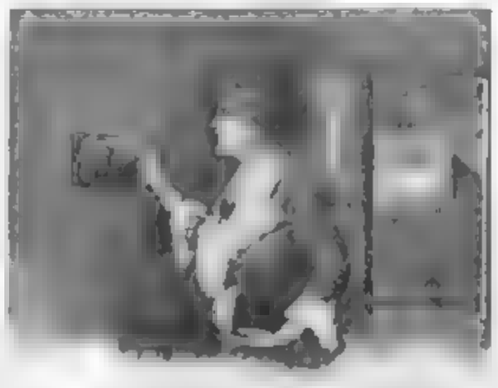
First we have old Mr. Jones. He is an estimable man who attends the bank meetings as regularly as he attends divine service every Sunday morning; but he is even more inactive in the bank's affairs than in those of the church. He attends from force of habit and knows about as little regarding the real work of the bank as the real work of his church. When one talks to him about a loan he looks wise, says he will consider it—and never thinks of it again. Yet this man is an honored member of the board, and many a poor depositor chooses this institution to care for his hard-earned money because Mr. Jones is a member of the board of directors.

In my opinion Mr. Jones should get off the board or take more responsibility and active interest in the institution; but he never will. He will remain on the board until he dies, and then the directors will send a beautiful wreath of flowers to his funeral and pass resolutions on his long and faithful services!

Next we have Mr. Brown, a typical business man of the town. He cannot be convicted of being as lax about the bank as he is about his church, for he never attends church at all. Moreover Mr. Brown thinks he performs very valuable services for the bank at times. When the bank gets into an awkward position and finds it necessary to perform some disagreeable act, it is Mr. Brown's duty to see the interested persons and extend to them the sympathy of the directors, with some explanation for the act which will pour oil on the troubled waters.

Of course there is usually not a word of truth in the explanation Mr. Brown gives and all the directors know it; but truthfulness is almost a forgotten art in many features of national banking. The average man lies to the bank when he applies for a loan and again lies when the note becomes due; while the banker often lies when he refuses the loan and again prevaricates when giving a reason for requesting payment. If you apply to this man Brown for a loan he will listen to all you tell him in

Save fuel and stair climbing



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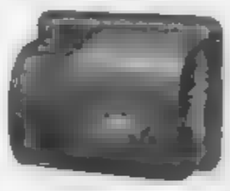

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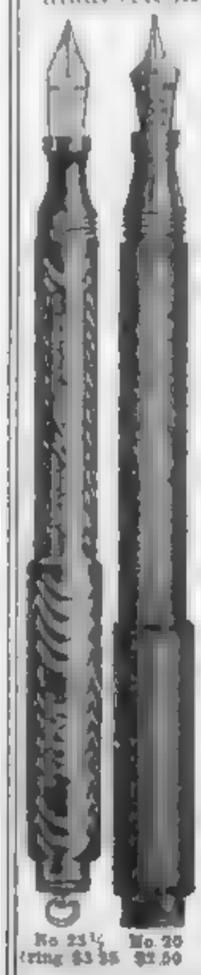

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confidence; but, instead of using this information either for the benefit of yourself or the bank, he will in some way capitalize it for his own selfish purposes. Therefore I say: Keep away from Mr. Brown!

Next we have Mr. Henry, who is one of the local lawyers. Mr. Henry is a director of this national bank for various personal reasons. First, he probably thinks it is a matter of honor to be a director of the bank, thinking that it places him above some of his competitors who do not hold such an exalted position. Second, Mr. Henry does more or less legal work for the bank. It is true that country banks have not much money to pay attorneys for their valuable services; but a little counts and Mr. Henry naturally appreciates the one or two hundred dollars a year he receives for legal services.

There is also another reason why Mr. Henry likes to be a director—namely, because he obtains a great deal of information about the condition of various men in the city by being a director of the bank. He gets inside facts as to who is borrowing and who is not—who is making money and who is not. Of course he may not use this information in deciding whether or not to bring suit; but it doubtless is a guide to him in determining how much to charge his client.

In applying for a loan, if you are a client of Mr. Henry it might be well to go to him and ask for his support, though he may add something to the price of the next legal job he does for you to recompense him for his services in this connection. If, however, you are not Mr. Henry's client, and he knows there is no possibility of getting you as such, keep away from him. He will simply ask you questions and doubtless at some time use the information to your disadvantage.

Mr. Jenks represents one of the coming men of the town. He is the youngest man on the board and holds a more or less important position with one of the local corporations. Mr. Jenks thinks he is a very important man and will some day be rich and powerful—a leading citizen.

Mr. Jenks' comments at bank meetings seem always to be of one of two classes. If some struggling young man applies for a loan whom all agree has not yet established a credit and who can offer no tangible security, Mr. Jenks always moves in a most dignified and solemn way that the loan be refused. Personally I sometimes feel that he thinks this young man might become a competitor of his some day; but this is probably a wicked thought.

The Greedy Jenks Type

Mr. Jenks is very loyal to corporation interests and loudly seconds any motion to discount or renew notes in which they are interested. If you happen to be connected with Mr. Jenks' corporation by all means speak to him about your application for a loan; otherwise keep away from him. In most cases that come up before the board Mr. Jenks has nothing to say; but when he does he is thinking of Jenks more than anybody else.

There is another young man on the board who has inherited his stock and is really not on the board for any selfish purpose, unless possibly the honor connected therewith, which purpose is not to be too severely criticized. If the only selfish motive for being a national-bank director was for the honor involved, both the banks and the business interests of the country would be vastly more prosperous today.

This young man has decided opinions of his own and is willing to give them honestly and fearlessly when requested to do so; in fact he often volunteers them without being asked. This member of the board, however, owes his position to the good will of the president, who absolutely rules the bank.

There happened to be a vacancy on the board through the death of one of the most able banking men of the city and there were three young men who aspired to the position; after due consideration the young man in question was chosen. This young man would like the bank run differently and would like to be freer to object and suggest; but it is very hard for him to go against the wishes of the man to whom he is indebted for the directorship, and as a matter of loyalty he keeps still.

Personally my sympathies are with this young man, for if there is anything I dislike it is to see any one pull down the ladder by which he climbs up. If, however, this young man has not become hardened and lost his conscience by the time the president retires, he should become a very valuable member of the board and one to whom it would be worth while to apply for a loan. At the present time, however, an application to him would be only the same as applying to the president direct, and a waste of time and breath.

In justice to every typical board, however, I must state that there is another member, named Thomas, in whom I have the greatest confidence. This man has been in active business for a great many years, but now is more or less retired. He has splendid judgment and when asked a question gives an honest and fearless answer.

On the other hand he very seldom volunteers suggestions, feeling that his objections would do no good and would simply make enemies for himself. He has done his part in life honestly and graciously, has saved a fair competence, and feels that he is entitled to a little peace during the remaining years of his life.

Though I have the greatest respect for Mr. Thomas and wish all other directors were like him, nevertheless I cannot think it would help you any to speak to him about a loan, as he would only refer you to the president.

The Right Man to See

Now, in fairness to the various national banks with which I am acquainted, I must confess that the above is not a description of the directorate of any particular one of them. Neither in all cases is the man who runs the bank the president thereof, as sometimes he is one of the quietest of the directors. I repeat, however, that in ninety-five per cent of the national banks of this country there is one man who runs the bank and the directors are mere dummies. This one man is the person to see in relation to a loan. The other directors have no influence or, if they have any influence, will not use it—or, what is still worse, will use it only for selfish purposes.

Moreover this is not a criticism of the men who run the various banks of the country. I have the greatest respect for all of them, particularly those of the institutions with which I am connected, and especially for the man at the head of the local bank in the town where I live and vote. I have great respect for many of the directors of other institutions with which I am acquainted; but for the majority of typical national-bank directors I feel distinctly sorry. They are of no use to the stockholders, the depositors or the legitimate borrowers, and the less you have to do with them the better.

When you want a loan the thing to do is to ascertain who runs the bank and ask that man for a personal and quiet interview. Do not tackle him some day when he is disturbed and cross. Do not go to him just before meals or when he is hurrying for a train or to attend some important meeting. Carefully watch your opportunity and some day, when he appears good-natured and at ease, have a frank and confidential talk with him. It is well to show him figures, but the main thing is to get his confidence. If he believes you are an honest man and gradually getting ahead you will get the loan, even if all of the other directors are against it or indifferent.

On the other hand, if you do not get his confidence there will be "nothing doing." He will not decide the question according to statistics or references, but according to the impression you make upon him. Moreover he will not judge you simply by this one interview, but in reality has been watching you for years. This brings me to the second rule in raising funds, which is as follows:

Ascertain who is the one man in your local institutions who controls or will control them, and strive from this day forth forevermore to gain his confidence.

Moreover you cannot do this by being hypocritical and simply being on your good behavior when he is about, for he usually hears everything—good and bad.

Of course it is true that many who do not have these qualifications obtain loans from such a man. He will readily admit that he has been fooled many times; but these are accidents and represent a very small proportion of the whole. If you want a loan now, or feel that you may want one in the future, begin at once and pave the way to the confidence of the one man who controls the bank with which you deal.

Bent Bones

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Why punish your feet and sacrifice your Efficiency — when Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes will let your foot grow as it should and yet look handsome as in any shoe you ever wore?

Rice & Hutchins Educators conform scientifically to the shape of a real, natural foot. Yet they haven't a particle of ugly looseness. By letting the foot grow as it should, they abolish corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc. They restore lost comfort and Efficiency

Made for men, women and children; always in the same easy, good looking shape, year after year. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for men's "specials."

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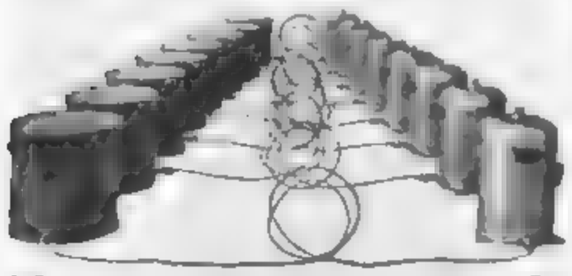

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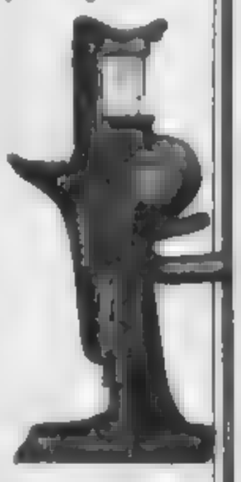
Just as there's a Duff-built jack for every known lifting requirement, there's a type of Duff-built Barrett jack suited to every type of pleasure car and truck.



It is because the jack is a vital part of "emergency equipment" that no chances can be taken as to its safety and efficiency. That is why most car manufacturers [illegible] Barrett [illegible]

See that the name and the maker's name is *in the metal*

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Hunting the Deer

WATCHING for deer on a stand at dawn of a November morning in the North is cold work, the more so since it is forbidden to move round very much. If the top of your stump seems cold you might cover it with a bunch of dried fern or bracken. A hunter has been known to take along a felt pad for this same purpose—and it is not a bad idea. A mackinaw coat over all, a buckskin shirt underneath, then a waistcoat, a heavy flannel shirt, and one or two wool undershirts are none too much clothing sometimes.

Today, of course, the hunter should always wear a red hat or cap. If he has none he certainly should pin a red handkerchief on top of his hat. Another red handkerchief about his neck or down his back is all the better. Some wear red sweaters or scarlet coats. In short, whereas the deer-hunter once sought to blend the color of his raiment with that of surrounding Nature, he now does the reverse as much as possible. These bright colors do not prevent success in deerhunting. I have seen a party of thirty men so accoutered, and each one went out with his deer in less than ten days after entering the woods.

Do not fail to have the red hat! There are many hunters who are anxious not to hurt you, and you should aid them as much as possible. In the course of the day you may hear five hundred shots fired by all sorts of men. In a recent hunt a young man was shot and killed within two miles of our hunting ground. Another man was shot through the wrist. Twelve men were killed the first week of the Wisconsin season. These things speak for red hats.

The Stillhunter's Tactics

So clad, alone in the curious, still, soft gray diffused light of the dawn, the chill leaves your true hunter's heart when he hears across the forest that most stirring of all hunting sounds—the crisp, sharp crack of a rifle. When you hear it you wonder what luck the shooter had—what luck you are going to have if his luck has been bad and the game shall happen to come your way! Perhaps, if you are an amateur, you fidget a bit, and look through your rifle-sights and wonder if you are going to miss.

It is far better not to miss. Your friends will be polite about it; but the truth is the whole hunt hates a man who misses after enjoying the product of the whole machinery of a drive in which perhaps a dozen men are enlisted. It behooves you to draw fine and take that second sight, not to blaze away as you would at quail with a shotgun.

In good deer country a well-planned drive will usually turn out a deer or two, and one or all will be apt to be killed if the party be made up of experts. A great many deerhunting parties hang together year after year, and there is a sort of weeding-out process that eliminates poor shots and men of jumpy nerves. The writer has known half a dozen deer to be killed in a day by a well-organized driving party. This method probably accounts for three-fourths of the deer killed in the Northern hunting grounds these days.

The stillhunter plays a different game. He hunts alone, or with perhaps a single companion, both absolutely refraining from speech; and he has his greatest expectations in the early morning or late evening. He passes across his chosen country slowly, stopping sometimes, waiting and looking about. If he knows there is a big drive going on somewhere within a few miles he feels it is just as well to be in a place where he can intercept any deer that are driven out of cover. As is the case with the drive, his style of sport is something of a gamble; but it is a gamble in which success comes to the skillful man. You cannot blunder through the woods, rushing up to the top of one ridge after another and paying no attention to the direction of the wind, and have any just hope of getting your deer.

A tracking snow is always coveted by the stillhunter; and the highest form of his art is to follow a big, selected buck mile after mile, to come on him lying down—to jump him and then kill him. Not every man can do this, but it can be done by the man who knows all the angles of his business. When you have killed a buck in that way you are apt to value it more than one killed on a drive.

Small parties of deerhunters—especially those not well acquainted with their chosen country—usually do stillhunting and not driving. Of course they run across many deer started by other hunters scattered all over the country, but the habit of continual alertness and silence remains of utmost value just the same. Sometimes tracks in the sand or snow of a path will show the stillhunter that he is at a good deer-crossing. Perhaps, even, he may find a double runway—two deerpaths crossing—and so double his chances of a shot.

It will do no harm for him to sit a while, silent and motionless, near to some such spot. He is more apt to get a deer in this way than by pushing round in the bush. It is dull and rather lonesome work, but it has the law of averages solidly behind it—especially if there are very many other hunters knocking round in the country.

There are few rules for deerstalking beyond those of care and silence, though books have been written on the art. You see your deer usually when you are not expecting him; you shoot, and perhaps you kill—that is the story of seventy-five per cent of the deer killed. Of course, when you do see your deer you must take your chance promptly—for white-tailed deer are not so abundant as rabbits, and it may be days before you get another shot.

Remember, therefore, two things—to get down in the back sight and to get well forward on your deer. With a black-powder rifle one had to hold well ahead of the deer if running; but that is not necessary with the high-power rifle of today. Not long ago I killed a running deer at two hundred and fifty yards. It was shot through the shoulders, yet the aim was just at the front edge of the body and barely inside the hair line. With the rifle, as with the shotgun, the more swing the less lead. The shoulder shot, of course, is the best. A shot far back in the body cripples and loses many and many a good deer—more's the pity!

Dressing Your Deer

When your deer is down be sure it is down for keeps. Stay on top of your stump, where you can see it, until you are sure it is dead. The next thing is to bleed your deer. Of course you know the sticking place—so called—is at the base of the neck. You should sever the large bloodvessels there and also the windpipe. Drag the deer so that it will lie with its head downhill if possible. You may then finish the rest of the work if you do not rely wholly upon your guide—as so many do who ought not to. Let it bleed well, then pull it round with its head uphill.

In cleaning a deer many or perhaps most men rip it full length from neck to tail. That is not the best way, for it allows dirt to get into the cavity and makes the carcass harder to handle well. The correct way is to cut entirely free round the vent, so that the rectal tract is entirely freed from all attachment. Leave it then, and do not split down between the hind legs at all. Go into the abdomen well ahead of the hind legs, and open the body forward only to the edge of the ribs. Now you have all the viscera freed at each end, since you already have cut off the windpipe; and, with a little cutting at the liver and tearing at the heart and lights—which will bloody your arms above the elbows very likely—you can bring out all the viscera at once and still leave the body of the deer clean, not mussed up and not very much disfigured. Be careful not to cut your hands with your knife while feeling round inside.

To get a big deer out of the woods is a hard job for two strong men. If you are coming for your deer soon you do not need to even hang it up, but it is best to do so. The common way is to pierce the gambrels with a crosspiece and swing it up by the hind legs; but a deer will keep better and drain better and shed the weather better if hung up by the nose or neck. If you have to drag your deer out to a trail hang it up there. If you leave it in the bush have a blazed trail so you will be able to find it again. Better pull out a green branch or so into the road at the point where your blazed trail strikes it; then you can find your deer later when you have a wagon or other means of taking it out of the woods.

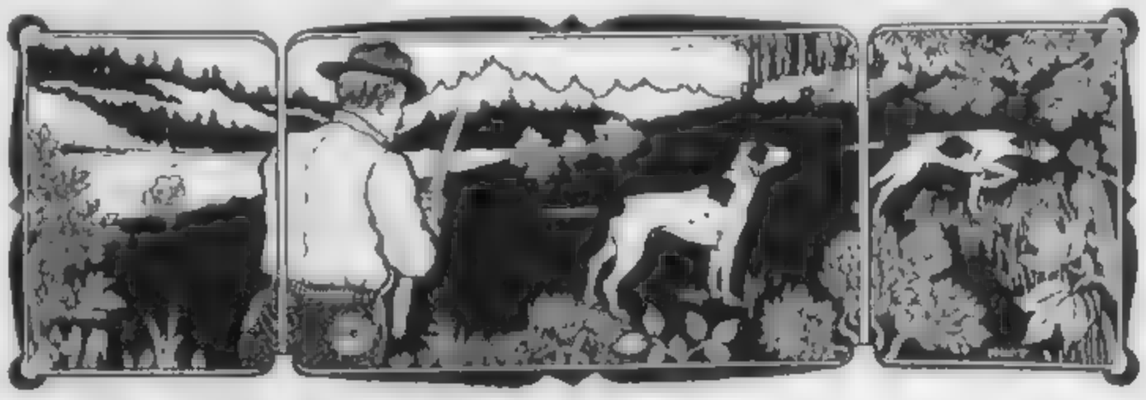
A deer can easily be brought out of the woods on a horse; the better if the latter has a cowsaddle with a good horn. Cut slits for thongs above the hocks and knees, and cut another slit along the brisket. Let two or more men pick up the deer and, approaching the horse very carefully, drop it into the saddle in such a way that the horn sticks through the slit brisket. Now tie down the legs at their middle joints to the cinch-ring on each side. Your deer will be on to stay if you have been thoughtful enough to cinch your saddle tightly in advance. If you forget this you are apt to have a ruined deer and a ruined horse. Few horses will pack a deer, and even Indian ponies sometimes have to be blindfolded while the deer is being loaded on the saddle.

Deer on Horseback

Most deerhunters wagon their supplies into camp and then go out on foot for their hunting, horses rarely being used. The writer was one of a very interesting and highly efficient hunting party in Wisconsin during the past season. We had a dozen or more Indian ponies—stolid, rational little brutes, which could carry weight and which never got excited in any situation. Our hunt had rather a Scotch Highland flavor, for we packed in all our deer on pony back. It was a goodly sight to see three or four ponies, each with his deer, plodding patiently along the homeward trail in the evening.

One man collected three deer on two ponies one day. On yet another day a pony with a deer lashed to him got away in the bush and was lost for some hours, only to be found in camp at dusk, patiently waiting to be unloaded. With our pony train, a number of automatic rifles, big log camps, a good cook, with good guides and a leader perfectly acquainted with the country through many years' hunting there, we had the most perfect example of deadly efficient, wholly comfortable, modern deerhunting I ever saw. Though we did not catch them in nets as they did in ancient Germany, or drive them through chutes past the firing stand, we got them just the same; which seems to be the *raison d'être* of all deerhunts.

Even in camp your deer is not at home. You tie in his ear the first coupon from your hunting license, which, maybe, cost you twenty-five dollars. At the railroad station the agent ties on another coupon. Then he tears off another coupon and sends it to the state gamewarden. You weigh your deer, pay the expressage on it, and then accompany it home on the same train. By the time you get it home to your city and carry it home in a taxicab, and then tip the butcher to hang it up for you in his icehouse, you are approaching the closing scenes of a deerhunt.



Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on Deer Hunting.

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Kuppenheimer Quality is a truthful expression of the highest standards—in fabrics—in tailoring.

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Our book, Styles for Men, will be sent free on your request.
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MENTOR

Mentor is the Memory Word for Underwear

REMEMBER Mentor. It is more than underwear; it is comfort underwear because it fits. And it's a name you can use for the entire family. There is no underwear requirement that you can't meet in Mentor. Silk, wool, cotton or mixtures; any size, any sleeve or leg length for men, women or children; any weight for summer or winter, any reasonable color or price—always good in quality, always clean and exquisitely made, always comfortable—that's Mentor.

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The Mentor Closed Crotch (patented Oct. 18, 1910) is gap-and-sag-proof, always closed whether it is buttoned or not, can't wrinkle or fold and you can't sit or lean on the buttons. They are easy to reach and yet out of the way.

Get the proper trunk measurement and you automatically get the right fit in Mentors. All Mentor Union Suits are made to patterns that have been charted from tens of thousands of actual measurements by one of the world's most noted physical directors.

This Label is the Mentor Guaranty

Look for it in the neck-band of every suit. It [illegible] It means that the suit to which it is attached has been inspected three times, for fit, fabric, finish and size. Every Mentor garment is clean and sanitary because it is sterilized before it is packed.

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IN 4-PAIR BOXES
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Men's, 50c, 75c, $1.00 Pair
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Phoenix Double-Knit Silk Hose for Men and Women, an exclusive Phoenix idea for cold weather—pure silk with a fine lining for warmth.

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Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

HER FINISH

(Continued from Page 7)

Because, you see, our lessons didn't counteract this. I can think of only one teacher who gave me any inspiration. She was my English teacher. At that time culture demanded some Browning, and as these schools lived on their brand of culture we must study him. But our teacher so impressed us with Browning's bigness that we couldn't talk about him, realizing in one thing at least our limitations. That wouldn't do. We must be culturists and able to converse. That wasn't teaching at all! So the instructor was not reëngaged.

One incident in particular stands out rather clearly to me now. Even then I think I had a sense of humor—as much as one can have when one has no values, no way of distinguishing the caricature from the original—but I didn't get the choiceness of this event. We were getting ready for the annual bazar that we gave in the school to get money for the purpose of maintaining some girls in college. Because we were taught the Lady Bountiful idea—to give out of the fullness of our baskets to the "poor" beneath. When it came to dropping educational crumbs to colleges you must admit it has its points!

Well, I was tying a ribbon on our candy booth where we were to flit back and forth and sell candy that cost forty cents a pound for a dollar and a half. A visitor, whom a teacher was showing round, inquired about the festive decorations. The teacher explained our mission—to help girls in college.

"Some of your graduates?" was the inquiry.

I shall never forget the dumbfounded scorn of that teacher. One saw at a glance that she was going to set this woman right. "No; why should they go to college? They are the flowers of society!"

I can hardly believe that at the time this seemed to me a fitting answer.

Irene had finished at a school in New York and it was during my second year here that she made her début. It was a brilliant affair, every one agreed. Naturally I wasn't there, but during my vacation I saw some of her clothes and they filled me with desire. When I went back to school I determined to have some also. I thought I would start on a hat; so accompanied by the inevitable chaperon I went on a purchasing tour. At the first shop I saw exactly what I wanted. I tried on the hat. It was perfect! "I'll take it," I said. But, following instructions, the chaperon inquired the price.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," was the answer. That settled it. This school claimed to have sense about money expenditure. It was too much for one hat, the chaperon insisted. It so happened that at the next shop there was an exact copy for one hundred and thirty-five dollars. I begged for that, but still the guardian was inexorable. But when I found at another shop almost the same hat for ninety dollars, even she had to admit it was cheap and I purchased it. I tell this because it shows how utterly futile it was to expect me to know anything of what money meant.

Misfortunes at Home

But to return to Irene. She made her bow to society, and like the dutiful girl she was became engaged the first season to the son of a wealthy furniture manufacturer in the Middle West. Mother was a little bit disappointed that she wasn't to "maintain an establishment" in the East or the South. But dad was pleased because he knew John's father. So at the end of the season Irene was married and went to live in the state where dad had been reared.

My last two years in school were repetitions. There was nothing new in that school! Same teachers, same lessons, same girls—that is, same type of girl—"flowers," taught neither to toil nor to spin.

Two years after Irene's début I came out. I don't recall much about it except flowers and gifts and smart gowns and smarter people. But I do remember some of the agony of that season. I got along all right with the girls and the women. But the men! I didn't know what to say to them and I didn't know how to listen to them without feeling silly and conscious. Moreover I never got over it except with men who were, I knew, engaged to other girls. This fact seemed to put them on an altogether different plane—made them good comrades and good friends.

Of course I had my chances. I was the daughter of a rich man! When mother, pointing out the dire fate that overcame my aunt, authoritatively remonstrated with me, I did rebel.

"I'm not going to marry a man I don't love and who doesn't love me, just because father has money and the man has position. I'm not going to do it! I want to be loved for myself. Besides, there's plenty of time!"

But there wasn't. Dear old dad came home one night with a bad cold. It developed into pneumonia. After he died we discovered that there was nothing left—nothing but a few thousand that mother would need.

The most tragic thing in any one's life, I think, is when one first comes up against the inevitable. Somehow before it had always seemed to me that anything could be changed in one way or another. But here was one great big unalterable fact. My daddy was dead.

The next few weeks were rather vague, except for some poignant moments. There seemed to be only one thing to do—to go to Irene's to live. I accepted this for mother while I wondered in a kind of dumb way if I could. Then came the deciding incident. We were breaking up our home. Irene stayed as long as she thought she ought to—as she said. I was to finish packing up and take mother West to her. We ordered a taxi to take Irene to her train—for already we had offered our cars for sale. When we arrived at the station, I took out my purse to pay. But Irene pushed it back and heaving a sigh, said: "I'll pay. It all comes out of the same purse now anyway"; and then pulled out John's money from her purse.

A Sudden Determination

That wasn't true, but I knew then definitely with a sharp stab that I couldn't live with Irene. In a kind of dumbness I went home and went on with the work. There were father's papers. I felt so helpless about them and so ignorant when the lawyer tried to explain. Why was I never given any ideas of simple business? I wondered. And what was I going to do?

One day the answer came. I went to the coat closet. There hung my daddy's coat, just as he had left it when he came home from work that last day. It seemed so human, so much a part of him that as I picked it up to carry it away I buried my head in its sleeve. With the tears came strength. I could work as my daddy had done.

The next day after we arrived at Irene's I went to see Mr. Patterson. He was an old friend of father's, a lawyer. When he came East he always stayed with us. In casting blindly around for some solution, something to do, some way to go, I thought of him. He turned in his swivel chair as I came in. "Well, child, what can I do for you?" he asked with no preliminary.

"I want to work," I said.

"Work, eh?" he answered in a kind of surprise. Then as if more interested he turned completely round.

"Well, what can you do?"

There I was up against it again. Had I not been asking myself that question through sleepless nights and gray days. What could I do? I twisted my face into a sort of smile and said nothing.

"Know anything about shorthand or typewriting?"

I shook my head.

"Well, what about sewing or cooking—domestic science they call it nowadays. There are good positions in that."

"Oh, no, no, they didn't teach that in my school. I don't know anything about that."

Then he flashed: "What do you know?"

I saw it, then, and I answered him: "Well, I know how to come into a room," I smiled. "And I know who painted the Sistine Madonna, and who wrote La Traviata, and I know how to arrange flowers. And I know the names of many books and writers."

Mr. Patterson had a sense of humor. He smiled back at me.

"Where were you educated?" he inquired.

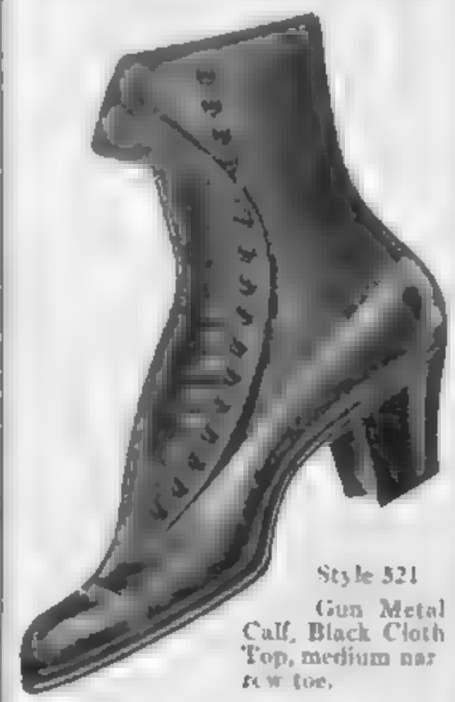
"I wasn't educated," I answered bitterly. "I was finished at a finishing school."

At this he laughed. "You'll do, I guess. Go home and don't worry and we'll find something for you."

And he did. Although I didn't know it at the time of this interview, Mr. Patterson

Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

Smart Fall Fashions



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Gun Metal Calf, Black Cloth Top, medium narrow toe.

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Prices range $3.50 to $5.00
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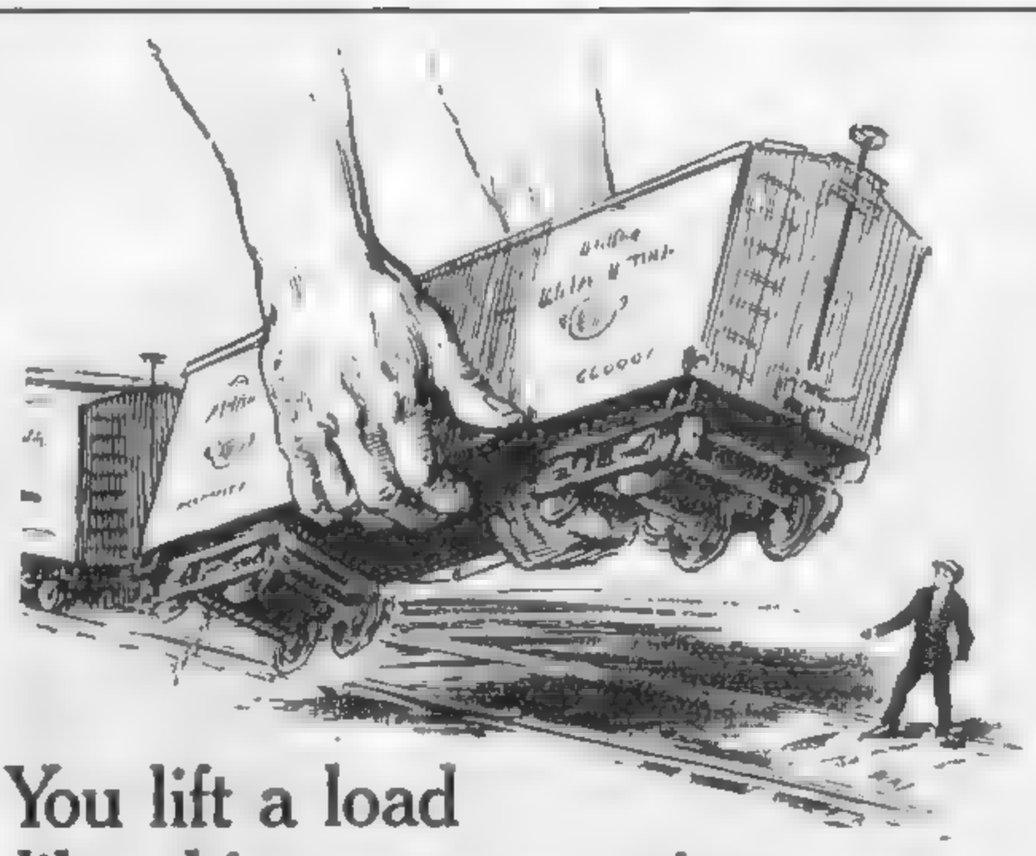


You lift a load like this every morning

Perhaps you think you walk so little that it doesn't matter if the heels of your shoes are made of armor-plate leather, fastened with iron nails.

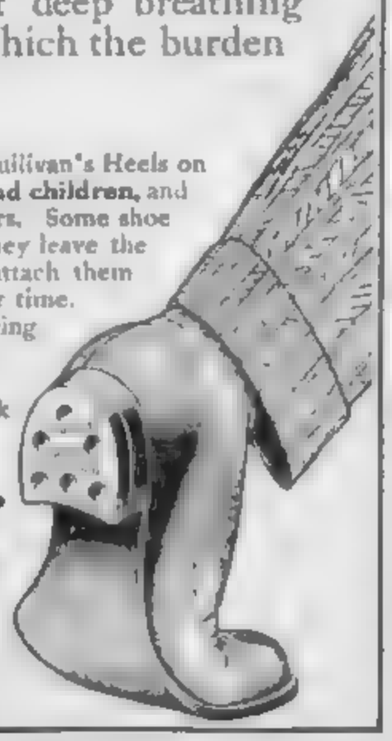
Suppose you walk down to your store or office—only a quarter of a mile. You take at least 440 steps in this short walk. You lift your entire weight with each step. If you weigh 150 pounds you lift the total of 66,000 pounds—33 tons—the weight of a loaded freight car.

EVERY ounce of this great weight must *come down* on your heels, as you pound along over the flinty pavements. Do you think it is good for your sensitive nervous system to undertake such a tremendous task with heels shod with hard leather and metal?

Remember that every step means a shock—when your weight strikes upon your heel the impact is carried directly to your spine; upward to the base of your brain; outward through every nerve in your body.

O'Sullivan's Heels of new, live rubber absorb the shock and relieve you of the strain. They are invisible cushions of springy rubber which last twice as long as leather. They give you an easy, light, graceful stride and the erect carriage and habit of deep breathing which naturally go with a step from which the burden and strain have been removed.

As a measure of comfort and health you need O'Sullivan's Heels on all your shoes. They are made **for men, women and children,** and cost but 50 cents a pair, attached, at all shoemakers. Some shoe manufacturers put them on their shoes before they leave the factory. All shoemakers and shoe dealers will attach them to your shoes when you buy them, or at any other time. Or, if you prefer, send us 35c in stamps, with a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair.



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was a member of the state board of education. I think it must have been because he thought I was my father's daughter that he gave me my job as assistant in teaching in a new normal school in the state—in teaching English I think they said. In reality, however, I was a sort of shortstop for all the departments. I had to teach what no one else would.

It was hard breaking it to mother. She felt the bitterness of having her daughter work. But Irene took it philosophically. She brought me some of her old clothes that I could "dye and fix over for work dresses." I had visions of myself doing that when I didn't know how to make a seam. So I packed them away in that ironical trousseau chest, making room for them by taking out everything that I could use. Then I kicked the box back into its corner. It seemed to me a fitting valedictory. Irene grew hourly more condescendingly considerate. I felt if I stayed much longer she'd send a tray with a rose adorning it to my room when a guest came for lunch or dinner.

"It's no disgrace to be poor but it's mighty inconvenient," is the proverbial comfort offered by the financially shy. But it was quite the reverse with Irene. With her poverty was a disgrace. And it was the typical attitude of my finishing school friends. There were one or two exceptions. Ella, for instance—Ella is still my best friend.

That first day in school—I'll not forget it in a while. When you come to think of it it was a facer! I had never been in a public school after the first grade. I hadn't the faintest idea how to conduct a class. A class-roll book looked like an unsolvable geometrical problem to me. And the students! Naturally to me they were "the masses," each class a sort of conglomerate mass that I must prevent from separating into its constituent parts for the fifty minutes that constituted a "period." My nightmare used to be that they would suddenly decide to stampede, and then where should I be?

I had a class in masterpieces. Why it was given this all-inclusive name I never found out. I remember we read parts of the Iliad and of the Odyssey and a few of Addison's essays. The rest I have forgotten, except an instance of that first day: One of the pupils—a farmer's girl—plumped herself down in front of me, chewing her gum noisily, and aggressively demanded: "Say, who's the n'author of Masterpieces anyhowr?"

Then I had a course in Shakspere, with emphasis on the dramatic structure. All my time was spent strictly studying. It was the first real studying I had ever done—and I was a new broom! I can see now where each authority on that subject stood on the library shelves.

But my most enlightening subject was civil government—two classes in the preparatory department. Civil government to a girl brought up in a finishing school! I kept just one lesson ahead of that class, and then I had to hustle to answer the questions they'd ask. Strangely enough—at least I thought so then—those youngsters insisted on connecting that information up with things that were happening in the country, in that state or in their counties. In order to protect myself I had to read the papers and the periodicals.

Lean Days in January

And all this I must do on fifty dollars a month. Out of this also I had to pay my board, which I got at a horrifying student's boarding house for three dollars and a half a week; and my room rent—a queer oak-furnished small room procured for three dollars a week; and my washing and other expenses. I thought about that ninety-dollar hat more than once when I tried to trim one for myself or to make a waist that wouldn't go together. If that school—I found myself referring to it so—had only taught me one thing that I could practically use, even about darts and seams! But, no, the accusing waist hung hopelessly before me as a witness.

Mother occasionally sent me a small check. Usually I didn't take it, but one month I had to. It was January. I had overleaped my pocketbook, turned somersaults with it on Christmas presents. When I got back I found I had just a few dollars left to last until February first, my next pay-day. I covered sheets of paper with figures, got a headache, and cried trying to find a way out. I found it by means of a little eating room back of a grocery store. It had a lunch counter and two tables, and catered to the motormen and interurban passengers when they stopped for lunch. Here I got two meals a day from the kind but somewhat dirty man who tended it. I went without a third. In the morning I took coffee and doughnuts for the simple and only reason that for ten cents they filled you up more than anything else. At five o'clock I had another meal. It was a desperate case of frenzied finance, but I pulled through with the help of mother's check which came about the twentieth.

Well, I had to work so hard that I didn't have much time to feel sorry for myself. I don't think the people liked me very well. I never got very near to them. You see I was still thinking of them in the mass.

And then came that experience that was like a pathfinder! There was a girl in my class whom I had noticed particularly, chiefly because she was so pretty. I, like my finishing-school mate, wondered what she was doing here. One day she asked shyly, but as if a good deal depended on it, if she might come to see me. She looked tired and bothered. I felt sorry for her and of course said, Yes. After she was there she felt strange and I couldn't make her feel at ease. There was no use. We didn't talk the same language. Finally, with a sort of desperate effort, she brought out a query. It had to do with a man. According to my education I suggested that one didn't speak about such things! I said it as glibly as any copy-book axiom that I had learned by rote. She looked rather desperate, colored up, stammered something and darted from the room. The next week she was expelled from school.

Cheated by the School

For the first time I began to think for myself. Here was my opportunity. Here was the first time in my work I had bumped up against any one's real life. And what had I done? Dismissed it with a platitudinous untruth; refused to admit a need. For the lack of a little straight thinking and because of a sticky brand of false culture I had sent a girl who had appealed to me empty away. No, worse than that—sent her desperate away. I couldn't sleep. She haunted me. She took her stand outside of that mass as an individual. And gradually others grouped themselves with her. They were not a "class"; they were not "the poor"; they were human beings, with feelings and interests deeper far than mine had been. Father had come from them. It was good blood. For the first time I began to see it—good, honest, sturdy stock. I thought of father's look when he told about the watchman's suicide. I knew now how he felt. And then I began to question. I began to question about "me" and reason why I had been so blind.

When spring vacation came I was worn out. Mother sent me money to come to Irene's. I went. And still that questioning continued. One night John brought home some men to dinner. One was a senator and another a state official. They talked about some of the issues at stake then. The talk grew more animated. Occasionally I joined in. The civil government class was responsible for that. But Irene! Irene sat at the head of the table. At every pause she would burst in with a totally irrelevant platitude. There would be an awkward silence, and then some one would smile and say, "Just so," and after a polite minute the conversation would revert. Irene just wasn't there. She tried her usual school tricks and they failed.

When we left the men and went into the drawing room I said to her: "Irene, do you ever feel that the finishing school cheated you?"

She opened her eyes in surprise. "No, why should I?"

"Well, sometimes I feel —— Well, now tonight, why didn't we learn more about such things?"

"My dear," sneeringly explained Irene, "of course we couldn't join in that conversation. Why, they merely talked about things that are happening now in this country."

Yes, that was just it. Things happening now in this country, while we had been taught isolated things that happened centuries ago in other countries and that had little or nothing to do with us.

When I went to my room that night I had it out with myself. Here I sat in a beautiful room wonderfully furnished, in Irene's house. It offered an extreme contrast to my three-dollar-a-week abode. But that was because Irene had married. I had not. And I had to suffer for it. I hadn't

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chosen to be fitted for nothing but marriage, and then not marry. But here I was. Come to think of it, though, I wondered if that school really had fitted me any better for marriage than it had for teaching. Here was Irene. Fusses in her kitchen continually, constant shifts because she didn't know how to get on. She charged what she wanted at the stores and shops and sent the bills to John, because she "didn't know anything about money"—with a superior inflection on the money. And when John brought home his friends she couldn't talk to them.

Now, that evening! It made me laugh shamefacedly when I thought of Irene. There was that discussion concerning some of the aliens in the country and their schooling. Feeling was strong. An international crisis threatened. The senator thought one way. John another. They argued it back and forth. And Irene had pronounced her decision: "Well, I don't think they ought to have any schooling. They make such good servants."

No idea of the vital issue concerned. No notion of what the discussion was all about. And yet after all, I needn't have laughed. A year ago I, too, would probably have been just as ignorant concerning current issues as Irene. And of course she must talk! The finishing school had emphasized that—and given her nothing to talk about. Even John found conversation with her difficult. When they were alone there was usually a silence. I had noticed that. Small talk wears out with one's husband after a while. One can't continually talk to the same person about the latest dance or the ruling modes of dress and manner. And when John tried to talk about the house Irene flew into a temper. "John couldn't expect her to be a servant," she would assert. Thinking about the house made her nervous! Naturally it cost them three times as much to live as it ought to, because Irene knew nothing about expenditure and cared less.

The Sure Way Out

That's what Irene's education had done for her. What had my education done for me?

In the first place it had never educated me at all, for it had not taught me to think. It gave me a particular kind of glasses with blinders on and told me to look at life through them. And because of them I couldn't see straight and I couldn't see honestly. It made me a snob, with geographical and monetary divisions as standards for human worth, and copy-book maxims for honesty. It made me shiver to think of my failure with the girl who had cried for help. Not only had I never learned a useful thing, but before I could ever learn anything of worth I must snatch off those glasses and accustom my eyes to the light.

Probably the most important thing that I had learned in that last year was that I did not know people—that I laughed when I should have wept, denounced when I should have exalted, because I understood them not at all. And I learned, too, that that attribute was an essential to successful teaching. Then, of course, I didn't know any subject well enough to teach it. If I were to fit myself for this profession I should need both a general and a special college education. That I could not afford.

My mind turned toward stenography. It was the first thing Mr. Patterson had suggested. With it one could always earn a living. And I recalled a school catalogue that I had picked up in the library one day. It offered a two-year course giving a preparation for business life. Surely one couldn't be in business without coming in contact with life as it is today. For that was another thing: I didn't want to live out of the world. I wanted to live in it. I wanted to know my own time—to be a part of it. For that was living! And if I could be secretary—or just stenographer—to a man like Mr. Patterson I shouldn't be as completely out of life as if I were imprisoned in a medieval castle.

Then I decided. I'd go to Mr. Patterson in the morning. I'd borrow enough money to take me to that school where I could learn something practical and something honest. And then, probably because I had just begun to have a horizon larger than a pinhead and because of that civil government class, I concluded aloud to that empty room—oratorically and histrionically, I'll admit, but fundamentally true, I think you will agree:

"That finishing school cheated me. And every time it cheats one, it cheats all."

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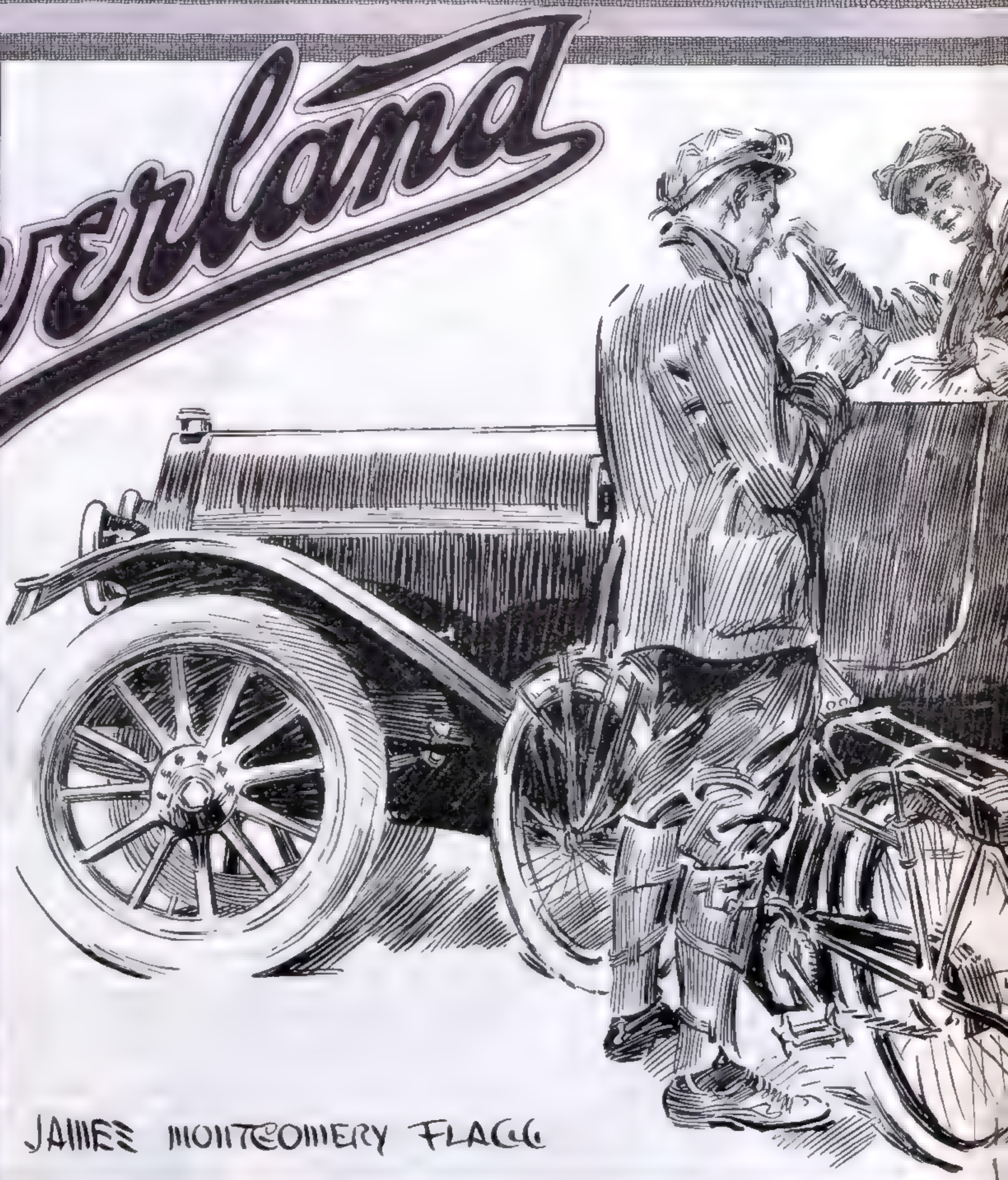

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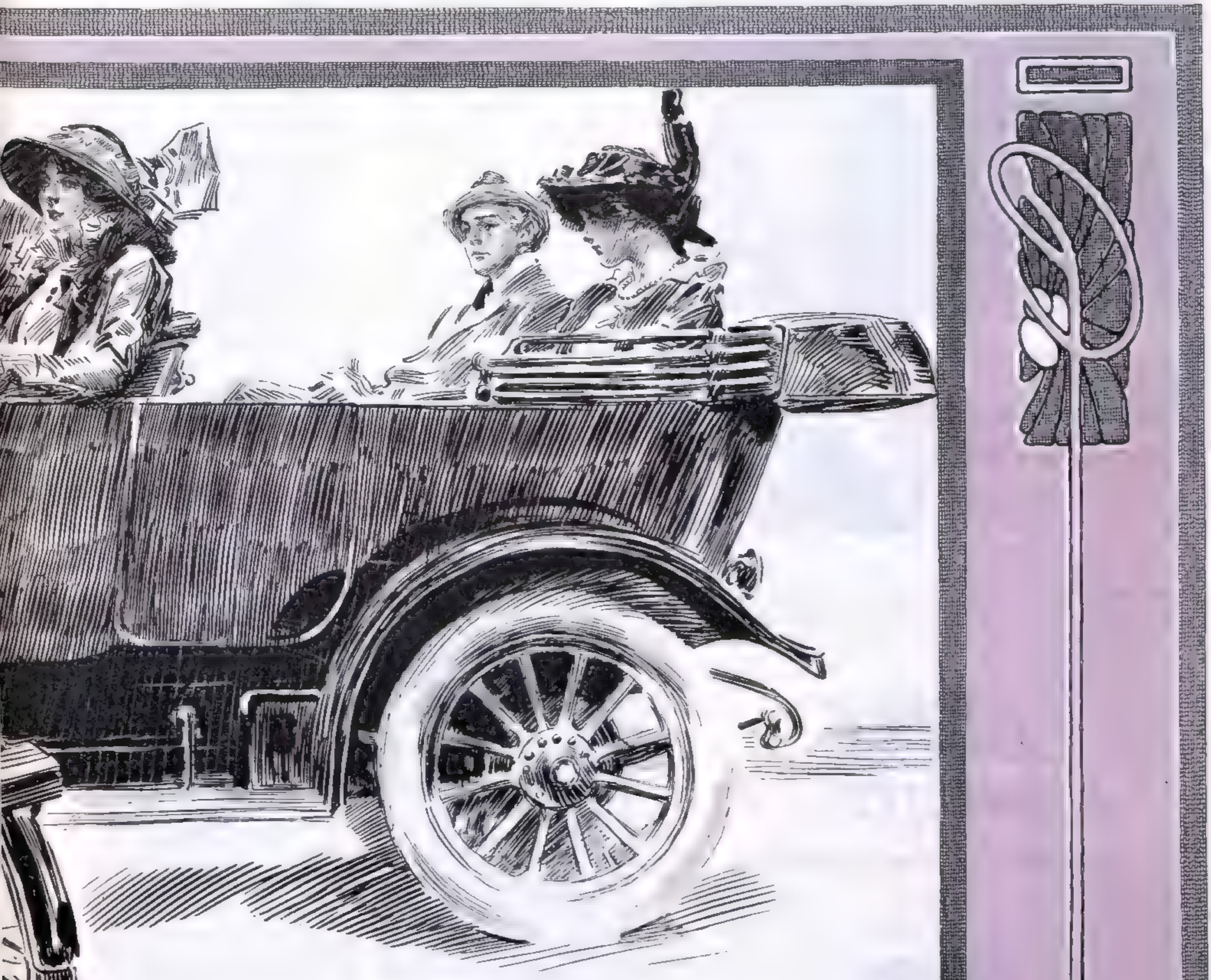

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THE BACK PORCH OF LIFE

(Continued from Page 9

attention, gaped calculatingly at the flamboyant color-clash of the showrooms. They lunged, notebooks in hand, at pedestal and counter. They stared, lynx-eyed, at feathers and flowers—oh'd and ah'd at recherche angle of plume or twist of drape. "Swell!" "Punk!"—"I saw that same thing last year!"—and "A-awful! I can't sell anything like that in my town!" shrilled most often in the din of comment.

"Looks like a big season!" opined Lizzie Hoble over a lemon meringue Wednesday noon. "I heard Mr. Nossing telling Sally don't she look sweet in that cobalt satin?—that already his wrist ached so that he'd have to soak it in witch-hazel tonight. Some suit he's wearing! Did you pick it out?"

Madame Dathers did not seem to hear.

"This peach pie isn't fit to eat!" she said, pushing it back. "I've got to rush back. A lean-jowled lady from Kansas is waiting for me—I'll get a scream of an order! She jumped at those drab Jap straw plaques like she was an Apache and they were scalps!"

"Me too," said Lizzie, cramming meringue into her mouth. "I've got those crotchety Peterson partners, the youngest—she's sixty-three if she's a day! chews a feather to find out if it's real ostrich or fringed paper. But first" she pushed back the empty plate and began to scribble on the back of an envelope "I have to write an ad and leave it at the Tribune office."

Madame Dathers rose and pulled on her gloves.

"Advertising for another position?" she asked idly.

"I guess not!" Lizzie laughed. "After nineteen years at the La Mode! I'd feel like a tame canary leaving my cage for an alley. No—this ad is for a woman in our neighborhood—a friend of ma's. She divorced her husband for cruelty. I don't blame him—the way she nagged! And she wants to sell the furnished flat and go back to her folks. She's all broke up: so ma said I'd attend to it. Ma don't care whether it's busy season or vacation—the errands she puts off on me! And it's an elegant little flat—and cheap! I told ma if we weren't living in one I'd buy it myself."

"My! I must hurry!"—glancing at her watch. "That Kansas woman will be standing on her head! And I wouldn't grumble, Lizzie Hoble. If you were living in a lonesome apartment hotel by yourself you'd be glad to have some one to run errands for."

Beside the green-velvet curtain stood Sally, hatted and coated for luncheon. Her exquisite face wore a pout. Mr. Nossing's face, close beside, wore a frown.

"Now, Sally," he was reproaching, "you promised this evening sure ——"

"Well"—impatiently—"I haven't forgot—honest; I will."

Madame Dathers went on to the waiting lady from Kansas, who, though not standing on her head, was bouncing wrathfully on a leather settee. Madame Dathers heard only a third of her reproach: "Did the La Mode expect customers to wait for hours while saleswomen gadded?" Madame Dathers was thinking. Had she ever before seen a frown on his face? He must care!

"Lizzie," she asked an hour later as they met in the heart of the crowd, "is that flat in the corner graystone building? And how much does she ask?"

Lizzie came to a sudden stop and allowed the crotchety Petersons to drift on unattended.

"Yes; third floor, second entrance from the corner," she said excitedly. "Do you mean ——" And she paused, with a glad grin of friendship.

"I don't mean a thing," composedly said Madame Dathers, "except that I'm tired of a poky bedroom on a hotel corridor. I want a place of my own, where I can sit on the back porch in a sloppy kimono, with my hair wadded up in a tight knob, and nobody to care, because everybody else on their own back porch looks the same!"

"I haven't got that Irish linen near finished," Lizzie mourned. Her eyes were big with friendly interest.

"Forget what you're thinking and find out all about the place—will you? I'd like to change at once."

"You come home with me for dinner tonight," said Lizzie promptly, "and ma will take you over. Will you keep on working the remainder of the season?"

Madame Dathers, regardless of friendship, crushed her with a stony glance.

"If I don't"—coolly "the furniture would be attached for the rent!"

Given enough determination and make-up-your-mind-ness and you can do twice as much as you are able to do! In former seasons the rush of opening week had been all that any able-bodied saleswoman would endure. Appointments with dressmaker, theaters and visiting were postponed or indulged in sparsely. Now Carolyne Dathers squeezed into the strenuous feet-aching period divers other bits of business. She inspected and bought the flat—it made a hole in her savings. She bought some loose comfortable kimonos and big unlovely slippers. She left packing and moving for that empty Saturday evening which demanded filling, and she looked forward to Sunday as a day of lovely, lounging delight.

There was an unpleasant three minutes Thursday. Mr. Nossing approached her and said haltingly—somewhat in the manner of a dog afraid of a stick:

"Er—this Saturday evening I'm expecting ——"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," cried Madame Dathers with elaborate carelessness—"I'll be too busy Saturday evening for gadding. I'm leaving the hotel where I've lived so long. And packing takes so long. And I've been so busy all week ——"

Over Mr. Nossing's face spread relief—the same relief that had overspread it Saturday evening of the week before. Madame Dathers turned hastily away. "I suppose he thought I expected him to keep on!—All through buying, Miss Stubbs? I do hope you'll have a spanking good season. Don't forget that gridelin and copper is to be the combination for street wear. Good-by!"

Over Miss Stubbs' receding shoulder she saw Mr. Nossing hasten across the room to intercept Sally as she bounced through, a taupe hemp dangling on one arm. His face was eager. He murmured "Sure!" answering Sally's clear young trill, "Saturday evening?"

She bounced on, hunting a magenta plume, but smiled back impishly over a slim satin shoulder.

"Will you be happy Saturday evening?"

"I will!" he answered with conviction.

Saturday evening Miss Dathers packed and forgot that the week had been hard. The black velvet she stuffed with tissue-paper. Its use was not over. The heliotrope crêpe de chine she wedged in carelessly—it was of the past and out of style. "Though"—meditatively—"I could cover and ruffle a sofa cushion with it—I didn't notice any sofa cushions in the flat." The gray crêpe de meteor she folded neatly. It would be nice to wear evenings when she had Lizzie and the other girls over.

She looked somberly at the glass and porcelain array of cold cream and lotions. Following desire, she would have chucked them out of the window; but she packed them carefully. "I've got to keep in trim," she mused drearily, "because those Stubbses and people like 'em don't think they're buying nifty stuff unless the person selling looks nifty." She sighed. Business was business, of course, and the main ingredient that Fate had stirred into the batter of life; but the savor of keeping her figure and complexion was gone. It would be zestless work—massaging away wrinkles for the Stubbs sisters' eyes.

At eleven o'clock the expressman set the trunk down and she bolted the door of her own flat. "Thank goodness!" she sighed, and unbuttoned her shoes before she took off her hat. "Tomorrow I can sleep as late as I want to and eat breakfast in a kimono!" And if there floated before her a cruel vision of Mr. Nossing in his pale-tan-and-brown elegance, and of Sally with her cobalt-charmeused youngness, sitting in a yellow-and-rose-lighted restaurant, chewing canned caviar and French fried while they pleasantly discussed the whither and wherefore of Cubism or the modern degeneracy of the ballad, she resolutely shut her eyes to it. Tiredness of soul yields to tiredness of body, and for once she broke loose from her nightly custom and omitted every beautifying rite. Skin food, astringent benzoin, cold cream, antifat—she shoved them all back, went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning—Ah! You may be forty-five years old; jilted or, the same thing, undesired; wrinkling; aging; fat; tired of life and work; lonesome—but you won't be excruciatingly miserable in your

own pale-blue-walled kitchen, with three poached eggs, a plate of hot toast, a pot of hot coffee, a pint of cream and two Sunday newspapers.

After breakfast she stood in the doorway of her back porch. Its floor was warm to her slippered feet. Occasionally winter nods, and February, a derelict in honor, immediately hides its proper snowy garb under weather stolen from summer. This day was warm with such purloined sunshine. Below, dribblings of snow melted into the earth or trickled along the cement walks. Primeval desires may be crushed – they are seldom dead. For twenty years Miss Dathers had spent her Sunday mornings in trim whaleboned, shirtwaisted neatness—her hair nicely coifed, as demanded by propriety in an apartment hotel breakfast room. Now the sunshine beckoned her, as ages before it beckoned her lazy simian progenitress—according to Darwin. She wanted nothing so much as to bask in it.

She yielded to inclination. With a slatternly, "I'm too tired to work—Lizzie's mother can send a woman over to clean tomorrow!" she got the February number, wherein another heroine, with luminous black eyes—or was it the hero who owned the luminosity? Anyway, both were dangling between propriety and the demands of their Souls. Then, unpowdered, untinted, uncorseted, with hair wadded in a neat but unlovely knob, she pulled the most comfortable rocker out to the back porch.

A glimpse of herself in a mirror on the way caused a cringe. Two hundred and three did the scales say? The scales never saw her in that wide, loose, shapeless red-and-lavender garment—which was neither Mother Hubbard nor kimono, but a voluminous compound of both—or they would have soared above the three-hundred mark.

"I don't care," said Madame Dathers comfortably, flopping on in wide, roomy slippers that were like balm to feet blistered from the week's rush and crush. "Only"—humor bubbled irrepressibly up—"I'd give a dollar if the Stubbs sisters could see me now! I wonder"—another bubbling chuckle—"if they'd copy it! But"—red that was not rouge, but far brighter, burned in each plump cheek—"I'd die of shame if Alfred Nossing should see me!"

She settled herself in lounging content. All round, other back porches clustered sociably and nearly all were occupied in appreciation of the rare midwinter warmth. Three small boys dangled over an adjacent banister to imminent peril of life. "I wonder if I ought to call their mother!" quavered Miss Dathers in panic, unable to enjoy her heroine's emotion—dangling.

Against the railing of the porch of the adjoining flat leaned the fat, unwieldy shoulders of a baldheaded old man wearing a decrepit and grimy smoking coat and puffing at a decrepit pipe. Across the way a slim, pretty blonde dabbled several pairs of white kid gloves in a pan of gasoline. "I must tell her to suds it with soap!" thought Miss Dathers.

Above the pretty girl two neighborly ladies, in gingham petticoats and dressing sacques, discussed their husbands' failings and virtues with calm loudness. Miss Dathers listened in placid enjoyment. It was more interesting than the soul-communings of the luminous-eyed heroine.

There was the clatter of many breakfast dishes being washed; a clamor of many voices, male, female and *les enfants* – "Jim, get up! Your eggs are cooked!" "Harry, you'll spill your pa's shoe-polish!" "Where's my clean shirt, Stella?" "Ma-a-a! Come and see if my face is washed clean enough for Sunday-school!"

She sighed with comparative content—only comparative; she wished she was not so entirely alone in the world. Suddenly she sat up straight. The fat old man had flung down his pink sporting sheet.

"I wonder," she murmured, "who that fat old man in that drab-and-brown coat —— My! It's ugly! Reminds me of —— If he'd turn his head —— Oh!"

The fat old man had risen, had turned his head, was whistling—the whistle slid back and became a choked wheeze.

"You!" Mr. Nossing said. His bulging eyes went up and down the shapeless, voluminous red-and-lavender figure.

"You!" said Madame Dathers. Her anguished glance traveled unbelievingly down and up that decrepit drab-and-brown coat.

"I wouldn't have known you!" he declared loudly.

"Nor I you!" said Madame Dathers.

"Ain't men stupid?" asked Madame Dathers afterward of her friend Lizzie. "Here I was frazzling my brains trying to talk up to what I thought he was! And he was tuckered out trying to talk up to what he thought I was! And he wanted to marry me—said I'd spoiled him for all other women; but still he said it gave him chilblains when he thought of having to live always in front-porch-high-collar-and-your-best-shoes style. So he was sort of relieved when I said No, and still it about took all the heart and spirit out of him. He thought that I thought he was a bluff. And here I was thinking he thought that I was a bluff!

"And the poor man wanted a home of his own so bad—after living at hotels and rooming houses all these years—that he went out and rented that furnished flat from Sally's aunt. And we both moved in Saturday evening. He says he wishes Sally was his daughter for twenty minutes, so he could box her ears. She's so flighty she forgot three times when he sent a message by her to make an appointment with her aunt so as to know when he could take possession; but I told him you couldn't possibly expect a girl to be as pretty as Sally and sensible too.

"Now, Lizzie, you needn't go straining your eyes working on that luncheloth nights. I'm not quitting till the end of the season."

About Col. Delafield

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
August 10, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MY DEAR SIR: The very interesting reminiscences of Madame Strakosch—Clara Louise Kellogg—contain certain references to West Point and West Pointers in which that gifted and gracious woman has been misinformed. As one who loved to do her honor in days whereof she tells, I beg leave to correct the statement that our ante-bellum superintendent, Colonel Richard Delafield, was a Southern sympathizer and took sides with "Dixie," and that the vast—alleged—shipment of arms and ammunition to the South prior to the secession of the winter of '60 and '61 was something arranged at West Point.

Colonel Delafield was a New Yorker and loyal to the Union throughout his life, who, at the close of the war, after becoming chief of the corps of engineers in April, 1864, received the brevet of major-general for faithful, meritorious and distinguished services in the Engineer Department during the rebellion. Having been graduated at the head of the class of 1818, and having served some forty-seven years by the time the war broke out, he was too old for active duty in the field, but was most active and useful in the War Department.

In January, 1861—on the twenty-third, to be exact—the secretary of war, Mr. John B. Floyd, ordered Colonel Delafield to turn over the command of West Point to Major P. G. T. Beauregard, who held the position just five days. It was practically Mr. Floyd's last order as war secretary; it brought about his own immediate displacement by the president, who nominated Joseph Holt at once to the vacated portfolio, and Mr. Holt's first order was the restoration of Colonel Delafield to the command.

Mr. Floyd and Major Beauregard cast their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. It was Mr. Floyd, and nobody at or near West Point, who directed whatever shipment of arms and ammunition to the South that actually occurred.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES KING,
Class of 1866, U. S. M. A.

MAHOMET

on White Hyacinths:

"If I had two loaves of bread I'd sell one and buy White Hyacinths for my soul".

Some happy experiences with the new Instinctive Playing

SOFTLY dozed the shadows over the Autumn colored leaves of that October evening. Swiftly set the sun in a pageant of green and red.

The keen air from the blue mountains came in at the window. "Ye old back log" crackled a soothing drowsiness on the walls, and on the faces and the feelings of my little family.

The stage was set for the playing of the *Pilgrims' Chorus*, from *Tannhauser*. Nothing else seemed to chime with the lull and poetry of that brown October evening.

My Virtuolo was in the scene, and I, aflame with emotion, sat on the mahogany bench, eyes closed and fingers on the soft Acsolo buttons. None but a Virtuolist knows the joy of playing by instinct with those wondrous solo buttons—aye, the joyous sensation of shutting out the world with your eyelids and letting your feelings feast on the music.

The first slow, muffled notes seemed to make my tormented nerves relax and swim away to a divine world of calm.

The worries and fears of business vanished. Melodies and harmonies of beauty marched like processions of roses from the great Virtuolo into my feelings. And as the wonderful score climbed from pinnacle to pinnacle of grandeur, "my cup runneth over."

"Bravo! Bravo!" I cried. Who could hold it back?

And then I looked at my wife and said, "*If I had two loaves of bread, I'd sell one and buy white hyacinths for my soul.*"

HALLET & DAVIS

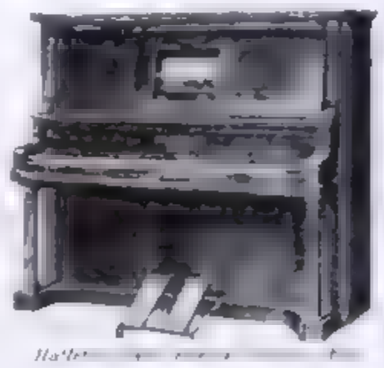
VIRTUOLO

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

"Hear Ye"—Father and Mother

How will you spend the fall evenings? In dull, humdrum monotony, or in a breeze of pleasure and happiness?

Where will your children spend them? At home, or at the neighbors'? Where will they have their dances and parties—at your house or at the house of somebody else?



Keep the children with you, drive gloom out of your home! Bring in the Virtuolo—the Sunshine of Music. Then hear young voices singing, see the grace of youth's dancing; rejoice in the care-free laughter—all in your home—a home transformed by the Virtuolo and its beautiful Music. Do you still believe that the player-piano must sound mechanical? Then you do not understand the Virtuolo and the new Instinctive Playing.

Do you think you cannot afford a Virtuolo? It is our business to make it possible for you to afford one. Prices from $425 to $1050, terms to suit any purse. For example, the Virtuolo illustrated here costs only $[illegible]50 and can be purchased on terms as low as $15 monthly. You'll find real pleasure in saving to acquire such a piece of property.

The Virtuolo can be seen, heard and played in nearly every city in the U. S. If your dealer doesn't sell the Virtuolo, write us.

Break away from hesitation, and resolve that you will have a Virtuolo in your home. Not next week, nor next month, but *this week.*

If you don't do anything else, write for "The Inner Beauty," a free book that tells everything you want to know about the Virtuolo and Instinctive Playing. Send for it before you lay down this weekly.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1839

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COUPON

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY, Dept. 52, 146 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Send me full information, including prices, and plates of different styles, and how You Make it Possible for Any Sized Purse to Buy a Virtuolo.

Name

Address

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

At college-in the shop-in the office, I have always found Velvet tobacco a faithful pipe friend!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10¢ TINS

Handy 5¢ bags
one pound glass
humidor jars

A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 22)

drinking so heavily as to be in danger of becoming a drunkard can and often does stop short in his drinking. He is warned. The drink drives him out of his senses and causes him to do foolish or disgraceful things. So he stops the drink—often stops it short. This involves suffering and the exercise of will power, but it can be done and is done.

It is different with morphine. It does not drive the initiate out of his senses and does not cause him to do unseemly things. It benumbs him, picks him up and thrusts him down in a world of lethargic don't-care. By the time it flashes its warning it has gained its grip. The victim cannot give it up suddenly, as the alcoholized man gives up his poison. It simply cannot be done.

My drinking periods happened closer together during the next year, but they were of shorter duration. I knew how to cut them short—morphine! I took the drug after each drinking spell. I had several rumpuses with conscientious doctors who refused to give me morphine to sober me up; but there were always complaisant doctors to be found. Of course I felt profoundly miserable while getting over the effects of these heavy and accumulative doses of morphine.

Then came the day—it had to come—when the thought of emerging from the benumbing effects of morphine was not to be considered. My morphinized brain pondered the matter. Why have doctors jabbing me in the arm? I went to a pharmacist friend of mine. He sold me a box of quarter grains of morphine. Still lying nonchalantly, I told him that the morphine was for an unfortunate friend of mine who was addicted to the habit—and even as I reeled off the shabby lie the pupils of my eyes were contracted by morphine to mere pinpoints! My friend the pharmacist knew I was lying. Long afterward he told me so.

Forbidden Drugs Easy to Get

He sold me the morphine though! Here is another angle of the grim tragedy of morphine. The victim of the drug can always get it so long as he has the price wherewith to pay for it. The laws on the subject are of no avail. A druggist can always be found who will sell you morphine. He may not sell it to the shabby, morphine-shattered derelict; but he rarely refuses to sell it to his friends or acquaintances whom he knows to be addicted to the drug. Pinned down about it, he says he cannot refuse to let them have it. When at first he refuses they beg so piteously that he cannot stand it. What would be the use of refusing them? They have the habit. They must have morphine. If he did not sell it to them they would get it somewhere else.

Moreover if he did not sell it to them they could and would get doctors to prescribe it. And so many druggists sell it. Some of them get round the law by keeping on hand a stack of prescriptions for morphine scribbled by some doctor with whom they have an understanding. When the morphine victim comes along and asks for the drug the druggist lets him have it, and then sticks one of these ready-made prescriptions on his filehook. That lets him out. There is the prescription to show for it. Besides the morphine fiend sometimes carries a bunch of morphine prescriptions with him.

I myself carried a bunch of these in my pocket for a long time; but when I happened to forget to carry them I seldom had any trouble in getting morphine, even in cities where I was unacquainted. I would have a little confidential talk with a druggist in the back of his shop. I would tell him that I was addicted to morphine. Generally he would let me have it, charging me a stiff price for it, because he did not know me. When, as happened occasionally, I chanced upon druggists who would not sell me morphine in cities where I was not known, I would drop in at the office of the nearest doctor and tell him I was a victim of morphine.

Many of the doctors positively refused to write me the morphine prescription. Others hesitated for a little while, questioned me, and then prescribed the morphine. Still others dashed off the prescription at once and pocketed the two, three or five dollars

New-Skin, For Cuts

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for emergency use on cuts, scrapes and little hurts. It dries and forms a flexible, transparent coating, not affected by washing

Carry it with you always. Keep a bottle in the house.

Home size 25¢, Pocket size 10c; Surgeon's size 50c. See directions and circular 200 Uses. There is only one New-Skin Be sure to get the genuine. At druggists, or send 25c in stamps for Home size by Parcel Post. Address Dept. A, Newskin Company, New York

THE PARIS GARTER MAN

SEE this picture on the box; see the name PARIS on the back of the shield. Then you're right, you're buying genuine

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

The satisfaction in wear and comfort makes the extra caution well worth while.

A. Stein & Company
Makers
CHICAGO NEW YORK

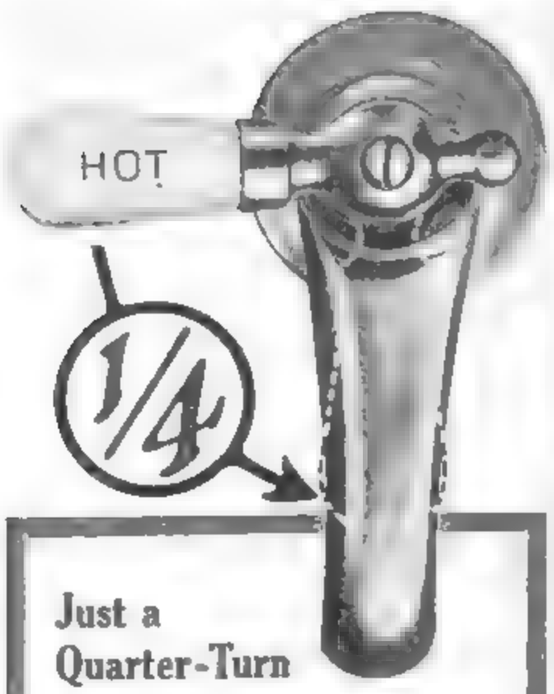
WEDDING OR X-MAS

or any house or bungalow.

$8.50 6 FT. HIGH $10.00

movement, strikes

THE CAIRO MFG. CO.
21 State St. Huntington, Ind., U. S. A.



Just a Quarter-Turn

Don't try to repair a faucet that persistently leaks or that opens with a "Buzz-uzz-zz" and closes with a "thump!

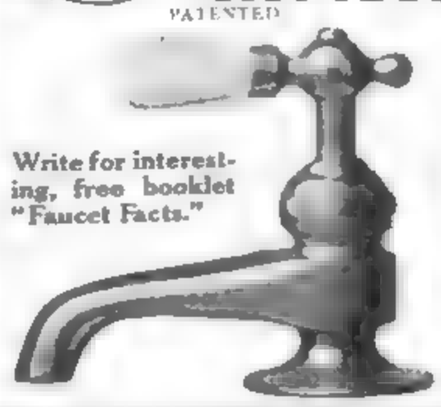
Have your plumber take it out and put in Quick-pression—the one type of quick-opening and closing faucet that is beautiful, noiseless, durable and convenient.

Ask your plumber to show you the many beautiful styles for basins, bath-tubs, lavatories, sinks, wash-tubs, etc.

Always look for the name "Quick-pression" and the guaranty tag

The Central Brass Mfg. Co. of Cleveland
6119 Cedar Ave., S. E., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK-PRESSION FAUCETS
PATENTED



Write for interesting, free booklet "Faucet Facts."

MACKINAW BOOK FREE
Describes Mackinaw Process
Pictures Garments for Men, Women & Children

All the beautiful plaids and plaid patterns of genuine Mackinaw cloth. Explains our modernized Scout Patrol equipment with pockets for cloth, resists wind, cold and moisture.

Tailored in the genuine Mackinaw styles of the Northwest. Perfect comfort garments for out-of-door wear in town and country. Insist on the trade mark of this famous cloth found only in

PATRICK-DULUTH Mackinaw Garments

Sold at Best Stores

sent on request

PATRICK-DULUTH Woolen Mill
230 West Fifth Avenue, Duluth, Minnesota

Patrick DULUTH MACKINAW CLOTH
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. O.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103d St., New York
Special Rate to October First
Room with Bath for Two Persons $4.50 daily and up
Write for Descriptive Booklet G with Map of City.

that was their fee. They saw that I was a morphine fiend right enough. My eyes alone told that story; so what would be the use of their refusing to prescribe the stuff for me? They no doubt considered that if they erred they erred on the side of mercy. It is hard to criticise them for this. They know what morphinism is. I merely state the facts as to the ease with which one can get the drug when he goes after it.

Well, I took the quarter grains of morphine by mouth; took them for days on end, just as often as I felt that I needed—or, better, wanted—them. I wanted them very often. I found that the effect of the drug when taken by mouth was not so prompt or benumbing as when taken by hypodermic injection. I did not know then that the effect of a grain of morphine taken by injection is about equal to the effect of two grains taken by mouth, for the reason that the needle sends the drug into the lymphatics and thence directly into the circulation. Still the mouth way of taking it satisfied me for the time. I could carry the drug with me; I did not need to send for doctors to get hypodermic injections, and I could always get all I wanted. I was getting perilously close to the trap; but the jaws had not finally snapped upon me—yet.

It will be thought that I was a pretty easy victim or no victim at all. I shall not argue the point. I am not writing a medical or a psychological story—which I could not do if I tried—or yet a record of soul impressions. I am writing the story of how morphine got me. It is always to be kept in mind that morphine had first been given to me by a doctor to get me over a drinking spell and that I was continuing the drinking. The doctor had needlessly shown me a way to paralyze the after effects of drinking. I should not have known that way had not the doctor taught it to me.

The Beginning of the End

After a time I began to have my hours of dreadful panic. They came upon me mainly in the morning, when, after heavy doses of narcotics, I would emerge from short periods of broken sleep; for, as I have said, the morphine, instead of giving me sleep, only kept my brain in a state of stupefied activity—to employ a paradoxical phrase.

That morphine panic upon awakening—how can it be described? It is the frenzy of despondency. It is the hideous feeling of being buried alive. Several times after such awakenings I threw away my morphine tablets and swore to myself that I would never again touch the hellish things. And, for a period, the recollection of the anguish of these awakenings would enable me to use my will power. I would break off the habit. While the heavy accumulated doses of morphine were wearing off I would pass through days and nights of blighting misery. But I would stick! The dread of eventual hopeless addiction was coiled like a serpent round my neck. Several times, I say, I shook the devil off by a sheer effort of will bolstered up by a fear beyond words. And I would even struggle back to fair health and spirits, and regain my ability to work.

Every time, however, it was the drink that pulled me back into the abyss. With the fatuousness of the dipsomaniac I refused to acknowledge to myself that, with me, the time had come when a period of drinking simply had to be followed by a return to the morphine. I would emerge from a drinking period in a state of alcoholized irresponsibleness. Racked by the physical misery and the mental depression of alcohol, there was for me but one thing—morphine! That was what the doctor in the Adirondacks had done for me. He had shown me a way out of a drunk. Flown would be the memory of the agony of getting away from the drug! I would have easement from the effects of alcohol; and for me that easement had come to mean but one thing—morphine!

And so time and again I relapsed in this way. After days of hypodermic injections given by complaisant doctors, I would get the tablets to take by mouth, continue to use the drug in this way for many days running, and then, wrought upon by the recurring panic, I would quit suddenly, stand the misery, and squirm back to normality.

I fell ill with a stomach disorder. The doctor—one of the complaisant ones in the

(Continued on Page 45)

Individuality in Every Stitch—

in those virile "lines of life" which make your suit define and depict *You* alone—in the curves and contour, which tally with the bodily "ins" and "outs" of *You* alone—in the texture, pattern and color of the fabric, which are chosen by you for *You* alone—this is the individuality you get in

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

If this *individuality in every stitch* cost you more you might hesitate. But—$20 to $45 is the price of even passably good clothes, whether ready-made or made to order by a local tailor without our style-grasp. So, you *pay* no more and *get* much more—clothes with "*Individuality*" written right across them for you to feel and for all to see.

To-day—go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Autumn Suit or Overcoat. He will show you over 500 pure-wool, rare-weave *merchant tailoring* fabrics. Our seal—your guarantee is in his window and on our label. Don't just "think of going," but *go while you're thinking.*

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

The Kind of Clothes KAHN NATIONAL CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Progressive merchants serving a discriminating clientele are invited to write to us for our Tailoring Department Proposition.

The Kind of Clothes KAHN NATIONAL CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

The Criterion of Fashion

FORMERLY "TOILETTES"

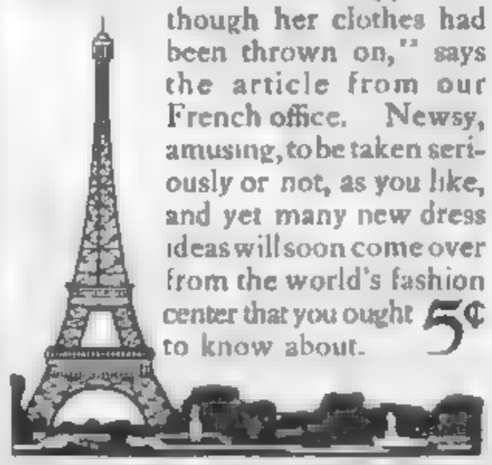
1st: Your substitute for an expensive modiste.
2d: Your authority on all matters of style in dress.
3d: Your guide in all questions of dress economy.

The style of your garment comes more from your knowledge of how to make and wear it than from the money spent on it. The Criterion of Fashion gives you the knowledge that you must otherwise buy in the metropolitan centers at great expense. It thus enables you to have dresses that are stylish, becoming, appropriate. Dress is the whole platform of The Criterion—selecting, making, wearing, repairing, taking care of all your clothes. Dress is woman's field, the right to look well is her privilege. The help in doing so is The Criterion. Every page will save you money.

In addition to the features described here, there are many others in the first issue. Every one will help you with your clothes.

Designed in Paris

"In Paris fashion now enthrones the sloppy woman. The well-dressed Parisienne must appear as though her clothes had been thrown on," says the article from our French office. Newsy, amusing, to be taken seriously or not, as you like, and yet many new dress ideas will soon come over from the world's fashion center that you ought to know about. 5¢



Instead of Furs

An out-of-date coat or a left-over piece of velvet or other cloth—just some cutting, sewing and trimming—and you have one of the newest of the season's new things—a winter set (muff and neckpiece) to be worn in place of furs. A chance to suit your individual taste in cut and trimming, to use up an odd piece of material, and a delightfully chic and economical idea—described in this issue. 5¢

Stage Dressing Secrets

Every woman knows how she herself would like to look when she is dressed up, but sometimes she can't hit just the magic formula. Actresses know—but they don't often tell—how to "dress the part." This article tells how some of them do it. "Dress your character, not your figure," says one.

The reigning styles give you a chance to do this, with the help of this illustrated stage article. 5¢

Small Hats Worn Aslant

The small hat again—vivid in color—fitting close to the head—trimmed with a certain dash—and worn slightly tilted over the ear so as to show the hair. This is a preliminary decision for Fall.

How the style works out in hats to fit various heads and all sizes of pocketbooks—particularly slender ones—is carefully shown in The Criterion of Fashion. The illustrations are particularly helpful, for they supplement the text at just the points where you want to be shown. They will give you real suggestions. 5¢

What is Your Color?

A woman wore emerald green and turned her beautiful golden hair to brass. A drab, unattractive little woman with wonderful blue eyes made herself fascinating by "dressing up to her eyes." Two opposite illustrations of a vital principle that this article shows so clearly—that in the selection of the colors for your gown, your hat, your coat, you have the very best chance in the world to take advantage of your natural characteristics. If you have an idea that perhaps you could learn something about doing yourself justice in this respect, send 5¢

$1,000.00 Seventy-four Prizes

We want honest opinions about this magazine which will help us to make it better—the opinions of the practical woman who regards her fashion publication as critically as she regards the roast of beef at her butcher's—the opinions of the average woman who has the average good taste and the average means. We want to know absolutely and at once if a dress and fashion service such as we are trying to give is to be of as great value to the representative woman as we are told it will be. Real opinions, and it matters not the slightest whether they are favorable or unfavorable, so long as they are honest. For such opinions we offer the following prizes:

Two first prizes of $100 each, one for the best description of The Criterion's strong points, and one for the best description of its weak points. Two second prizes of $50 each, awarded under the same conditions. The remaining $700 will be divided among 70 other letter writers according to the excellence of their judgment, $10 for each.

For the most interesting favorable criticism . . $100

For the most interesting unfavorable criticism . $100

For the two letters next in value, each $50

For *seventy* other letters each $10

Conditions of the Contest: Each letter must be not longer than 150 words. The magazine is now (September 25th) ready at every Ladies' Home Journal Pattern store, and on the news-stands. Its price is five cents. Get a copy and examine its contents critically. (You need not buy a copy in order to enter the contest. You may borrow one from some friend, or even judge by the description of the magazine as given on this page. But the surest way is to buy a copy yourself.)

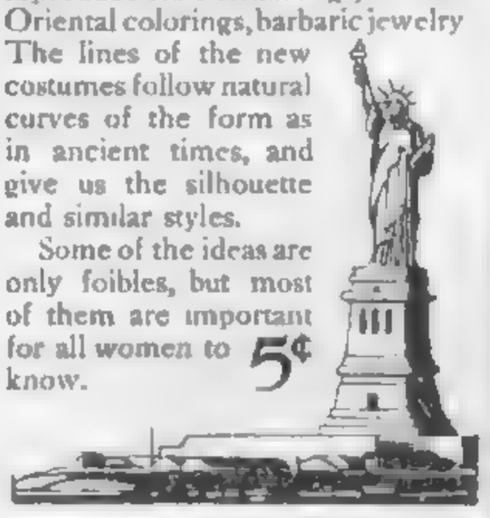
The editorial staff of The Criterion will be the judges. All letters must be mailed on or before October 31, 1913. If yours be one of the valuable letters you'll receive your prize in good time for Christmas. It matters not if your letter be misspelled, poorly written, or even on wrapping paper. What we want is ideas. The only condition is that your letter be honest. A letter that praises merely to be ingratiating, or that criticises simply to be different, will be thrown in the waste basket. We want honest criticism. We hope you will give it.

Address: Prize Contest, The Criterion of Fashion,
629 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Worn in New York

"Like a page out of the Arabian Nights," said an observer of the new Fifth Avenue ideas. Fabrics that reproduce old Persian rugs, brilliant Oriental colorings, barbaric jewelry The lines of the new costumes follow natural curves of the form as in ancient times, and give us the silhouette and similar styles.

Some of the ideas are only foibles, but most of them are important for all women to know. 5¢



Ready now wherever The Ladies' Home Journal is sold

Five Cents Fifty cents by the year

Short Cuts in Dressmaking

That draping is more important than stitching is a rather new idea in home dressmaking. It's one of many short cuts to making better looking dresses with less time and labor, described in The Criterion's first dressmaking lesson. Very practical, very clear, this article alone should save you many dollars and add very much to the modishness of your wardrobe. Carefully illustrated, this page alone is worth the price of the magazine. 5¢

Trouserettes for Women

Paris is showing a tendency to take seriously the idea of trousers for women. We laugh. We think it grotesque. Here come New York dressmakers who say, "No, perhaps it can be done in America," and evolve a compromise which they call a "trouserette."

They claim that its possibilities for graceful drapery are very great, and that it's not at all incongruous. The story is well and practically told in The Criterion. 5¢

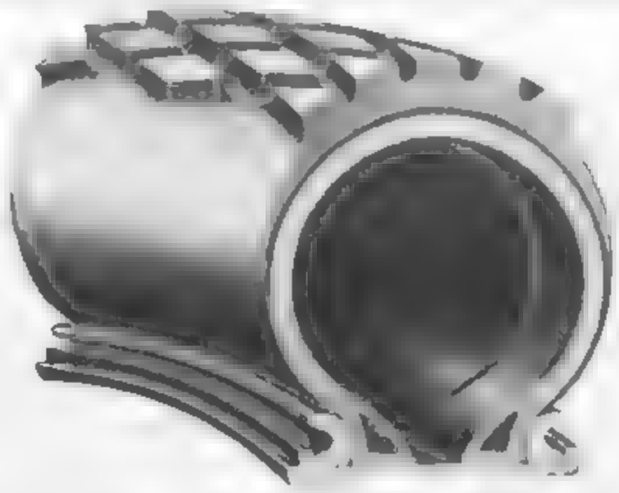
The Criterion of Fashion,
629 West 43rd Street
New York City

Please send The Criterion of Fashion (enclose 5 cents in stamps for the first issue, or 50 cents for entire year).

Name

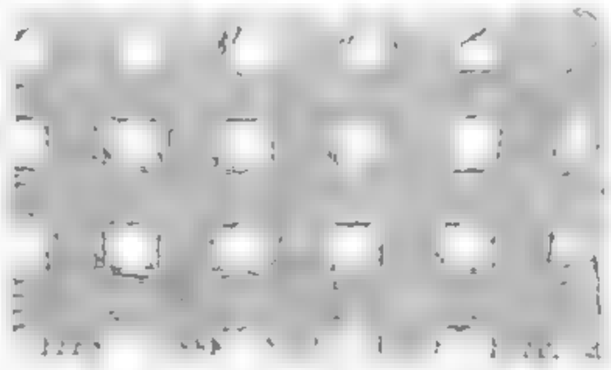
Address

Name of dry goods store



Our "On-Air" Cure Costs $1,500 Daily

Just to Minimize Blow-Outs



This "Rivet Fabric" Cost $50,000

To Prevent Tread Separation

Costly Goodyear Features

Which No One Else Employs

Note now two other reasons why Goodyears won the topmost place in Tiredom.

Two vital, costly features, as exclusive to us as No-Rim-Cut tires.

Two other big economies, which we alone have paid the price to get.

Saving Blow-Outs

Next to rim-cutting—which we completely avoid—the costliest tire damage, perhaps, is the blow-out.

This is sometimes caused by your neglect—sometimes by accident. It can't be entirely avoided.

But the chiefest cause is wrinkled or broken fabric—caused by curing on an iron core alone. And that cause we remove in No-Rim-Cut tires, at a cost of $1,500 per day.

Cured on Inner Tubes

We call this the "On-Air" cure. It means that the tires are final-vulcanized on air bags, shaped like inner tubes. That in place of an iron core.

Thus the tires are cured, as they are used, on elastic air. The rubber and fabric adjust themselves to actual road conditions. The strains are equalized.

The fabric is not left wrinkled as it is when cured on an iron core. There are no points where wrinkled fabric avoids all its share of the strain.

And that does happen in a large percentage of tires cured in other ways. That is the main cause of blow-outs.

This "On-Air" Cure, which no one else employs, costs us $1,500 daily. We spend that sum to cut down your blow-out cost.

Saving Loose Treads

Tread separation, in tires wrongly made, occurs near the breaker strip. It is one of the main tire troubles. This breaker strip, in every standard tire, comes at the base of the tread.

Most breaker strips are solid weaves. Ours is a special open weave. See picture at the top.

The tread rubber, in its plastic state, is forced through these holes and into the rubber below. Then the whole tire is vulcanized en masse.

There are over 500 large rivets of rubber running down through this fabric, just where loose treads occur. We paid $50,000 for the patent on this fabric, to save you from tread separation.

No Rim-Cutting

Then, by another exclusive feature, we have ended rim-cutting entirely.

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Yet these great tires now cost no extra price. With these costly features they used to cost one-fifth more than clinchers.

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(Continued from Page 41)

matter of morphine—diagnosed my case as gastric ulcer. It was nothing of the sort as it turned out. It was merely a case of a stomach knocked out of kilter by periodic heavy excesses in alcohol and then further outraged by the locking up by morphine of the gastric secretions. But the pain was severe. At last I had a legitimate excuse for using morphine—pain! The doctor gave me as many hypodermic injections as I asked for.

Also he instructed the trained nurse to give me the "needed" injections in his absence. The pain remained with me for a fortnight, during which I remained in bed. I watched the nurse getting her syringe and needle ready and asked her a lot of questions about the use of the hypodermic syringe. I was thoroughly morphinized when I got on my feet. I tried taking the morphine tablets by mouth. The effect did not answer; so I bought a hypodermic syringe and began to give myself injections.

I continued to use the needle for a month—taking as high as six grains a day—when one morning one of the frightful panics swooped upon me. In a tumult of fear I threw away my syringe and needles, and my tubes of morphine. Once and forever, I swore, I would quit the stuff. Yes, and I would forever abandon the drink too; for now in my despair I was forced to admit to myself that with me drink and morphine had become yoke-mates.

It was eleven in the morning when I made these resolutions. I took some sleeping powders, determined to force myself to sleep over the first period when my nerves would begin to shout for morphine; but sleep would not come. I paced the floor in agony, bathed in cold sweat. The thought of how an injection of morphine would benumb me kept banging away in the back of my mind. At five o'clock that afternoon I knew that morphine had me. I raced out and bought another hypodermic syringe and some morphine tablets. So the trap was sprung—I was a morphine fiend!

In the Depths

A year passed. I lived in a morphine trance, in a state of apathy. Now each morning brought a hideous awakening, to be quickly treated by an injection. More morphine was needed all the time. At the end of that year I was giving myself fifteen grains a day. I kept on working during that year—always in a trance. I was now engaged in writing fiction exclusively—mainly short stories for the magazines. During that year, however, I wrote one long novel.

To my benumbed astonishment, the novel achieved a more than middling success. That novel was the product, not of my normal but of a sort of veiled, detached mind. How else to account for the fact that it was written in a style utterly foreign to any style I had ever used before?

This novel came from the press after I had begun the great trial to cure myself of the morphine habit. At that time I would not look at it. I hated it! I hated anything that suggested to me the period during which it had been evolved and written; but at a later time, when I was completely myself, I opened the book and read it through. I affirm positively that, though I vaguely recalled the theme and plot, I did not recognize a line of the ninety thousand words of actual writing.

Of course I was a wreck long before the end of that year of self-administered hypodermic injections. I was emaciated, gaunt, hollow-eyed. My clothes bagged and flapped. My body was covered with painful little abscesses where the needle had sunk in. But always I wanted to quit. That was what finally got me out of the morass of morphine—I wanted to quit! To be free once more! Not to be a bond-slave to a sinister little silver instrument and some mocking little white tablets in a tube!

I consulted several doctors—always men with whom I had no acquaintance; for I was living the life of a recluse and avoiding all my friends. These doctors shook their heads. They talked about "the pathologic change"—the structural change that takes place in the nerve cells of habitual users of morphine. They said that, since this change probably had taken place in me, it would be unimaginably hard for me to give up the drug. "Institutional treatment is the only thing," they told me. I had visions of straitjackets and the sudden enforced abstinence from morphine. "Gradual reduction of the drug is the only way," said one doctor. "It might serve in your case—if it is not already too late." I asked him why I could not employ the gradual reduction plan myself. He laughed in my face. But I pressed him. Why could I not put myself on parole and stick to the parole?

"No use trying that," he replied. "You would only humiliate yourself by breaking your parole. There is no parole strong enough to hold the user of morphine. No matter how exalted a man's natural, undrugged honor may be, that honor will crumble when he attempts to break himself of the morphine habit. The drug beats down all honor. Even the restrained morphine victim, under institutional treatment, no matter what his natural honor may be, will plot by day and by night to get morphine. He will lie, cheat, steal, fight and tear and claw; and, if it comes to that, he may attempt actual murder—there have been such murders—when the demon clutches him. He will do anything for morphine. If this is so as to restrained victims, of what value is an unrestrained victim's parole given merely to himself?"

A Fighting Chance

All this left me badly discouraged. One day on the street I came face to face with an old friend—a trained nurse I had known for upward of twenty years. She was well on in middle life, though still hale and in active practice. She had nursed members of my family when I was a lad and living at home. She remembered me in my first pair of long trousers. She was lavender and old lace to me—an image from out of the flown years; and here she was, a little silver-haired lady whom I remembered as a pretty woman—and here was I, a dope fiend whom she remembered as a gawk of a boy with a mighty ambition to go to sea! I tried to dodge, but she had seen me. One glance at my eyes told her what ailed me. She let me down easily, as I might have foreseen she would; but she asked me to tell her all about it.

I was glad to tell this old friend, this kindly woman who had spent so many years helping suffering human beings. She listened with calm, serious eyes. Then, after falling silent and reflective for a while, she looked up at me with a smile I shall always remember.

"If I suggest a plan," she said, "will you promise to obey me absolutely—as absolutely as if you still were a boy living at your mother's home?"

What man in my condition of black despair would have withheld so simple a promise from such a woman as that? Of course I promised.

"Then," she said, "we will fight this thing together, you and I—and we will win!"

A thrill such as comes from the crash of majestic organ music ran through my wasted body—hope, not merely kindled but bursting into flame!

One week later—it was at the beginning of winter—my old friend the trained nurse and I, with a colored "settled woman" for maid-of-all-work, were installed in a shipshape, comfortably furnished little cottage away down at the far end of Long Island. The cottage was built upon the sand, surrounded by shifting dunes, and was set back only a little distance from the booming breakers. The nearest cottage to ours was a quarter of a mile distant. My friend the trained nurse took down with her everything needful for her task and my ordeal—hypodermic syringes and a layout of needles; plenty of morphine; all the tonic, hypnotic and other medicines that would be required.

For two days we rested, getting used to the place. Then the nurse and I had a long talk—for we were to begin on the morrow. The treatment, she told me—of course I had surmised it—was to be the reduction method. At no time was I to ask any questions, no matter how badly I felt, as to the amount of the drug she was giving me. I was never to ask for more frequent injections than she considered it wise to give me. I was to realize that she perfectly understood my condition, for she had taken care of a great many patients addicted to morphine. I was constantly to remember in my self-communings that my will power was not enfeebled, as I had been supposing it to be. It was temporarily dormant, but would come back stronger than ever by reason of the ordeal to which I was voluntarily subjecting myself.

Despite my distaste for food, I was to eat whatever and whenever she asked me

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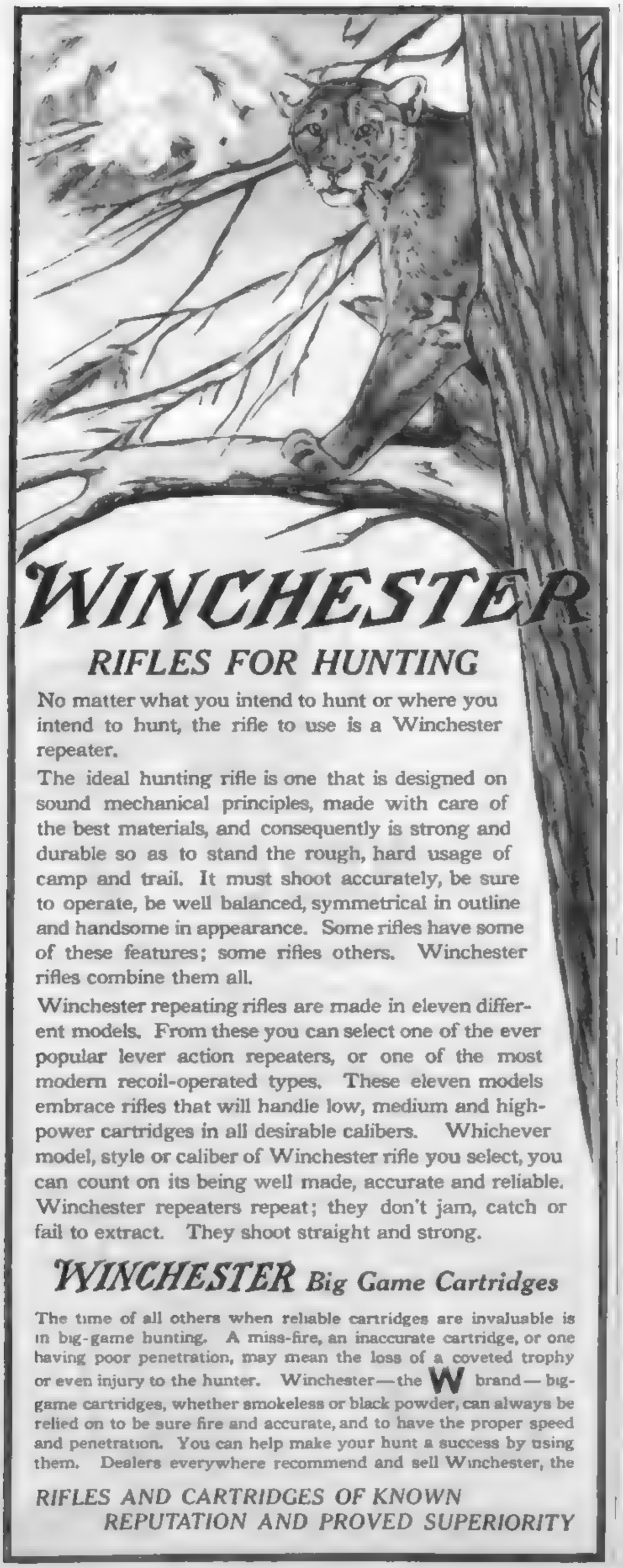

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RIFLES AND CARTRIDGES OF KNOWN REPUTATION AND PROVED SUPERIORITY

to eat. Despite my lassitude, I was to exercise whenever she told me to exercise. Despite my inability to sleep without great doses of sleep-causing drugs, I was to go to bed when she directed me to and not ask for sleep-causing drugs; she would give those to me when she considered them necessary. Finally I was to be up to myself at all times—to play the game! Would I do all these things? Thus there was a perfect understanding between us. The ordeal began.

The first fortnight was not so very bad. The person addicted to morphine becomes adept at estimating correctly from his feelings the amount of the drug that is being given him by some one else. I was conscious from the start that my daily self-administered amount of fifteen grains was being cut—and cut decidedly. And so during those first two weeks I was pretty nervous and jumpy.

Still, it was not unendurable. I was there to have my morphine cut.

Toward the middle of the third week, however, my numbed nerves woke with a whimper that soon became a shriek. They were not getting the amount of morphine they had become used to. "More!" they howled menacingly. The big fight was on!

Though, as I afterward learned, the reduction was very gradual—on some days, when I was in alarmingly bad shape, as small an amount as an eighth of a grain—the great accumulation of morphine in my system was being eliminated. Drugs that were antagonists and eliminants of morphine were being used along with the morphine.

That, of course, was what created the misery—the throwing off of the accumulated morphine. Nerves, heart and brain had become accustomed to just so much of the drug—not only for immediate absorption but for storage purposes. They knew perfectly well that their morphine ration was being diminished, and so they proclaimed themselves. They let me know that they knew it.

From long hours of black, almost lethal lethargy, I would suddenly be roused into a sort of dervishlike frenzy—but without the sustaining ecstatic fervor or rapture that animates the gyrating zealots. At such times the muscular twitchings of my arms and legs, perfectly uncontrollable, were like those of a marionette upon a wire. When I felt these contorting periods coming on I would rush out of the cottage to the hollows of the dunes. I did not want my nurse to see me twitching like a marionette. There, among the dune hollows, dripping with a deadly cold sweat that would soak through even my outer clothes, I would, often for hours on end, go through the motions of a sort of hideous saraband, which I devised to work off the frightful twitching nervousness. I would dance the devilish thing until I fell upon the sand from sheer exhaustion.

Three Dark Months

Then I would creep back to the cottage, change my clothing, and relapse into a sort of transfixed physical apathy, like that of a torpid serpent in a glass case.

All the time my brain worked like a racing propeller—worked without any light, without any hope, without any relief; worked upon images of darkness, upon things the normal mind shuns.

I obeyed orders. I could not disobey her orders. I say orders, but they were never that. I should say her calm, resolute guidance. I ate when the meals were put upon the table, though the smell and sight of food were repulsive. I went to bed when told to do so though I got little or no sleep. The constant aching of bones and muscles, caused by the withdrawal of the morphine, would alone have kept me tossing in misery all night, even if my brain had not always remained as active as a torch flaring in the wind.

When I was on the verge of actual madness for the stark need of sleep I would get a hypnotic that would give me a little broken rest for a few hours.

I could not read. I had no power of concentration. A hundred times a day I would pick up a book, grit my teeth, and vow that I would read to the end of the page at any cost of effort. But it was impossible. About two lines was my limit. Then my frantic mind would leap to a renewed consideration of the unspeakable blackness of life. The book would roll out of my trembling hands to the floor. My nurse had no need to enforce her rule that I must exercise in the open air. No matter how weak I felt, I had my dance in the sand. That was exercise enough. I did not know until later that she often had seen me stepping the manikin paces of my insane saraband from a second-story window of the cottage. Not for one minute was the tempter idle.

"You unutterable fool!" he would sneer—literally forcing me to speak for him. "What is the use of all this? All of your corroding misery will come to nothing. There is no chance for you! What is the use? What is this norm that you are striving to regain? Grayness, that is all—nothing but grayness! And isn't even your morphine trance better than this racking agony beyond words? A man can live for years while taking morphine. Why not have done with this long-drawn, fruitless woe of body and mind, and go back to morphine? It will be easy! Rush to the station and bolt for New York on the first train!"

Then I would rush out of the cottage, make for the dunes, and go through my dance until I fell prone upon the sand. The thought of the numbing relief that more morphine would give me preyed always upon my mind as a whipping flag does upon the ear. But I could not ask her for more morphine. I would not. I did not!

Freedom at Last

One forenoon about the middle of the fourth month she came out on the porch, where I sat huddled and twitching in a deep chair contemplating blackness. She asked me how I felt. I looked at her with what must have been a tenuous ghost of a smile. I could not reply in words. She approached me and placed her hand upon my shoulder. I saw with surprise that there were tears in her eyes.

"I have something very wonderful to tell you," she said. "Prepare yourself to hear." She paused for a moment to control herself. "You have not had any morphine for two weeks! During that time I have been giving you injections of water!"

I was shockingly weak, but I leaped from my chair and took that splendid silver-haired woman in my arms. Once more a free man! The tempter vanished utterly from that moment—and he never returned.

We stayed on at the cottage for two months more. I remained desperately nervous and miserable, of course. I needed physical building up and a mental readjustment to life. That is it—readjustment to the mere business of living. They were black months. The brilliant sunshine of early spring seemed raw, unfiltered, garish to me. I had to fight my irritableness, my distaste for life, as an overmatched boxer fights his antagonist in the ring; but gradually I felt something of my old self—the old me—coming back. And I was free!

One beautiful sunshiny morning in late April I was shaving in the bathroom. I had had quite a number of hours of natural, refreshing sleep; then some breakfast, which I had relished. The bathroom window was open. The grass on the little lawn was very green. Some lilacs were bursting into bloom in the yard and filling the soft, woolly air with their fragrance. I gazed out through the lazily swaying Swiss curtains for a long time.

Then, starting to strop my razor, I began whistling an old tune I had known in the other time—the good time. Whistling! I had not whistled for years! Well, I was overjoyed to think that I could whistle again. It had been a long time since I had seen the inside of a church or said a prayer; but something seemed to impel me at that moment to drop on my knees. And that is what I did—right there on the bathroom floor.

Thus did I enter upon and emerge from the enslavement of morphine. I was very lucky. I never cease to think of how lucky I was. More than two years passed before I became really normal in mind and body; but then I was better than ever I had been before, because the drink that led to the morphine was forever put behind me. The fifth anniversary of my freedom came the other day. I played a robustious game of golf all that day and every card I turned in was a winner. If anybody reading this supposes that there is enough wealth in Ormus and Ind to tempt me again, then obviously I have not made myself clear as to what it means—in misery and horror and black despair—to be under the dominion of "the drug of death."

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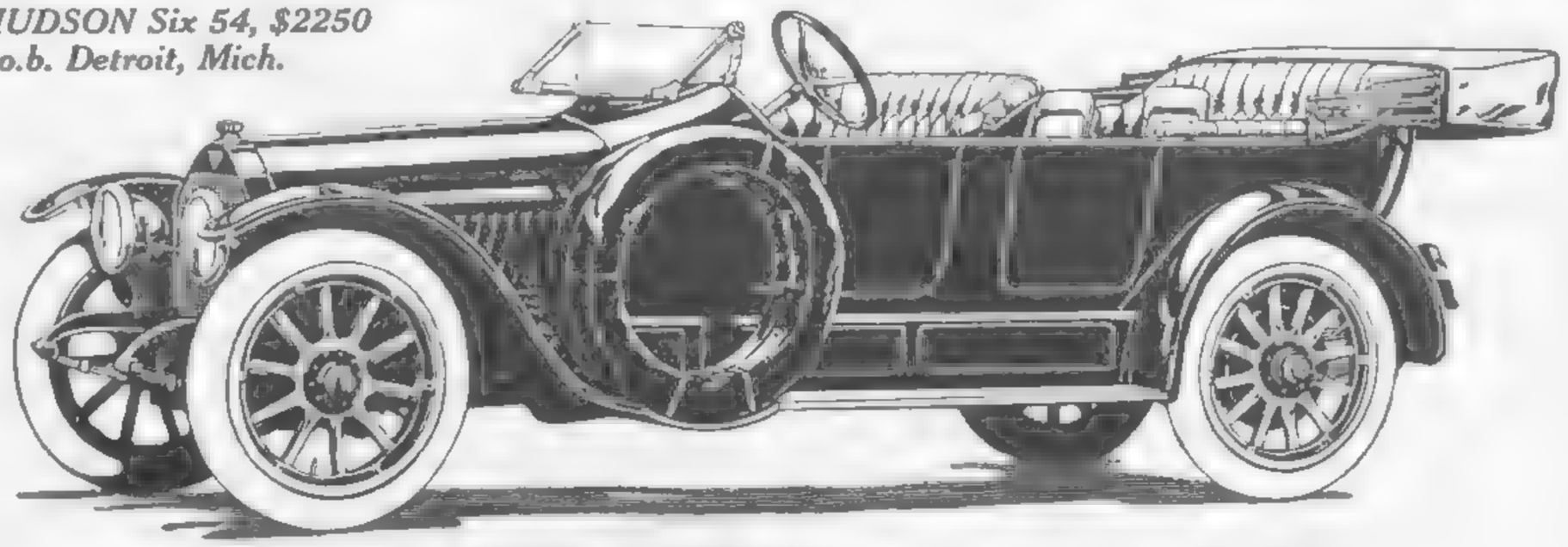

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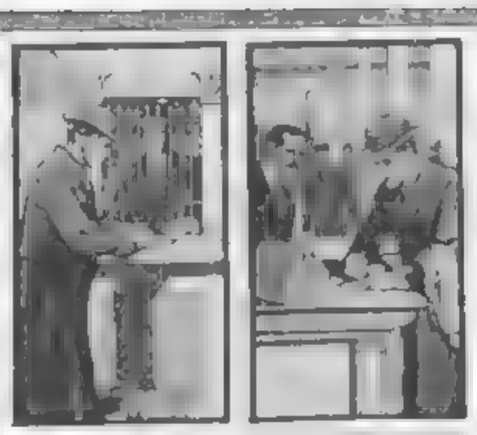

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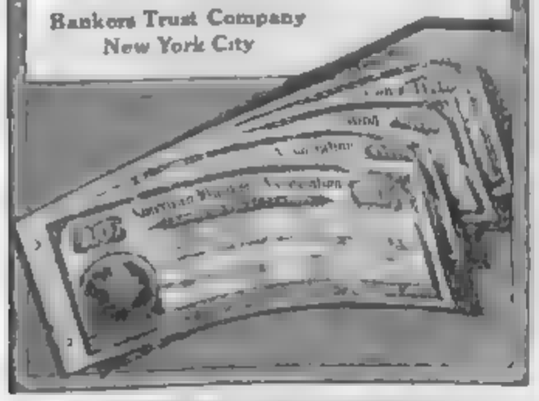

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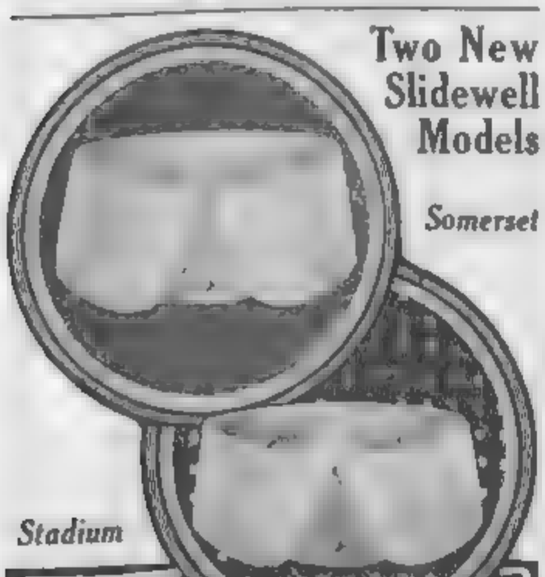

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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

Continued from Page 25

"I gave it to you with a wish like a boy, Joy, and the wish has come true. We'll keep it so!"

I stood watching him down the street; then I went back to the little flower blooming in the dusk. This was the love we could not have, kissing the hem of my gown, looking up at me with virgin-blue eyes. I suppose that those persons who take noisy pleasure in their integrity never know the cruelest tests; never could withstand them. From that day until the one upon which this story ends I did not see Charlie Archibald, but I saw Alice oftener. Alice seemed to be the alternative in my life, the crystal ball I went to stare at when I could not read my fate in clearer meaning.

I will not say that Millidge forgot me as time wore on. Rather it regarded me, I believe, with a kind of silent amazement. It was not usual for a woman who had won so much distinction to give up her place voluntarily in society without choosing a career or even joining a club. I did neither. And I refused to explain why I preferred a flower garden to the rest of the world. This was because I did not prefer it and because I was not willing to admit the fact.

They all changed, the young men and women with whom I had entered the social whirl. Chan Peters had married Mabel Leigh, and Bunk Hopgood married Lucy Gilfilling that spring. Lucy was a child in short frocks when I came out.

Augustus Brown was now governor of the state. He had married Mrs. Franklin. I sometimes saw him on the street. We would exchange the most distant nod of recognition. I knew that toward the end I had come perilously near marrying him myself; but it had no weight now in my mind. It was like remembering a certain occasion when I might have fallen downstairs, but did not.

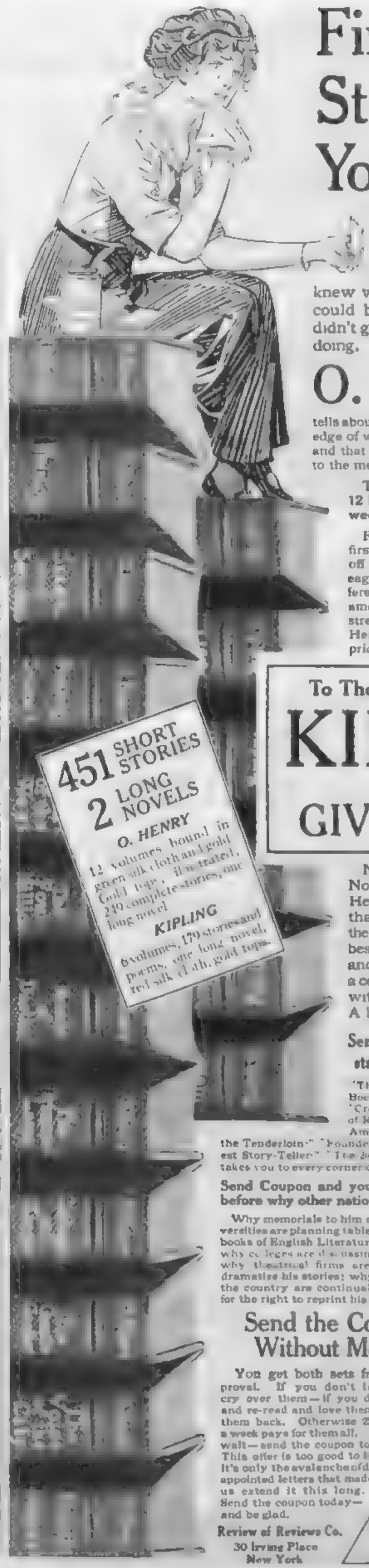
Emmet and Margaret were growing fat. He was a moderate kind of man who lost his hair and became bald shortly after his marriage. Hair was immoderate, a youthful extravagance to be outgrown. Margaret was a moderate woman who presented him with a son the year after their marriage and ever after devoted herself to the child. Emmet was recognized as a prominent, prosperous citizen. We attended the same church; he was a vestryman. Every Sabbath we brushed past one another in the aisle of that place, or we took sacrament from the same cup and plate, arose and knelt, making our responses to Almighty God in unison out of the Book of Common Prayer.

I used to look at him sometimes as he passed the contribution plate, his bald pate shining, the jowls of his face hanging down, red as the wattles of a turkey cock, and I was thankful I had escaped that also.

I was still beautiful, far more beautiful than I had ever been. That silence which is the last word of loveliness in the human countenance had now somehow enveloped me, and cleared my brow of that first inquisitiveness of mere youth. I had become the affirmative of what is sometimes called "glorious womanhood." I no longer asked questions or answered them. I merely waited. I could not claim that I had been true to David. There was Charlie Archibald who had passed, not exactly like an accusation, but like a shadow between us. And there was Alice dying between us. I was sure now that this was her malady—David—which she had tried to escape in the lies of charity, in the dissolution of occultism. I almost pitied her—and went on living myself.

It is a great achievement to survive your own sorrow. Sorrow salivates the spirit of the average woman, restores her to the angels with the corners of her mouth turned down and a bad complexion. I refused to be salivated and I kept a skin as fair as the lilies in my garden.

Meanwhile I was obliged to pay more attention to father. He had given up the illusion of practicing law. Some days he did not go downtown at all. He was making the last lap in the journey of life, when a man returns home by the paths of his childhood. He was slipping back into that innocency of nature that sometimes waits for a man in his old age, when his appetites die and his blood ebbs like a tide, to rise upon another shore.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The garden, as I cleared it, came back to him like a song his mother used to sing. He would come out and spend whole days with me in it, scraping about foolishly with the trowel. He remembered when this or that rosebush was planted. He recalled the time when the jonquils stood in orderly rows round the moon beds. He was interested to discover that of all the flowers planted there so long ago only the bleeding hearts had remained sadly aloof beneath the shade of the walk. He was sorry that I could not remember my grandmother, who had first made the garden. He thought this woman who had changed to dust these many years still held the key to it, that there were certain things I could never understand because I had not known her. He imparted it as a secret to me one day that mother did not get on well with the flowers. He said she made war upon them. He had known her to get as angry with a hyacinth for coming up in the wrong place as if it had fallen from grace.

Speaking of mother reminded him that he felt very weak, faint. He would go in the summerhouse and wait patiently, if I would see if I could find a little cordial to revive him. Perhaps there was some whisky in the house. He regretted that Francis was so niggardly about the sideboard. A gentleman ought always to keep a decanter there.

The muscles in the back of his legs were relaxing, causing him to slur the ground softly with his heels as he walked. But being revived by the cordial, or the julep, or whatever I could find to comfort him, he would go on, artlessly garrulous.

He attached a significance to the fact that bulbs moved about, like men, looking for new homes. He wished vaguely that he could go somewhere himself. He had bloomed too long in the same place. He was getting into a rut. That was what was the matter with him; didn't I think so?

He propounded this question to me slyly one evening as we sat in the garden waiting for Francis to come home. I looked at him. He was pale. The flesh that had been his double chin hung in a fold. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes full of longing. He was a poor old pilgrim who felt the parting of time. He was in a vague hurry to be going somewhere. He was restless with this coming instinct of eternity.

"You do need a change, father," I said; "some little diversion. You have not been down town this week. Tonight after dinner we'll go down to the Buckhaulters'."

"No," he objected, "I'm tired of the Buckhaulters. Buckhaulter can't play a good game any more; he's too old to remember his cards. And he never could talk!"

"Well, then, where do you want to go?" I asked kindly.

"I don't know—away from Millidge. I used to travel a good deal, Joy. Used to know a lot of people. Had a friend in New York. We sometimes went down to Atlantic City together. I was there last just after the Boardwalk was built. Things went wrong. Lost a lot of money. Wish I could see old Morgan again. Your mother never liked him. What women don't know they suspect. She thought Morgan had bad influence on me—she was always looking for bad influences. Mighty good woman, your mother was, Joy!" he concluded with a sigh.

Then presently he began again.

"Don't you ever want to get away?" he asked, turning his face to me and regarding me carefully.

"I never think of it," I answered dully.

"But don't you ever aim to marry?"

"Husbands don't grow in gardens!" I laughed, trying to be patient.

"It's not right and it's not natural. I want to see my daughter in the world where she belongs. I will speak to Francis!" he exclaimed, rising with an effort and starting for the house.

"Don't; it will only annoy him," I advised.

"I will speak to him, I say. He has no right to keep the most beautiful woman in this country fastened up here like a hen in a coop!" he retorted, striking his stick upon the ground.

We still regarded Francis as our natural enemy—a man who prospered outrageously in his business, who never took a vacation himself, and who would, I thought, be far from conceding one to the members of his family who did no business at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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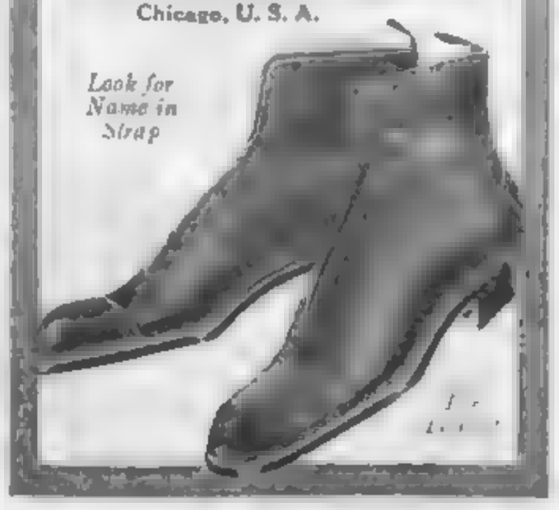

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$17 $17

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When you buy Styleplus Clothes $17 you do not have to "guess" what kind of clothes you are getting. You ***see*** the style and you ***know*** that the wear is guaranteed.

The Styleplus Label is your Bond of Clothing Surety. When you see it in a garment you can buy it with entire confidence in its long wear and style-that-stays. Clothes you can absolutely ***trust.*** Clothes ***bonded*** to deliver the goods. Clothes of such genuine materials and such thorough, expert workmanship that the maker issues a Promissory Note of Service with each garment. That is the meaning of this Styleplus Label.

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TIBERIUS TINKER—PRESS AGENT

Continued from Page 19

Ten minutes later the chief of police was called up on the telephone at his residence.

"Hello, chief! Is that you?" demanded a brisk, businesslike voice.

"Yes."

"Well, this is the assistant city editor of the Chronicle speaking. Say, chief, you've got our own dear little city editor, Johnny Withers, locked up in your birdcage. Johnny got illuminated this afternoon—you know him, don't you? He's a rabbit weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds, soaking wet, and every time he gets that way he has a fool idea he can whip a policeman. He dug into Redmond early this evening; and Redmond, not knowing him, beat him up and had him thrown into the cooler. One of the Herald boys saw him up at the city prison and just phoned in. They have him booked there under the name of Philip Davenport Chessler. He gave the name of his half brother. Now, chief, we need Johnny tonight—and we need him badly! Phone down to Captain Kelly and tell him to let Johnny out. Why, he hasn't had any dinner!"

"I'll attend to it right away," promised the chief. He was new to his job and was in no hurry to prejudice himself with the newspaper boys; so he called up Captain Kelly at the Central Station and retold the sad story of Johnny Withers.

"Don't believe it!" said Kelly. "That Tib Tinker person was in to see the man about fifteen minutes ago. I think it's a frame-up!"

"Well, it ain't a felony case, is it?"

"No; but he hit Redmond on the nose ——"

"Tell Redmond to keep his nose in the air, like a good, straight policeman, and he won't get it hit. Take no chances, Kelly! Turn the man loose."

"You're the boss!" grumbled Kelly. He went into the prison and shouted: "Johnny Withers!"

"Here!" piped a subdued voice, and the bedraggled author pressed his face against the bars.

"Awfully sorry, Mr. Withers," mumbled Kelly; "but Redmond didn't know who you were, and neither did the rest of us. The chief just phoned down and told me to apologize to you. Turnkey, let Mr. Withers out."

"Oh, thank you so much!" gasped Philip Davenport Chessler, and fled. On the sidewalk outside Tiberius Tinker awaited him.

"Now," said Mr. Tinker fraternally, "I'm nearly all in myself; but I guess I have enough coin left to stake you to a frugal supper. Then I'll take you home."

So he fed Mr. Chessler, took him to the Receiving Hospital, had him washed and mended, and at about ten o'clock parted from him on the steps of the author's boarding house.

"Now remember, Chessler," was his parting injunction, "you lay low here all day tomorrow, so I can find you the minute I need you. I'll have your job back by noon tomorrow—sure!"

From the author's lodgings Tiberius Tinker proceeded to three newspaper offices, where he held converse with three city editors, after which he departed to his new lodgings in a fourth-rate downtown hotel, where he had been enabled to secure accommodations for one week on credit, by virtue of the fact that he had baggage—namely, one suitcase. And at ten o'clock the following morning he presented himself at the offices of the advertising agency and sent in his card to Mr. Homer J. Munro.

Presently he was ushered into Munro's office and the advertising man glanced up and inquired his business. Tiberius Tinker helped himself to a chair and sat down.

"Mr. Munro," he began, "I have presumed to make it my business to call upon you in reference to one of your late employees—Mr. Philip Davenport Chessler ——"

Munro interrupted him with a negative gesture.

"Mr. Tinker, your business is finished. Good day, sir!"

"You will do one of two things, Mr. Munro: Either you will listen to me until I have stated the reason for my visit or find yourself a defendant in a suit for criminal slander. Last night, in the presence of witnesses, you addressed my client as a drunken, profligate scamp, and discharged him from your employ."

"That was my privilege, sir."

"It was unjust. Please do not interrupt me, sir! Yesterday, upon beholding my client bleeding profusely and supported by the arm of a policeman, with a curious crowd gathered round, you hurriedly jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Chessler, while intoxicated, had indulged in a street brawl; in consequence of which, filled with righteous indignation, you discharged him on the spot. Am I not right in my premises?"

Homer J. Munro admitted that Mr. Tinker was stating the truth.

"Very well, then. I have not called to urge Mr. Chessler's reinstatement, but to see justice done my client. And if I am anything of a judge of human nature you would be the last man in the world to do any man an injustice."

Homer J. Munro could do no more than look embarrassed and admit that Tiberius Tinker was eminently right.

"Very well, sir," continued Tinker. "I take it, then, that you have not seen this morning's papers. Pray read that!" And he indicated a story tucked away on an inside page. Munro read:

"AUTHOR SERIOUSLY INJURED

"Philip Davenport Chessler, who has won an enviable reputation through his short stories and articles in leading Eastern magazines, was yesterday added to the traction company's list of victims.

"While crossing the street in the rear of a Sutter Street trolley car yesterday afternoon, the author's right foot became entangled in the loop of the trolley rope, which was dangling out the rear window, with the result that when the car started rapidly down the hill Chessler was dragged along the tracks for fully fifty feet before passers-by called the attention of the car crew to his dangerous predicament.

"Chessler suffered painful bruises and lacerations of the scalp; and at the Receiving Hospital, where he was taken, it was at first feared that he had sustained internal injuries. At a late hour last night he revived sufficiently to be moved to his home at 2341 Pine Street, where he will be confined for at least a month."

Homer J. Munro looked up and favored his visitor with a sickly grin. Tiberius Tinker continued:

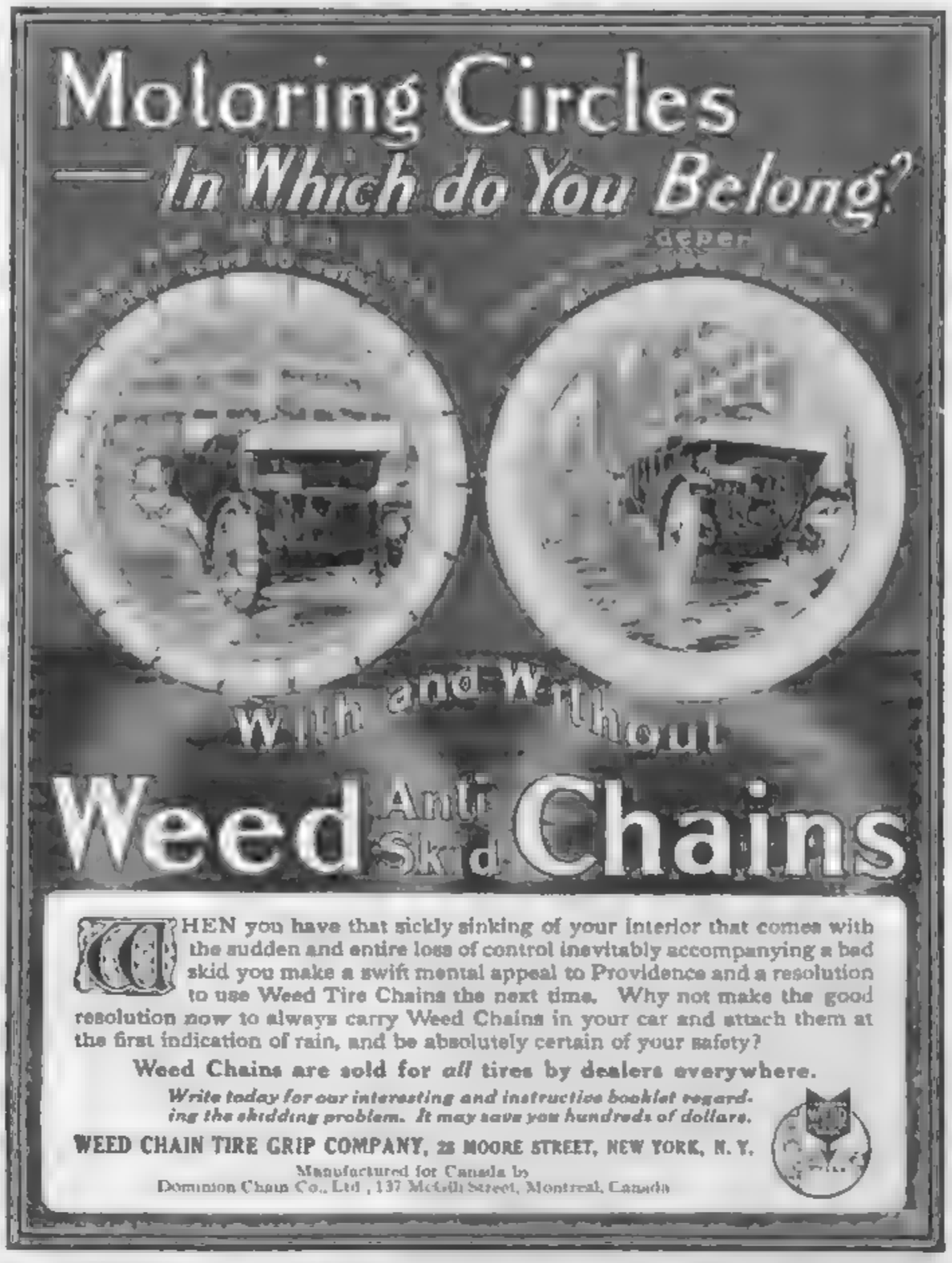
"Mr. Munro, I was a passenger on the car that dragged your Mr. Chessler. Immediately after his painful accident I assisted the carcrew to place Mr. Chessler aboard the car and we proceeded to the junction of Sutter and Market streets. Mr. Chessler was here removed from the car by two traffic policemen and the police patrol was hastily summoned to remove him to the Receiving Hospital. In my capacity of innocent bystander I was present when you passed by, saw the young man, all bloody and bedraggled, supported by Officer Redmond, and jumped to the conclusion—for what reason, I know not—that Mr. Chessler had been fighting drunk; whereupon you called him a drunken, dissipated scoundrel and discharged him on the spot.

"Do not attempt to deny it, sir. I heard you and, being an attorney, I took the names of at least a dozen witnesses. Later I called upon Mr. Chessler at the hospital and laid the case before him. He at once engaged me to call upon you and explain the exact situation, to demand a written apology from you—and, provided that be not forthcoming immediately, to enter suit for fifty thousand dollars against you for slander—deliberate and malicious slander! I trust that I have sufficiently explained to you the object of this visit."

Munro was flabbergasted, but he was Scotch and his fighting blood was up, even though the prospect of a suit for huge damages caused him to cringe inwardly. He had forgotten what he had called Chessler, but he recalled perfectly the things he wanted to call him—and he was all in a flurry. Perhaps he did say those awful things. Indeed it mattered little whether he had said them or not if this man Tinker had a dozen men willing to swear he had said them. However he essayed to introduce a little evidence in rebuttal:

"I repeat, Mr. Tinker, that Mr. Chessler had been taking liquor, for his eyes were wild and roving and I distinctly smelled liquor. Now as he had made me a solemn promise to remain a total abstainer ——"

"The very point I expected you to bring out! My client's eyes were wild and roving. He was badly dazed. And you did smell



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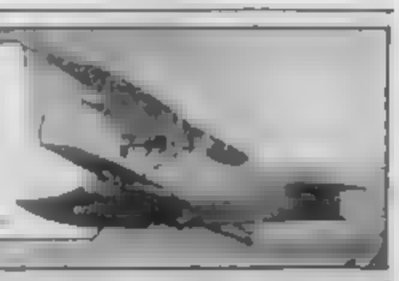

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liquor on him, for while the car crew were picking him up I made it my business to run across to a drug store and return with a glass of brandy, which I endeavored to force him to drink. He dashed the liquor from my hand and it was spilled over his coatfront. That was the liquor you smelled if you smelled any; and I have the honor to inform you that at the risk of his life my client refused to partake of alcoholic liquor—in view of his solemn pledge given you that he would remain a total abstainer."

Homer J. Munro was squelched. He held out his hand to Mr. Tinker.

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness, Mr. Tinker; but I am Scotch and quick-tempered—and, I fear, as stubborn as any of my race. I fear I have done poor Chessler a grave injustice and I shall call upon him as soon as he is able to receive me and apologize to him. Meantime I wish you would convey my compliments to your client, Mr. Tinker, and tell him I sincerely crave his pardon for my rash speech. Also that his old position is still open to him here. Though Mr. Chesaler is, to my way of thinking, a trifle daffy on literature, he is, nevertheless, an A-Number-One ad writer, and we shall be delighted to have him return to us."

"I should say no man could act handsomer, Mr. Munro. I assure you the matter is now satisfactorily adjusted; and if in its presentation I have appeared at all harsh or—er—unprofessional, I am sure you will ascribe it to a very human impulse to right a serious injustice to my client. I bid you good morning, sir!" And again shaking Munro's hand Tiberius Tinker made his exit.

"By Judas!" he soliloquized as he shot down in the elevator, "the late Edwin Booth had nothing on me! For the sheer art of grabbing circumstance by the tail and twisting it to produce a much-needed revenue this adventure makes my rescue of Percy the Penman look amateuriah. I was born for the stage! And now for that freak author and an order on old Munro for forty dollars!"

A half hour later he rang the doorbell at Chessler's boarding house and the landlady answered.

"To see Mr. Chessler," Tinker announced.

"Is this Mr. Tinker?"

Mr. Tinker bowed.

"Well, Mr. Chessler isn't here any more. He left a little while ago; and before he got into the taxicab"—Tiberius Tinker had that gone feeling in his stomach at the bare mention of such extravagance—"he left this note and said I was to give it to Mr. Tinker when he called."

Trembling with secret misgivings, Tinker tore open the note and read:

"*Dear Tinker:* Tremendously obliged to you, old man, for getting me out of trouble and for your efforts to get my job back for me; but the fact is I have decided not to return to work for Munro.

"Please read the inclosed clippings. The same story appears in all three morning papers. Of course I wasn't dragged at the end of a trolley rope, but it is quite evident that somebody was; and that somebody, endeavoring to pass himself off as somebody, gave my name—though it may be merely a coincidence that our names are alike!

"However there is this much comfort in it: It proves that, though I have only published three short stories, my worth is recognized by the newspapers at least—this despite the fact that my last story appeared two years ago. That the reporters recall me after a two-years' silence is proof enough to me that my light is too big to be hid under a bushel basket.

"I do not pretend to know the identity of my unfortunate namesake who suffered the injury at the end of the trolley rope—neither do I care. I only know the claim agent of the street-car company called at nine o'clock and settled with me for the other fellow's accident. I received five hundred dollars; and, though I suppose it is wicked of me to take it, I am doing so, nevertheless, for the sake of my art and my future. I shall, of course, return it within a week after landing in New York, whither I have gone to fight the editors.

"Sincerely and gratefully,

"PHILIP DAVENPORT CHESSLER."

By all the rules of short-story writing this tale should end here. A due and proper regard for construction demands that the curtain of charity should fall on this final scene, for anticlimaxes are inartistic and disappointing; but our art forbids conformation to the accepted standards and Tiberius Tinker was not the man to acknowledge defeat at the first knockdown.

Instead, therefore, of tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth at thus beholding his fondest dreams decay, Mr. Tinker sat down on the steps and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheerful face. Mr. Chessler's landlady, watching him from a crack in the door, thought he was insane.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful client!" mused Tiberius Tinker, and laughed anew. "That poor, deluded author! Oh, the beating that's coming to him when he goes forth to fight the editors!"

Wiping his eyes, Mr. Tinker picked himself up and strolled briskly down the street, for there was sunshine in his soul and it was Friday afternoon—and his real troubles would not arrive until Saturday.

For the next two hours Tiberius Tinker was a very busy man. About two o'clock he locked himself in his office and called up a certain number on the phone. When the person with whom he desired to speak finally answered his persistent Hello! this is what Tiberius Tinker said:

"Hello! Is that Mr. Jonas G. Squibbs, vice-president and treasurer of the United Street-Car Properties? . . . Thank you! This is Mr. Tinker, the attorney who aided you yesterday when your foot got caught in that trolley rope on the Sutter Street line. . . . You're not the man? Oh, yes, you are, Mr. Squibbs. . . . You were very rude to me yesterday, and even after I saved your life you forgot to say Thank you! . . . How do I know? Why, I took the number of the taxicab and then I hunted up the chauffeur. Your clothes were quite ruined, you know, and I had an idea he'd take you to your home. The chauffeur remembered the incident perfectly and I have his sworn affidavit. What's that you say?—I can't get anything out of the car crew! Certainly not. I do not wish to.

"Your claim agent called on another man this morning and settled with him for five hundred dollars in full for all claims for the accident you suffered! . . . Ha-ha! Te-he! Quite a huge joke, don't you think, Mr. Squibbs? And it all comes of your horror of the thing getting into the papers and giving the reporters an opportunity to make fun of you. Your own men didn't know you and you concealed your identity. Then the claim agent read a little press-agent yarn of mine in the morning papers and that was the first news he had of it. He interviewed the car crew, ascertained that there had been such an accident, called on the wrong man—who, by the way, happened to be bandaged up more or less—and settled for five hundred. Of course you won't be unkind enough to have those street-car boys fired for failing to make a report. That would be very unclublike.

"And I know you would hate to see this story freaked up and down the front pages of all the city papers. . . . Yes—that's why I didn't say anything to some reporter friends of mine. . . . With the newspapers demanding the abolition of the overhead trolley system as impracticable and dangerous, and in view of the tremendous expense of overhauling the road and putting in the underground conduit system, it would hardly do to have this story break. I knew you'd hate to be cartooned dragged along by the heels at the end of your own trolley rope. . . . Certainly, Mr. Squibbs. . . . I'll send you a bill and you might write me a letter, stating that you are inclosing the check, together with my bill, which please receipt and return—it's best that way. Then there's no comeback. . . . Oh, don't worry, Mr. Squibbs! . . . Not at all. I've forgotten the entire matter already!"

And Mr. Tinker hung up.

If this were a moving picture instead of a short story it would end thus:

Insert: Mr. Tinker's billhead, upon which appears a single typewritten line:

Jonas G. Squibbs to Tiberius Tinker, Attorney-at-law, DR.

To professional services rendered, $1000.

Underneath, in a scrawling hand, the words:

Received Payment,
T. TINKER.

9/27/'12.

Final insert: The thumb and forefinger of Tiberius Tinker holding a certified check for one thousand dollars!

The check is signed by Jonas G. Squibbs.

Then the lights go up!

Youth, the Arbiter of Fashions

The fastidious young bloods of Athens set the tunic styles of ancient Greece. The luxurious young patricians of Rome decreed the cut of the stately toga. A generation ago America's elite dressers slavishly followed the fashion dictates of the aristocracy of London and Paris. With the development of the clothing industry to the highest point of tailoring skill ever achieved, the foremost manufacturing tailors of America have naturally become the censors and creators of style.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

have always held to the highest precepts of good taste. They reflect the best thought from the style centers of the world, modified to meet the dictates of American men. Into these garments is tailored that sense of refinement and culture that everywhere distinguishes a gentleman.

Stein-Bloch models both for high-voltage young fellows and men of more serious years are at once accepted by the more thoughtful dressers.

Behind Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes is the responsibility of the Stein-Bloch label, sewn in each coat—the certificate of "Fifty Nine Years Of Knowing How."

THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Wholesale Tailors

Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue Bldg. CHICAGO: Republic Bldg.

A WAX-LIKE FINISH

STANVAR

APPLY WITH A RAG

TRADE MARK

There isn't a floor, a table, a piece of woodwork in your home, that wouldn't look better and wear better, if rubbed with STANVAR

WHAT STANVAR IS

STANVAR is a liquid, wax-like wood finish that instantly transforms dull, streaked, worn, lifeless wood surfaces into beautiful, wax-like surfaces. STANVAR is the finish that coats hard-wood or soft-wood floors, furniture and woodwork with a semi-gloss, wear-resisting, waterproof surface which brings out all the beauty of the wood and at the same time protects it from damage. It is also excellent for linoleum and oilcloth.

HOW TO USE STANVAR

Pour a little STANVAR on a piece of cheese cloth. Rub the cloth well over the article or floor and wipe lightly with another cloth, and you will instantly secure that beautiful, wax-like appearance which will radiate the freshness and cleanliness so much desired.

WHERE TO USE STANVAR

Use STANVAR on any wood surface in your home. It is ideally adapted to floors, because, while absolutely free from the dangerous slipperiness of wax, it is a liquid which can give them that most desirable wax-like finish. Floors once finished with STANVAR can easily be kept in perfect condition by occasionally rubbing the most used spots with a cloth moistened with STANVAR.

Here are a few articles on which enthusiastic housewives have successfully used STANVAR·

Baby Carriages	Cabinets	Front Doors	Sewing Machines
Banisters	Chairs	Linoleums	Side Boards
Baseboards	Chiffoniers	Oilcloths	Stairways
Bath Tubs (outside wooden frame)	Desks	Picture Frames	Tables
	Dining Tables	Porch Chairs	Trunks
Beds	Doors	Refrigerators	Window Frames
Book Cases	Floors (varnished and painted)	Screens	Window Seats
Bureaus		Serving Tables	Woodwork (interior)
		Settees	

STANVAR comes in half-pint, one pint, quart, half-gallon and one gallon cans—with patented air-tight tops to prevent leakage or evaporation.

WHERE TO OBTAIN STANVAR

All leading house furnishing, paint and hardware dealers are advocating and selling STANVAR.

TRY STANVAR AT OUR EXPENSE

Fill in and mail today the attached coupon, and we will promptly send you a liberal sample of STANVAR (sufficient to finish a large dining room table) together with instructive booklet describing in detail its many uses.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

2600 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS, 2600 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample can of STANVAR.

Name

Address

BEATING THE GAME

(Continued from Page 16)

lightly as possible. They were ill at ease, particularly Rennels, whose handsome face flushed and paled as I pointed out the many serious organization errors. Once, when I intimated that the plan was not novel, save in the misuse of the word "mutual," the young lawyer sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that I copied an old plan?" he demanded.

"I don't know anything about that, Mr. Rennels," I retorted in surprise. "I simply know the idea is by no means a new one."

"I don't see how that can be," he persisted. "I never heard of it."

I passed over the obvious retort, ticketing the young man for further examination.

The upshot of it all was that after several hours' discussion, interlarded with innumerable explanations, which at times sorely tried my none too patient nature, the plan was adopted by a vote of three to two, Rennels and Ford voting against me. Clayton, as chairman, could not vote except to decide a tie; but he was unequivocally for me, and his attitude, I am certain, influenced the pompous Longworth, who had shown rather pronounced evidence of disapproval prior to the vote.

I then read them the personal contract I had prepared, which stipulated an absolutely free hand in the reorganization and sale of stock, any interference being equivalent to a demand for my resignation, with a year's salary payable at once in such a contingency. I bound myself to proceed strictly along the lines laid out in detail in the approved plan. Any changes I desired to make were to be approved by the executive committee before being acted on. I placed my salary at two hundred dollars a month and expenses, my contract to expire in one year, or at any time before the close of a year when the stock should be sold and the company begin writing insurance. In the latter event I was to receive my salary for the balance of the year.

"Does that contract imply that you will not tolerate instructions or criticism from the company employing you?" demanded Rennels truculently.

"Precisely that, Mr. Rennels," I replied calmly. "Would you like to know my reason for inserting that clause?"

"I most assuredly would!" shouted the young lawyer. "It's the most remarkable proposal I have ever heard!"

"You gentlemen have been handling this company for seven months," I said quietly. "The result speaks for itself. I have no reason to presume that any of you will be suddenly and miraculously inspired with any very valuable ideas within the next few days. Therefore I am convinced that any instructions you might feel inclined to issue would be of little value. I think that is perfectly clear."

"You bet it is, and I'm for it!" exclaimed Hilliard. "How about it, Bassett?"

"Sounds more like business than anything I've heard in seven months," growled the planter, frowning at me as he spoke. "I'd make it even stronger if I had to tackle the job."

"Well, Ford, we haven't heard from you yet?" suggested Major Clayton.

The Office Personnel

Ford was nervously polishing his spectacles with his handkerchief. "I haven't much to say, major," he replied in a low voice; "except that I've worked mighty hard and faithfully to get the company going, and I can't say I feel very confident that an outsider like Mr. Thorpe, who admits he knows nothing about insurance, can do any better."

"'Tain't likely he can do much worse though, is it, Ford?" There was a crisp challenge in the major's voice.

The manager did not risk a reply, and I rose to go. "If you have no further questions to ask, gentlemen, I'll leave you," I said to the committee. "We know now where we stand, and I shall be glad to have your decision when it is reached."

I returned to the hotel confident that I had found my work. Still I breathed a sigh of relief when the major met me in the lobby with outstretched hand and the words "Congratulations, sir!" adding with that deep chuckle of his: "Or condolences. Bless me if I know which it ought to be!"

It had been decided that in the morning I was to accompany Major Clayton to the office of the company in the Emory Block, where the contract would be signed and I assume immediate charge of the work. By this arrangement I would automatically supplant Ford. In discussing this, Clayton suggested that I retain Ford as my assistant, assuring me of the man's value in actual insurance work.

The office force of the company was limited to Ford, a chap named Albert Rainey, who had been Ford's partner, and Miss Carol Whitredge, stenographer and office manager. Rainey's name appeared on the literature as "Superintendent of Agencies," but as yet there were no agencies to superintend. He had also assisted Ford in selling stock.

With a sort of resigned-to-my-fate expression oozing from him, Ford slowly and heavily complied with my numerous requests for information. That is he usually did after acquiring it from Miss Whitredge. It didn't take me long to discover that if there was any real head in the office it was that of the very attractive, quietly busy young lady at the typewriter.

Later Ford left the office, I being at the time engrossed in a record of stockholders reluctantly produced by my assistant. The list of honorary directors, whatever that may mean, and honorary vice-presidents, was as long as my arm. Actually, there were nearly one hundred of them! This was, I found out later, for "mutual protection," though wherein the protection lay I have yet to discover.

The Snippy Miss Whitredge

Ignorant as to the meaning of some cryptic marks against many of the names, I carried the sheets to Miss Whitredge for assistance. In reply to my request, she looked up at me through the clearest violet-blue eyes I have ever seen.

"You will have to pardon me, Mr Thorpe," she replied in a tone not implying any deep desire for forgiveness. "I have no instructions to divulge to you any matters pertaining to the company."

"But, my dear young lady, I have just assumed charge of this company," I explained.

"Have you?" she inquired sweetly. "I haven't been so informed. And—I'm not your dear young lady." She gave me a cool smile and bent over her work, evidently considering the incident closed.

I was nonplused and uncertain how to cope with the situation. It was saved by the return of Ford.

"Mr. Ford," I said coldly, "will you kindly explain to this young lady that from now on I am in charge of the Planters' Mutual Life Insurance Company, and that her work and knowledge of its affairs are at my service?"

"Would you prefer my resignation?" Miss Whitredge asked quickly, before Ford could gather his wits to reply.

"I would not!" I shot back at her. "I very much prefer you here, as a source of information that appears not to exist elsewhere."

Our eyes met for a long moment. "To what marks did you refer?" she asked.

"Just a moment, please. Mr. Ford, I am waiting for you to make my position clear to Miss Whitredge."

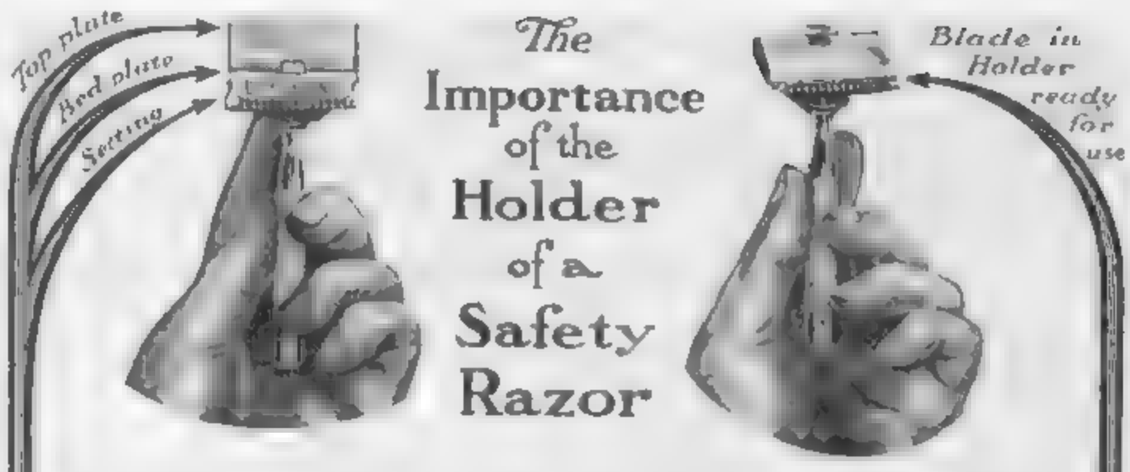
Ford shuffled his feet and sighed heavily. "Mr. Thorpe is temporarily in charge of the company," he said slowly. "I supposed you were aware of the fact."

"I am aware of many things, Mr. Ford, concerning which I have not been officially informed," retorted the young woman crisply. "May I now be permitted to serve you?" There was a note of sarcasm in the exaggerated humility of her voice as she again turned the battery of her eyes full upon me.

"You may, and I trust I can count on you for the same efficient aid you seem to have rendered the company in the past."

"I haven't the slightest intention of failing in my duty as long as I remain in this company's employ," was the enigmatic reply. Without further comment she informed me quickly and intelligently concerning the memoranda penciled on them.

The next ten days were the busiest I ever spent in my life, for besides all the new work to be done there were many loose ends handed down to me by the former management. I discovered that the stock already sold would have to be canceled, and the



The Importance of the Holder of a Safety Razor

WE want you to know why the *holder* is an all important feature of a safety razor, and why the new **Gem Damaskeene** holder is absolute *perfection* down to the minutest detail—in the first place experience and experiment have made it so.

Note how the top plate comes down to the bed plate, adjusting the blade between, so that it is absolutely accurate in the cutting and allowing the edge to strike the face just right—no matter what part of the face you are shaving, off comes the beard easily—smoothly—evenly. The very simplicity of the new **Gem Damaskeene** construction keeps it always in perfect shaving order, and the razor is so strongly made, and so easily cleaned, that its usefulness is practically unlimited

Gem $1.00 complete outfit

Damaskeene Blades are always uniform in edge and temper—they fit the holder at the perfect shaving angle.

Go to your dealer and compare the beauty and simple construction of the **Gem** with others—you'll buy and keep on using the **Gem**.

Write for Illustrated Folder

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
210-216 Eleventh Avenue New York

Let us tell you about this Policy

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

Send details of your Low Cost Monthly Income Policy. My name, address and date of birth and occupation are written below

2000% Increase

Lehigh's Record Growth

THAT figure stands as indisputable evidence of two interesting facts:

The ever-increasing appreciation of concrete for every form of construction.

World-wide recognition of the high qualities of Lehigh Portland Cement.

In 1898—in one mill—we produced and sold 600,000 barrels of Lehigh Cement. Last year it took 12,000,000 barrels—made in eleven mills—to meet the demand. This growth is unprecedented in the cement industry.

Test Lehigh Cement and be convinced of its superior quality. We will aid you in planning any concrete structure. Write us about your plans.

Lehigh Portland Cement Co.
781 Young Bldg., Allentown, Pa.
187 Consumers Bldg., Chicago
11 Mills—Annual Capacity over 12,000,000 Barrels

Williams'

The economy and ease of using Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is exceeded only by the luxury and comfort it affords.

SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24c. in stamps.

Men's Suit Case Set Contains
Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Cream
Dental Cream
Talc Powder
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

Women's Suit Case Set Contains
Talc Powder
Dental Cream
Cold Cream
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
Violet Toilet Water

Address The J. B. Williams Company
Department A
Glastonbury, Conn.

new issues sold at a premium of one hundred per cent, in order to create an immediate surplus for the company's running expenses as, under the new state insurance laws, the actual par value of the stock must remain intact and be invested under the supervision of the state insurance commissioner. This necessitated my asking an investor to pay two hundred dollars for a hundred-dollar share, on which I could not conscientiously promise dividends for five years.

Rennels worried me considerably, for though he carried out my instructions, and we survived the stockholders' meeting almost entirely represented by proxies held by Rennels and Ford, I was continually harassed by his arguing and bickering. Incidentally I discovered he was very attentive to Miss Whitredge, and I laid her very patent antagonism to his influence.

While the decks were being cleared for action in Emory, I secured every book on insurance I could find, and sat up many nights until gray dawn, absorbing what I could of the principles and routine of the business. Then I took the train for Chattanooga, where a Southern company had been in successful operation for several years, and through the generous courtesy of its president was permitted to make a thorough study of his methods.

On my return to Emory all was ready for the opening of my stock-selling campaign. I had succeeded in getting Major Clayton to take two thousand, Bassett three thousand, Hilliard and Longworth a thousand each. Rennels took one share, and Ford, after much hesitation, paid in two hundred dollars for his necessary certificate, as under our law a director must be a stockholder.

I mentioned running up to Millwood and seeing Corson, who I learned was the wealthiest man in the state, and who had sent in his check for one share. Major Clayton advised me to wait.

"Corson's a very peculiar man, sir," he warned me. "Of course you can follow your own judgment, but I believe you will have a better chance with him later on. You see, Mr. Thorpe, he's pretty sore over the withdrawal of the company's funds from his bank."

"But," I protested, "the money had to be returned. Besides, we've already sent back more than seven thousand, while he hasn't shown enough interest to come to a single meeting."

"I know, I know," acquiesced the banker. "As I said, he's a peculiar man. I wouldn't antagonize him, Mr. Thorpe, if you can help it; but I'm not going to dictate to you. You might use it to resign, and hold me up for a year's salary," he added, chuckling.

I wasn't satisfied, so I asked Miss Whitredge her opinion.

She looked at me curiously. "You are asking my advice?" I thought a faint smile lurked for an instant on her lips, though her eyes were serious.

Miss Whitredge's Advice

"I am. I don't seem to be able to get a satisfactory line on him. It strikes me the treasurer of this company, and the richest man in the state to boot, ought to come across royally right now when we need the money."

"Yes? My advice is not to waste your time on Mr. Corson."

"I've heard that before. But why?"

"Mr. Thorpe, does your idea of my duty to you include the purveying of information I do not desire to give?"

"Certainly not. Thank you very much, Miss Whitredge." Her cool, sarcastic smile as I turned away added considerably to my discomfort. I decided, however, to let Corson alone for the present, and make it my business to see this mysterious personage later on.

My stock-selling tour began at the home of a wealthy planter near Roseglen. He had owned a share, but did not subscribe to the new issue when the old was canceled. I was cordially received, and it being near the dinner hour my host insisted that I should dine first and we talk business afterward.

When our pipes were well under way I broached the question of stock.

"I reckon not, Mr. Thorpe," he drawled. "I'm powerful glad to get my hundred dollars back."

"You surprise me, Mr. Neale!" I exclaimed; and he really did, as he had a reputation for open-handedness. "Surely the Planters' is a company worthy of consideration by every man in the state."

"Just so, Mr. Thorpe. I ain't no fault to find with the scheme. Pretty good one, I reckon, for some people." There was a note of distrust in his voice.

"Yes? Who, for instance?" I inquired.

"Reckon you-all ain't very well acquainted round this section?" was Neale's counter question.

"You are correct, sir. I've only been in Emory a short while. Would you mind telling me just what you mean?"

"It will give me much pleasure, sir. Only"—the planter's words were saturated with hate—"I'd a heap sight rather tell him. I mean that man you-all have made treasurer. I mean Rufus Corson, sir!"

This was becoming interesting. At last I had found one man who did not hedge where Corson was concerned. "But, Mr. Neale," I pointed out, "Mr. Corson was treasurer when you bought your original stock."

"He was not," retorted Neale, "or he'd never have fingered a picayune of my money. I ain't got over my surprise yet at gettin' it back. No, sir, when we-all subscribed a young fellow named Rennels was temporary treasurer, and Rufe Corson's name didn't show up in the papers until the money began to come in big enough to make it interesting. I tell you, Mr. Thorpe, he's the slickest thing this country ever produced, and you-all can say goodby to any almighty dollar of yourn he ever gets his skinny claws on!"

Mr. Corson's Pedigree

I began to see the light. Before I left, an hour later, I had a pedigree of Rufus Corson and a knowledge of his reputation.

"Do you mind my quoting you to Mr. Corson for the benefit of the company?" I asked the planter when he had sufficiently flayed the object of his wrath.

"I don't mind you quoting me, whether it's for the company's benefit or not. Rufe Corson ain't got no strings on my property. 'Twon't be no news to him though. He knows a heap more about himself than any one can tell him."

"Thank you. Just one more question. If Mr. Corson should cease to have any connection with the Planters' would you become a stockholder?"

Neale eyed me thoughtfully for a few moments. "Young feller," he said in a slow, soft drawl, "it's mighty evident you don't know Rufe Corson. Yes, sir; if you get his claws off your company, an' can prove it, I'll take a chunk of your stock outer compliment to you, whether it's any good or not."

I held out my hand, laughing at his earnestness. "I'll see if I can't hold you to that. If your idea of Corson is correct, and I believe it is, we don't need him as treasurer. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

"No, sir, I don't know," drawled the planter. "Elsewise Rufe Corson would 'a' been run out of town thirty years ago."

My trip lasted one week. During that time I talked to about thirty wealthy men, mostly planters, for I was after big fish first. Everywhere I encountered the same protest against Corson.

In each case I made a memorandum of the exact epithets used, and before the week was over my collection would have held a mulewhacker spellbound with admiration and envy. I did sell a few shares, but following the line of action inspired by Neale I had pledges of nearly five hundred shares if the name of this almost incredibly feared financier of Millwood was stricken from the Planters' books.

Armed with this data I returned to Emory and went directly to the bank. The major was at his desk. "Glad to see you, Mr. Thorpe," he said heartily. "Didn't expect you back so soon. How's the fishing?"

"The suckers are not biting just now, Major Clayton. I'm afraid the hook shows too plainly." My voice was serious, and the banker gave me a quick, keen glance.

"So? I don't quite follow you. Run against trouble somewhere?"

"Would you mind coming up to my room?" I suggested, leaving his query unanswered. "I'd rather talk to you where we can't be disturbed."

Raking me with another swift look Major Clayton closed his desk and we walked silently to the hotel.

(Continued on Page 61)

If these two men only knew that Henry Porter of Springfield had *solved* the very business problem which baffles them!

And that the *answers* to hundreds of problems like theirs—solved in Siegel Cooper's, Darrell's the alert New England retailer's, The National Cash Register Company and thousands upon thousands of businesses, large and small—have been collected and classified by SYSTEM to save men's time and multiply their dollars!

All the best of this collection has been published in ten [illegible] two magazines—and now a 9,059-word book has been written to explain, picturing the work.

Will you accept this Business Book—if we send it FREE?

Pages 2 and 3 tell about [illegible] great and small; pages 4 and 5 [illegible] with [illegible]; page 7 [illegible] with the [illegible]; pages 12 to 15 [illegible] what [illegible] daily newspapers.

If [illegible] we need it free! Are you not [illegible] in your business affairs?

[illegible] Write to SYSTEM, Dept. 26, 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Master Salesmen

There are nine men in this office whose salaries aggregate $227,000 per year.

Those are pay-roll salaries, paid month by month—not the profits of ownership.

A dozen others are highly-paid men. Our total pay-roll exceeds $40,000 per month.

This seems the only way to give you in print any fair gauge of their calibre.

Just Salesmen

These men are just highly-trained, masterly salesmen. They devote their whole time to selling goods for our clients.

They expend about six million dollars per year on printed salesmanship. Their sales exceed, probably, $150,000,000 per year.

They carry tremendous responsibilities, and are paid in accordance with them.

They meet in print tens of millions of buyers. The sales of hundreds of products depend on their ability.

There are very few men whom one dares trust with such vast undertakings. So these rare men stand today among the most highly-paid men in business.

Our Business Is to Get Them

Our success and efficiency lie in getting these men, in training and developing.

We pay more than most advertisers can afford for such service. Then, through our commissions, the expense is divided.

We supply experience such as no single business can offer. Here these men deal with the selling problems of hundreds of big concerns.

And here, above all, they work in co-operation. They aid each other—mass their ideas. From three to ten of these men combine their abilities on every undertaking.

There lies the vital value of an Advertising Agency. All else is merely routine. The rare thing, and the all-important, is compelling salesmanship-in-print.

Beyond the product itself, ninety-nine per cent of an advertising success lies in that salesmanship.

What They Do

These men are not mere writers. One is simply a scheme man, who works out countless clever ways to get quick introduction.

One's an expert in merchandising. He aids distribution—gets dealers on our clients' side.

One, who never writes copy, knows human nature well. His word is almost final on the best forms of appeal.

One is known as "the wizard of mail order advertising," but attempts almost nothing else.

One is an artist—C. Everett Johnson—selected by us after years of searching as the leader of all in Commercial Art.

And one is Claude C. Hopkins, who, for 28 years and in scores of lines, has broken all records in writing copy that sells.

Our success comes in combining these talents according to the client's needs.

The Wonderful Results

Our clients themselves will gladly tell you what these men have done. For this part of our story we shall refer you to them.

Among them are numbered some of the largest concerns, some of the ablest men in business.

They will tell you how sales have doubled over and over. How investments have multiplied in value.

They will tell you how small advertising expenditures have grown into hundreds of thousands.

And scores will acknowledge that they never could have done what has been done, without us.

The Crux of the Agency Question

Among the best Agencies commissions are similar. One service costs about the same as another.

The whole question centers on, Who can sell most for the money? And that is best decided by the men and their records.

Advertising success, like all commercial success, lies in getting right men behind you. We claim in this line to have the ablest corps that was ever brought together.

We solicit a chance to prove it.

LORD & THOMAS

Advertising—Chicago

Corner Wabash Avenue and Madison Street

Continued from Page 58

"Now, major," I said, when he was comfortably seated and the ever-present cigar drawing smoothly, "will you kindly tell me why, in the name of all the gods, you made the greatest rascal in your state treasurer of the Planters' Mutual?"

Major Clayton glared at me without answering, but I was outraged and mad and simply glared back. Finally he asked: "Did we?" But before I could answer he added: "No, I reckon I won't bluff with you, Thorpe. I'll just transpose those words. We did!"

"But in Heaven's name, why? You know his record. You're bound to. Every man I've met does, and I've a list of six companies he's wrecked already. How could this one be expected to succeed?"

"Mr. Thorpe, I reckon you know enough to justify you in taking your stand, but not enough to enable you to understand mine. Furthermore, sir, I'm not goin' to make a confidant of you—not just now. I'll only say, sir, there's mighty few pies Rufe Corson hasn't managed to get a finger in, and when he gets it in it usually sticks. My bank happens to be one of those pies."

"Do you mean to say ——"

The banker raised his hand. "I don't mean to say anything. I cannot restrain you from any inference that may suggest itself. I did not want Corson in the company, much less as its treasurer. But he wanted the position, and he got it."

"Yes, and he'll get out too!" I retorted angrily. "Major, you've been a mighty good friend to me, and I believe I'm a fairly accurate judge of men. I can't conceive of your conniving at anything palpably wrong; but I'll swear that letting a crook in on this deal is coming close to the fence!"

"That's pretty strong language, sir." The major rose to his full height and faced me, his gray eyes narrowing. "And, I might add, dangerous language down here."

"So I've been told. Half a dozen men have warned me that if I pressed this thing I'd meet a gunplay somewhere."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm going to press it! And I was certain—I'd have sworn you'd stick by me in it!"

We stood face to face, each measuring the other. Then Major Clayton's hand shot out. "Yes, and I'm goin' to stick by you, son!" he declared. "But that ain't saying we're goin' to beat Corson."

"It is saying we are going to beat him," I asserted. "There's a way out of this, and we'll find it."

I rehearsed in detail the result of my week's trip. I produced my data, the statements of the men who would allow me to quote them, and the huge total of conditionally subscribed stock.

"Are these planters men of their word?" I asked.

"Every mother's son of them. That's an amazing list, Thorpe, a very amazing list. Still, I don't see your next move."

A Special Board Meeting

"I do," I replied confidently; "and perhaps it's just as well you shouldn't until I spring it on the executive committee. Call the members together tomorrow morning, and if they will authorize me to go ahead I'll get Corson's scalp or lose mine trying. By the way, Corson is a member of the committee. Does he ever attend the meetings?"

The old twinkle gleamed a moment in the major's eye. "Not since he became treasurer," he replied.

"That's fine! We'll have to take a chance. You have a quorum without him. I presume Ford and Rennels will vote against any measure I propose?"

"I'm certain your presumption is entirely correct," smiled the banker. "But I reckon we can count on Bassett and Hilliard."

"Major," I said earnestly, "I honestly believe we can break this man's power, and if we do there'll be many a friend made for the Planters' Mutual and the Emory National Bank."

Major Clayton tousled his gray hair thoughtfully. "Yes, sir; if he don't break the bank meantime. But we won't talk about that," he added quickly.

Shortly afterward the major left me, and I sat lost in deep thought until almost midnight. Evidently my advent into the business life of Emory was to be a stormy one, and I had voluntarily picked as my antagonist the wealthiest, shrewdest and most feared man in the state. I say voluntarily, for I might have followed along the lines of least resistance, and eventually have succeeded, or at least used my experience to gain a foothold in another line of endeavor. But my blood was up. And, somewhat to my surprise, I often saw a pair of mocking violet eyes appear at most unexpected times. I found myself wondering now whether she would approve the stand I was about to take.

When I entered the office the next day I found the committee assembled and awaiting my arrival. Miss Whitredge, who acted as secretary at these meetings, was seated beside the chairman. Ex-Governor Longworth, although not a member of the committee, usually attended these meetings, and as I entered the room he was addressing the gentlemen in emphatic and rounded periods. At my arrival he subsided instantly. A glance round the table convinced me that the committee was uninformed of the reason for this special call and was frankly curious. Rennels was noticeably uneasy, his severe legal frown bent unceasingly upon me.

Following the cue I had given him, Major Clayton opened the meeting the moment I took my seat. "I have called this meeting," he announced, "at the request of Mr. Thorpe, who informs me that he has a matter of grave importance to present to us. Mr. Thorpe, the committee is ready to hear your report."

The Session Grows Warmer

Before speaking I took from my pocket the memoranda I had made on the trip and placed it on the table: "Gentlemen, you will not be surprised—at least some of you will not—when I tell you that from a stock-selling point of view my trip was not a success." I paused, and Rennels could not restrain from a sarcastic smile.

"The fact that the trip has been unprofitable from that angle," I continued, "is relatively small, when compared to a matter of vital importance which I discovered almost immediately after leaving Emory. To come quickly to the point, gentlemen, I want to say that you have as an officer of your company a man whose reputation throughout the state is most unenviable, and so long as he has any connection with the Planters' Mutual you might just as well close your doors and keep them closed. I refer to your treasurer, Rufus Corson, of Millwood!"

I was looking at Rennels as I spoke, seeking in his indignant countenance how much of surprise, if any, my assertion would reveal. There was a tense silence about the table, and I turned, to meet the flashing eyes of Miss Whitredge, upon whose face was fastened the gaze of every man about the table, except that of Major Clayton. She had risen, her cheeks pale with repressed anger. In my astonishment I could only stare at her, trying vainly to understand her action. At last she broke the silence, her voice low and vibrant with feeling: "Major Clayton, I shall have to ask you to excuse me." Then turning she walked quickly out of the room.

"Will some one kindly explain that young lady's action?" I demanded, thoroughly exasperated at the unfortunate turn of the situation.

"I will, sir!" shouted Rennels, springing from his chair and shaking his fist at me. "The man whom you have so villified while he is absent and unable to defend himself is Miss Whitredge's uncle!"

"Stop, sir!" Major Clayton's voice was cold and hard. "If you have any desire to make the defense of Mr. Corson a personal matter, you and Mr. Thorpe can settle the matter later on. What this committee wants now is facts. It is most lamentable that I—" the major quickly checked himself—"that Mr. Thorpe did not know of Miss Whitredge's kinship to Corson. I deeply regret that she has been caused suffering, and I am sure Mr. Thorpe regrets it also."

"I most assuredly do!" I exclaimed, probably with more fervor than a purely business episode warranted. "Naturally I did not dream of any connection. I ——"

"I think your statement concerning Rufus Corson demands an apology to this committee!" stormed Rennels. "He is one of the leading men of this state ——"

Major Clayton's hand was raised, but before he could speak I wheeled on this aggressive young man, whose baiting had finally gotten on my nerves.

"One moment, sir!" I interrupted him. "I never apologize for the truth to any man. I stand ready, here and now, to

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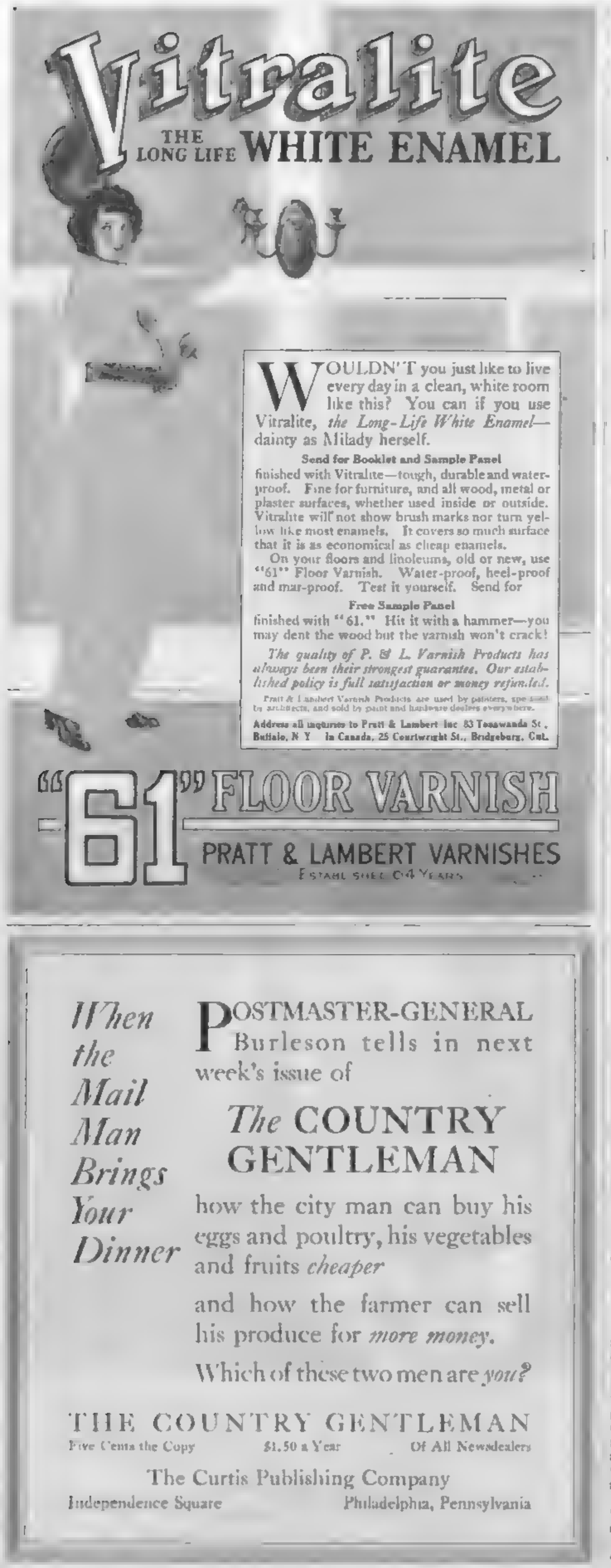
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how the city man can buy his eggs and poultry, his vegetables and fruits *cheaper*

and how the farmer can sell his produce for *more money*.

Which of these two men are *you*?

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prove my words, and I will prove them before I leave this room." I turned to Major Clayton. "I ask the chairman of this committee to permit me to submit the evidence in my possession without further interruption."

I ran through the list, giving every name and statement, together with a full account of the conditions in each case. "Now, gentlemen," I said in conclusion, "personally I know nothing of Rufus Corson, and care less. But either thirty of your best-known planters, bankers and merchants are liars, who have entered into a foul conspiracy to wreck Corson's reputation, or my remarks stand warranted.

"The first thing I require is the cooperation of this entire committee, which so far I have not had," I went on steadily, looking Rennels squarely in the eye. "The second thing is the resignation of Mr. Corson as treasurer, which I undertake to get when properly authorized by the committee. The third is the sale of sufficient stock to permit the company to write business, a large part of which is, as you already know, sold now, contingent upon the election of a reputable, responsible man as the company's treasurer."

I drew from the papers before me a letter I had drafted. "The first action of the committee, as I see it, should be to authorize me by this letter or a similar one to ask for Mr. Corson's resignation. It reads:

"'MR. J. W. THORPE, Manager

"'Planters' Mutual Life Insurance Co.

"'*Sir:* We beg to inform you that at a special meeting of the executive board of this company, called to consider the plan submitted by you for furthering the best interests of the company, we have, after careful consideration, approved your plan as being the only solution of an exceedingly delicate situation.

"'We desire you to convey to Mr. Corson our regret at the patent necessity of his withdrawal from the company, depriving us as it does of a treasurer whose judgment and ability under more fortunate conditions would have proved of great value.

"'Signed'"

"An' you want us all to sign that?" asked Bassett.

"That is my suggestion," I replied. "I must have some credential of authority you know."

How the Board Voted

Bassett slowly shook his head. "I ain't fond of goin' on paper like that," he mused doubtfully, more to himself than aloud.

"I think we are getting somewhat ahead of ourselves." The major's voice had a crisp, business tang. "We'll take up the letter later on. Gentlemen, we have heard Mr. Thorpe's report. It ain't necessary for me to say that we all know that in the main it's true; but I'm tired of shilly-shallying, so I'm going to say it and I ain't going to monkey with motions. It's kinda like an act of Providence that that minute book ain't working today anyhow. I'm just going to put it to you for a vote, whether we ask, through Mr. Thorpe, for Mr. Corson's resignation as treasurer. Let's get that over first. Governor, you just being in conference with us, and not a member of the committee, will not vote." Longworth's face expressed considerable relief at this ruling. "Thank you, sir. I thank you," he said pompously.

"Mr. Hilliard?"

"I reckon I vote 'yes,'" he finally decided.

"Mr. Ford?"

"No, sir. I don't believe in this way of doing things."

"Mr. Rennels?"

"No!"

"Mr. Bassett?"

"I vote 'Yes.'"

"Gentlemen, the chair announces a tie, and as provided in the by-laws, the deciding vote rests with the chair. The chair votes 'Yes!'" Major Clayton mopped his face with a handkerchief as he cast his vote. "Now about that letter. So long as you gentlemen have put this thing practically up to me, I'll go the whole hog while I'm about it. Mr. Thorpe, this committee won't sign that letter, so you'll have to worry along with my signature as chairman. Will that serve your purpose?"

"It will, major, excellently." I was thrilled by the gameness of the gallant old soldier. "The vote authorizes you."

"Very well." He took the letter, and drawing out his pen signed it with a firm hand. "Now, gentlemen, I think we can adjourn until Mr. Thorpe is ready to report."

"Just one thing more, major," I interposed. "As my success in a great measure depends upon Mr. Corson's being uninformed regarding the action of this committee until my talk with him, may I ask you to have these gentlemen give their word to remain silent until after my interview with Mr. Corson?"

Rennels, of course, protested; but the major got his word, and quickly.

The only person now who caused me any uneasiness in regard to my plan was Miss Whitredge. I went at once to the outer office, rather surprised but glad to find her at her desk.

"Will you believe me when I tell you I did not know Mr. Corson is your uncle?" I asked.

"I cannot see how that in any way has anything to do with your slanderous remarks concerning him," she replied, her eyes meeting mine in cold dislike. "Why don't you say it to him? It would be less cowardly, even if true."

"I am on my way now to do so," I answered quietly.

"You are—what?" Curious surprise drove the coldness from her glance.

Off to Uncle Corson

"I am going to Millwood tonight for that purpose," I repeated. "It was not slander, Miss Whitredge, but unfortunate truth. You don't think any sane man would willingly stir up such a mess as I have merely as a sort of amusement, do you?"

"You are going to tell Uncle—Mr. Corson—he is a crook?" There was a note of incredulity in her voice.

I smiled. "I expect to have to do so, and as I consider you the nearest approach to a business man connected with this office force, I should like, if possible, to make it clear to you why this drastic action is taken. May I?"

A gleam of humor shone in her eyes, as welcome as it was unexpected. "You attack my family, Mr. Thorpe, and then offer to make me an accessory to it? I can't quite divine your motive."

"You may later, but now I'll content myself with facts, rather than motives."

"And you expect me to be a party to that?" she asked coldly.

"I only ask you for loyalty to a company struggling for existence, not disloyalty to any one," I replied earnestly.

"When I can no longer be loyal to this company I will resign, Mr. Thorpe." She turned back to the work she had laid down.

I thanked her and hastened away, to avoid a possible encounter that might change the situation. There was a train for Millwood that night. On my way to it I stopped by Major Clayton's room to get some checks for which I had arranged, and to thank him for his loyal support during the meeting.

"This ain't precisely the sort of start I hoped to see you make, sir," he said gravely, "and I'm not at all certain you're going to win out. I have supported you because I feel morally obligated to do so; but you've given me cause for a tall lot of thinking during the past twenty-four hours."

"I am sincerely sorry to have made trouble for you, major," I answered; "but I can only play the game as I see it."

"It's you, sir, not myself, I'm thinking about," he replied. "I reckon I can take care of myself. But you're a stranger here, and folks generally round Emory ain't overly fond of strangers. If you succeed, and your nerve holds out, maybe you can pull through. But I would suggest, in the friendliest spirit, that if Corson trips you up, probably it would be a real waste of your time to go on with this particular work. I hold myself entirely responsible, sir, and shall expect you to accept, as from one gentleman to another, a loan of any funds that may be necessary to enable you to make a new start."

"Thank you, Major Clayton," I replied with a laugh. "We won't discuss terms of capitulation until we're licked. If you'll forgive me for having embroiled you in this mess we'll call it even, win or lose. Now wish me luck, for I'm off to get Corson's signature to a little document of interest to us."

Heartily gripping my hand, the major wished me success. "Better let me know the result by wire, Mr. Thorpe. I reckon I'll be a mite nervous till I hear from you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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FOR 1914 that achievement belongs to the New Auburn "40". We present a large, beautiful, 120-inch wheelbase car—all the room big cars give—*fully equipped*, at the unprecedented price of $1490! *Is not this 1914's biggest surprise in values?* You can buy no more striking beauty—for the body of the car is the fashion adopted for 1914 by two famous European designers. We sent men to study the newest styles. They have made them practical for American use in the remarkable

New Auburn "40"

NOTE, in this new car, the handsome sweep of the "stream" lines. Note how they slope from the radiator to the back of the car. See the graceful sweep of the cowl, how it rakishly slants from the hood to the base of the windshield. Please observe also how the flushsides and broad back of the car emphasize its general distinctiveness.

All this is the very latest in design. Europe has always dictated motor car styles. America, usually two years afterward, has invariably followed. But in the New Auburn "40" we present the accepted European vogue of *today*. That is one reason this is 1914's startling motor car value.

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THE left hand drive gives the convenience of alighting direct onto the curb. It is unnecessary to face oncoming cars in stepping into the street when alighting.

Center control, with the levers out of the way, is another 1914 Auburn feature.

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AT no extra cost the New Auburn "40" is electrically self-cranked; it is electric lighted. It is also equipped with an electric horn.

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WHEN you purchase a car, judge the maker's permanence. And in considering the New Auburn "40" please bear this in mind: *One of the highest commercial ratings given by the two recognized mercantile agencies is given to the AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY. This is one of the best ratings that is given any concern in the automobile industry.*

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Let that govern your respect for the wonderful product we build.

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WHAT we have said about the New Auburn Forty's beauty and advanced features also applies to our new "Six". For the cars are alike except in size. The "Six" is 140 inch wheel base.

The "Six" has this extra economy feature: It is the most economical "Six" we know. For gasoline consumption is cut down by its small bore, long stroke motor. The bore is 3¾ inches; the stroke 5½. The smallness of the bore means that little gas vapors enter the chamber. And that means small gasoline consumption.

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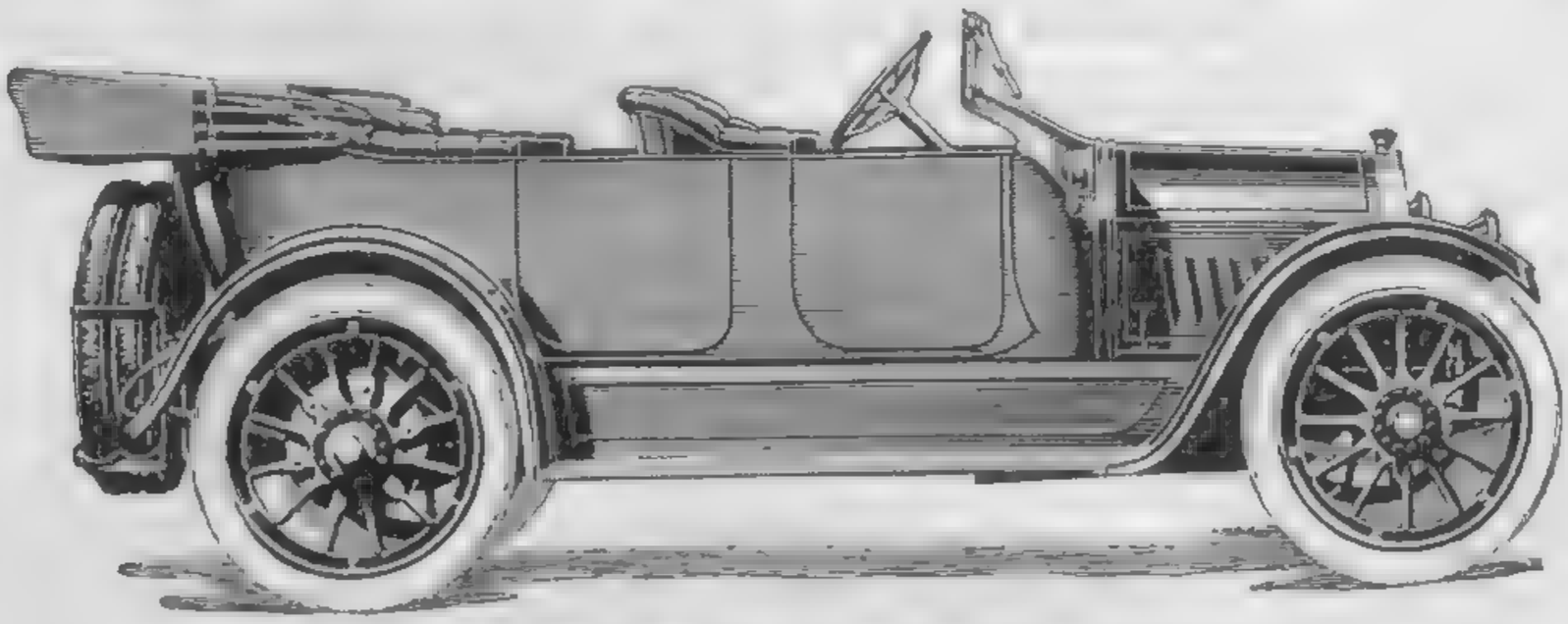
In the meantime write for the Cole Blue Book.



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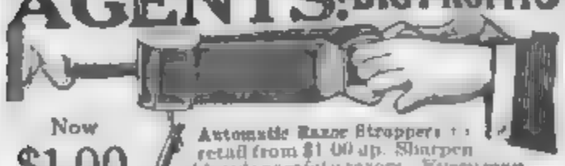

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THE LANDSCAPE COOK

Continued from Page 11)

every concoction; and a little tantrum of Bar le Duc jelly, such as they employ in salads and desserts, costs in itself a pretty penny.

One of the most ominous features of fancy cooking is the obligation to buy French vegetables. The imported legumes are grown on the outskirts of the large Eastern cities by a few farsighted gardeners from the land of intensive farming, and if you indulge in them daily your bill for vegetables is likely to square with your bill for gasoline and cylinder oil.

Perhaps the best known of the lot is *estragon*, or in plain English, tarragon. This is a kind of cultured and aromatic cousin of parsley. Your expensive cook insists upon substituting *estragon* for parsley in many of her sauces. Why, one of the employment agencies will even tell you of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week dinner cook who picked up and left just because they shut down on her *estragon!*

"They expected me to make Bearnaise sauce with parsley!" said she, with all the scornful implication of a sordid and misspent life.

As for hash, no longer is it the device of economy. On the contrary, it is now the vice of extravagance. Those leftovers of fish and chicken and vegetables are now, indeed, only the excuse for buying a dollar's worth of mushrooms, a half-dollar's worth of English walnuts, or some other high-priced titbit.

So today when the plutocrat sees before him one of those dainty Watteau ramekins or casseroles or ragouts or goulashes, he may be assured he is living up to his income in the most satisfactory way.

The Eccentricities of Celeste

Cheese is another high-priced accessory. Nowadays the way they bait everything from a potato to a fruit salad with Parmesan and Gruyère is enough to make you want to move to Japan or some other place where they eat raw fish. And after you have nibbled cheese in every course of your elaborate dinner you are prepared to sympathize with that harassed gentleman who cried out: "Why do these modern cooks all imagine they are cooking for mice?"

The worst of it all is that cooking is not a matter of nationality, but of prejudice. Modern cooking is essentially Gallic in character, and it makes no difference whether the presiding genius of your kitchen comes from France, Germany, Scandinavia or Ireland—whether she answers to the name of Marie, Freda, Olga or Nora—she will always turn the same trump—Parisian cooking!

Even the old Southern mammy, whose crisp brown chicken, thistledown waffles and golden popovers have been the theme for so many rhapsodies, has been superseded by a colored person, fresh from her cooking school, who will argue with you that chicken thrown to the limbo of the chafing dish has it all over the fried variety, and that corn pone is fit only for the National Museum.

As has been said before, the expensive dinner cook declines to fall on such a low range of talent as making bread or hot cakes—that is for her assistant. As a consequence if you vex that haughty maiden, who has come to you from the Cordon Bleu, with a request for anything in this line, she will turn on her heel with the rebuke:

"I am a cook! I do not interfere with the trade. If madam now will seek the *pâtisserie* ——"

Yet if you can capture a cook from the French provinces, one who has inherited her art from long lines of gifted ancestors, the general advice is to put her into an aluminum steamer and close the lid down tight. That she is worth keeping is, in fact, the general testimony of all those who have been blessed with her presence. She does the marketing and saves ten per cent on the transaction. She never wastes a scrap and she can boil broomstraws in such a way that they taste like choice mushrooms.

Regarding one of these treasures a certain woman has an amusing tale to relate. "The last time I was abroad," says she, "I picked up Celeste in the French provinces. She proved to be a perfect jewel. She could

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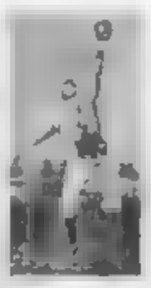

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You ought to own a *Pennsylvania Knit Coat*, the fine fitting, stylishly modeled, pure worsted, handy year 'round garment. The unbreakable "Notair" buttonholes never tear, wear, nor fray out. Models for oldsters and youngsters of both sexes.

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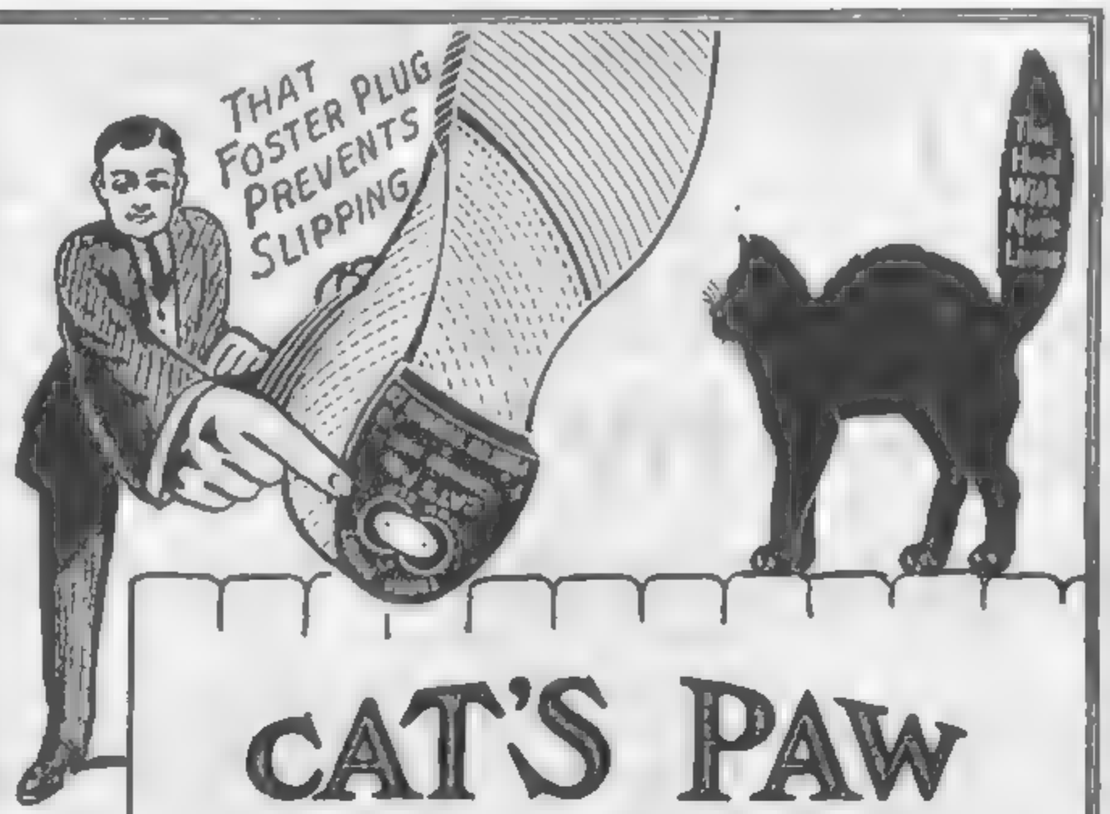

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Your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer.

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Are you thinking of "paying your way through" by some employment while there?

WE have an easier way. We have paid the expenses of hundreds of young people at college, musical conservatory and business school. We will do the same for you.

In return for work done this autumn for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* we will pay your expenses in any educational institution in the country. Hundreds of young people have earned their courses through this plan. We have just published a beautiful booklet telling about the plan and how others have been successful. Let us send it to you.

Educational Division, Box 128

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

cook a leek in the most ravishing way imaginable—the way her mother did, of course—and she used to do a soup out of beet-tops that made all my friends want to snatch her from me. None of her cooking was of this trimmed-up sort, but it all had a different taste. I couldn't understand how she did it until one day, on going out to the kitchen, I found Celeste rubbing out a skillet with a piece of paper.

"'Don't you wash your pans, Celeste?' I asked in horror.

"'*Mais non, madame,*' replied she wonderingly. 'Does *madame* wish to lose the taste?'"

The worst feature of landscape cooking is that it is given constant publicity. The press agent never idles a moment; and for this reason it is impossible to pick up any of the women's magazines without learning how to put every article of food on file in one single dish, and without finding pictures of string-beans laid out in a stars-and-stripes pattern, and of a mild-mannered eggplant that is taking part in the culinary excitement as a fierce jackal. Cookbooks, too, read like librettos nowadays, and most women who do their own cooking are impressed with the need of bewildering both the food and the feeders.

Yet in this overcast horizon there shines one ray of encouragement. It comes from the head waiter of one of our big hotels and it is uttered with that quiet earnestness of which we hear so much.

"No," says he, playing tag with you about the conventional palm decorations—both those on the floor and those on the entrées—"we are really not serving so many fancy dishes as we used to. Probably this is the result of the crusade in the cause of simple living—perhaps it is merely the result of individual experience; but, at any rate, people seem to be turning away from the rich sauces."

Hope for the Future

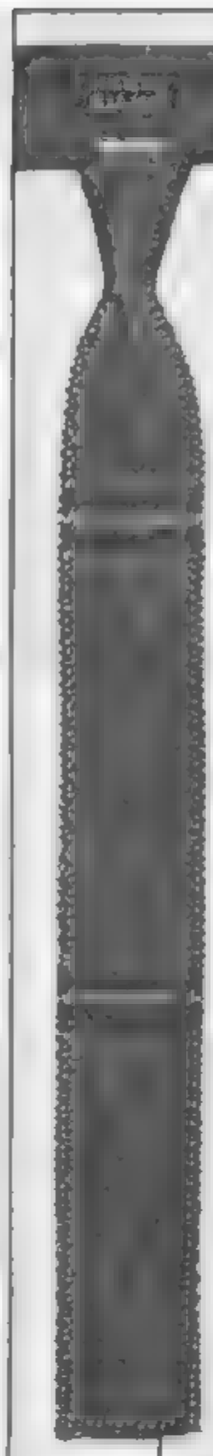
"Take, for instance, this cold chicken, with the sauce named after our hotel. It is a sauce made up of horseradish, apple-sauce and relishes, and several years ago it was immensely popular. Now, however, our patrons will turn it down every time for something a little—well, a little less psychological."

That, however, we shall have no food peace—only food pieces—until we have some adequate cooking schools is the opinion of one of the foremost authorities on domestic science in the country.

"What we need here in this land," said she in the course of a talk on the subject, "is some good cooking schools—not only for the professionals themselves but for the women who employ them. Why? Because nine times out of ten the really good cook is trained by successive mistresses. What, then, is the result if most employers don't know the first thing about cooking? Naturally we are left to capsize in a sea of unwholesome messes.

"Of course there are cooking schools aplenty in America, but the trouble is they are too technical. They teach us to fumble about with a thermometer in the beefsteak, and they provide us with little tables showing how many proteids and calories are contained in every particle of food—just as though any one wanted to nibble a calory or feel a virtuous sense of consuming so many proteids! This is not to disparage at all a knowledge of chemistry in cooking, which is quite necessary; but what I would have taught at my school for employers is good, simple, economical cooking. I would have women learn enough to order a light soup with a heavy meat course, and vice versa; and I would have them know that beans and meat should never be served together—simple things that few of our women really know."

Until the culinary uplift takes place, though, the cooks in the homes of the wealthy will continue to primp up the food. In vain may the tired business man sigh for those sweet feudal times when all dinners consisted of venison pie and flagons, and flagons and venison pie. He will wring no simplicity from his cook. And for some years to come he may expect to graze continuously on toast terraces, Lydian pastures of lettuce, Bagdad minarets, lemon façades, formal Versailles hedges of parsley, alienated peas, green-pepper cornices, mucilage soups and maraschino fretwork; for the modern cook has hitched her wagon to a star and nothing will convince her that the American family does not enjoy the runaway.



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Positive protection by the famous Protectograph method against the busy check raisers who secure millions of dollars yearly by "raising" the amounts of genuine checks.

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Each word is written out in full—each letter cut into shreds and heavy ink forced through the shreds under pressure—the famous Protectograph principle (patented) which has stood the test for 14 years on the world's biggest bank accounts.

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Saves its own cost in saving of time and labor, and then—keeps right on saving with no expense for upkeep.

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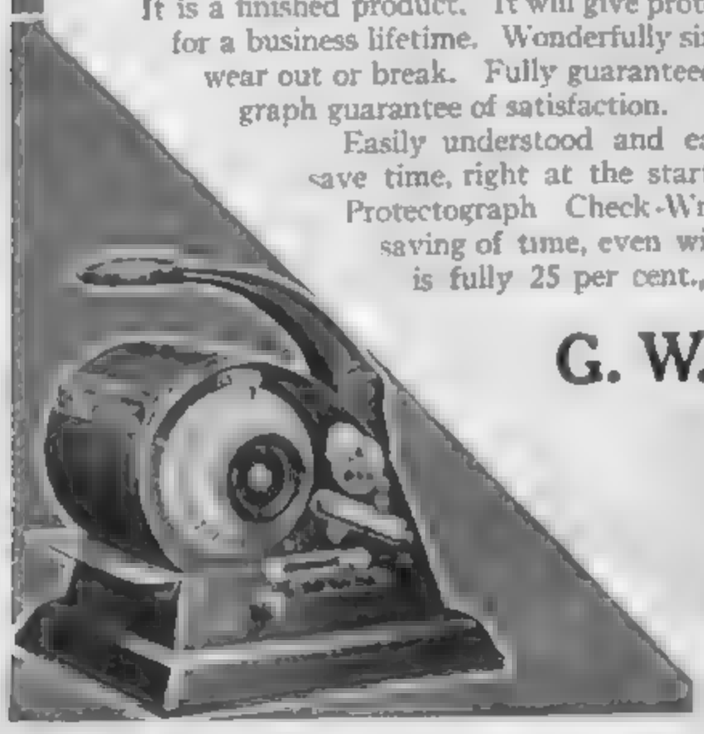
The New Protectograph Check-Writer

Write us for reproductions of checks that have been raised; confidential information about check raising and check protection. We ask you in writing us to use the coupon and attach it to your business stationery, because the banks expect us not to furnish this information to any but responsible business men who are entitled to know the dangers of signing unprotected checks. The only way to prove this danger to you, is to show you just what has happened to other business men who "took a chance."

This confidential information is well worth asking for. We will send the new book of "horrible examples" entitled "What Burns Says," giving the great detective's warning to the Bankers Associations, in which he tells the bankers about new and startling schemes of forgers to obtain your genuine checks. This book shows actual reproductions of raised checks, illustrating the points made by Mr. Burns. It proves by his own experience in dealing with these "crooks" how hard it is to avoid having a check stolen and raised, either by professionals or by trusted employees.

Check raising is going on every day, everywhere. Checks are passed from hand to hand and altered beyond recognition by experts and amateurs. Any check you write can be raised in some way. See "What Burns Says" about it.

Mail this coupon with your letterhead for confidential information



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Much of this development has come about through the very great improvements in gas manufacture and service. The universal use of gas for cooking, heating and manufacturing purposes also makes for better gas, better service, and better appliances.

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Twenty-six years ago, the Welsbach Company began with Dr. Carl Auer Von Welsbach's first crude incandescent gas mantle, and proceeded to make it a commercial success. Perfection has been their ideal, regardless of time or expense. As a result, the present-day Welsbach mantles and Welsbach lamps more nearly approach perfection than any other artificial light, in *adequate and correct* illumination, economically and conveniently produced. If you have been using other illuminants, or if you have been careless about obtaining the genuine Welsbach supplies for your incandescent gas lights,—in short, if you do not know the Welsbach Light of to-day, you do not appreciate

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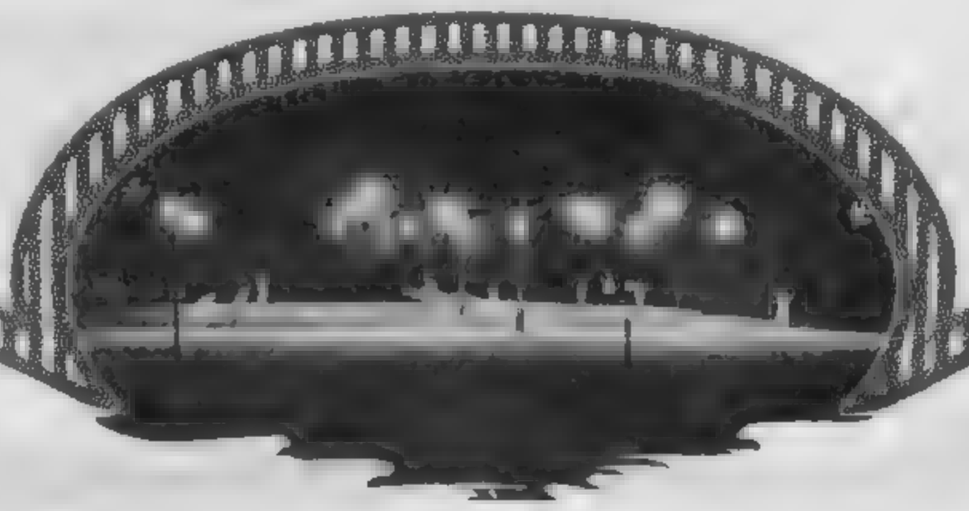
The reputation of the Welsbach Company's products as the Standard of Quality, has been *EARNED!* No imitations will give you the same *SERVICE*, the same *SATISFACTION*. The genuine Welsbach Mantles and Welsbach Lights are for sale by gas companies and dealers everywhere.

Welsbach Company

Gloucester, New Jersey



RIP VAN SMITHY

Continued from Page 5

Daintily he passed the cup before his face, breathing in the fumes. So nearly lethal were these that Smithy's thin blood burned with a new fire before ever the stuff reached his lips. Not in a good dozen years had more than a scant and casual glass of whisky been conferred upon him.

He rose stiffly to his feet, feeling the greatness of the moment. It was Dick's birthday—observed a bit late, but with no lack of cordiality. Turning to where Dick's bunk had been he made a friendly gesture and drained the half-filled cup. He stood a moment, sucking his lips. Then he frowned judicially. The stuff was too mild.

"You done lost all your kick!" he chided. "You ain't man's tipple no more—no, sir! I could take the whole quart of you at one dram. Yes, sir!"

In testimony whereof he half-filled the cup again and emptied it with contemptuous ease.

"I don't say you wasn't prime when we got you," he resumed; "but you certainly lost your sting. Lyin' there so long that way, you gone feeble. Yes, sir—plumb feeble!"

He set the bottle down and fashioned a stopper for it. Then, after briskly replenishing his fire—whistling at his task—he sat again before it, feeling strangely renewed. He was no longer tired.

Presently he broke off his whistling and reached for the bottle, somewhat in irritation.

"I'll show you," he threatened. "You ain't got as much kick in your whole insides as one dipper of tea." This time he drank from the bottle without ceremony. And now he began to nurse a grievance toward Dick. "Dick ort to knowed that wasn't any right way to do with whisky!" he declared petulantly. "But you couldn't ever tell him anything. He'd jest claim 'at he knowed better'n what you did. Lettin' that stuff spoil——" He drank again, long and disgustedly.

Then the camp began to stir. He could hear the music from the fandango hall, the clatter of horses' hoofs on the stony road; there were hoarse oaths and a few pistol-shots outside. The roof was on the cabin when he glanced lazily upward and the door back on its hinges.

Smithy was surprised at none of this; nor at all perturbed when he became aware that Dick, lying in his bunk, was reading aloud. Dick's voice was faint, yet the words were plain.

"Ah, ha-ha!" cackled Smithy shrilly. "That was a good one—picked up his gun and it fell to pieces on him—all rusty. Slep' out in the brush twenty years an' his own folks didn't know him!" He threw back his head in prolonged mirth. Then he drank again. He first pressed the bottle on Dick, but Dick ignored it. "All right!" said Smithy. "I ain't go'n' force it on to you!"

Then Dick was no longer reading. They were both outside, arms locked. The camp was awake. Smithy was gay and light of foot and strangely volatile. One moment he and Dick would be the noisiest pair in the Nugget Bar; then he would find himself back in the cabin listening to the funny story of Rip Van Winkle. It was as if the story always went on, while Smithy stayed to listen only when he chose. He seemed to make adventurous sorties into the crowded, noisy camp. He was celebrating Dick's birthday, spending royally over the bars from his fat pouch and pressing his bottle on the chance-met. The fandango hall lured him, for there Petra danced. He saw her swaying figure, head tilted provocatively, hands at hips. She flashed him half glances, for she feared the Mexican.

Smithy tried to reach her, to touch her: he wanted to laugh again when the Mexican's hand fell to his knife as he skulked and scowled in the shadows. But always she eluded him. He could hear her soft speech and the scent of musk came strongly to him, but never could he feel even a furtive touch of her hand. He called low to her the little Spanish endearments she had taught him—*Chula!*—Dear one!—and *Lindita!*—Little linnet!—and stretched out empty, hungry arms to her; but she flitted always, though he could hear her warm whisper: *Aureo mio!*—My golden one!

The night long she fled with backward glance, finger on lips, swaying her litheness—her rounded woman-litheness—ever warning him from under those meeting brows that were like the spread pinions of an eagle. Often as he reached his arms closed upon emptiness, though she was near enough to whisper again and again: *Aureo mio!*—My golden one! My golden one!

From the lively streets, the bar and the fandango hall, the scene of Smithy's revel at length assumed a permanency in the cabin where Dick read aloud. The cabin was now strangely spacious and filled with noisy friends. They drank and jested and sang, though some listened to Dick's story. Smithy glowed upon them with the large benevolence of a satisfied host. "What a good time we're havin'!" he seemed to call to them and they responded in kind—but they always left the door open; and for this Smithy cursed them, though good-naturedly. Again and again he shut the door, yet it was always open and the night was chill. The cold led him to drink. They all drank from his bottle, while he shouted and playfully brandished his shining new pistol. It was good to be young and free in a glad world; but he could not clasp the flitting Petra and the door was always open. Tomorrow he would —

Dick's voice droned on in the endless story.

As dawn stole into the gulch Smithy, sprawled among the ashes of his overnight fire, stirred impatiently, shivering.

"That door's open again!" he whined. "Can't you ever shut that door? My good gosh!"

With automatic precision he reached for the bottle and brought its neck to his dry lips, his eyes still closed. He heard the voices of the crowd, but they were growing fainter.

"Don't you boys go yet! Sing something!" He lifted his own poor treble:

"Darling, I am growing old
Silver threads among the gold!"

But no voices joined his. The revelry died away.

"They're going!" he wheezed. "Hey, Dick! Tell 'em to come back! I'm warm now. Dick! Dick! Pardner!"

The silence shocked him to alertness. His eyes opened astonishedly to the sky. Where was the roof? Where was Dick? Not even his bunk was there. Why did he lie across the hearth, half in the fireplace itself? Bewilderment froze him. Slowly he sat up, groaning from the pain of his chilled stiffness, to survey the ruin about him. He rubbed his eyes in quick alarm, but the offensive vision persisted.

"Dick! Dick!" he wailed, like a frightened child. He rubbed his lame shoulder and drew his knees up painfully. A moment ago they had been there—young, warm, singing; and now——

"I'm drunk!" he whispered. "I'm seein' things. My good gosh!"

His eyes fell on the half-empty bottle, the one tiny bit of reality in this monstrous chimera. He reached for it and was relieved when it did not vanish. Dick's birthday whisky—but he could not see Dick! He gulped from the bottle in a panic of incredulity. It was real—a bland liquid flame that warmed him. Groaning he stumbled to his feet, swaying like a reed in a fickle wind. Slowly he turned in his tracks, gravely regarding the dismantled hulk that a moment before had been his snug home.

"Dick!" he called. "Dick, I can't hear you! Read louder. Go on—read about how he waked up—louder—louder!"

He listened hungrily, but only the creek outside was vocal. The gulch echoed its murmur and Smithy heard it as subdued, ironic laughter. The boys were laughing at him. His hand felt the pistol in his belt, his new, shining pistol. If they were having fun with him——

Something in the feel of the thing made him look down at it and with a gasp of dismay he let it fall to the ground. It was ancient and rusted. He studied it curiously, turning it about with his foot. Then a gleam of cunning lit his face.

"They're playin' a joke on me—jest like old Rip's gun—tryin' to make me think I slep' twenty years!"

The jest appealed to him.

"Ah, ha-ha!" he laughed—a rasping cackle. "Purty smart! But you boys can't fool me!"

He listened again and his eyes came to the bottle, the bottle of store whisky brought up two days before and cached for

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KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes is a golden treasure to any child or person who loves good tasting food; it is a treasure to the mother who knows how quickly it can be served, and it is a treasure to the dealer who knows that the flakes marked Kellogg's are always fresh and sure to satisfy.

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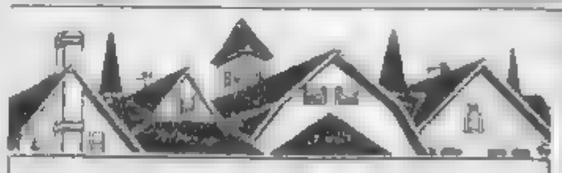

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Each Parent Whose Boy Sells This Issue

Of The Saturday Evening Post is requested to tell us how much time and effort are devoted by the parent to keeping the boy interested in selling the publication.

You can relate incidents to illustrate how your encouragement, your cooperation or your knowledge of salesmanship has helped your boy in his work as our neighborhood sales representative. When he has come home discouraged, perhaps with several copies unsold, how have you aroused new enthusiasm? What selling plans suggested by you persuaded him to start out again, enabled him to return with a handful of nickels after selling all the copies? If your boy has succeeded because you have helped him, because you have suggested possible customers for him to approach, because you have sent him out with new hope in his heart, we want your own account of your coöperation with him, to use to encourage other parents to help thei boys in similar ways.

***For the Letter** that best illustrates this policy of parent-and-boy partnership in selling the Curtis publications, we will pay $15.00*

Your letter must give specific examples to illustrate your method of assisting your boy. It should contain not more than 350 words. Please mail it not later than October 10, 1913. Be sure to give your name and address and the name and address of your boy, who must now be selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. Address your letter to

Our Boys, Box 1381, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dick's birthday. The jokers had overlooked that—the one tangible link with that strangely receding present. He grasped it and drank deeply, with a mocking arm-sweep to the unseen jesters. He would show them he knew how to take a joke. He corked the bottle and slipped it into a pocket. He picked up the pistol, shook it, rubbed it against his sleeve, seeking to restore its proper newness. Then he sighed and placed it in his belt.

They were carrying the joke pretty far. He saw the pack lying against the west wall. There was something familiar about it—at least it was not rotting like everything else he saw. He slung it to his shoulders and stumbled through the crumbling doorway to stare dazedly down the empty overgrown road.

As he went he was conscious that the jesters fled before him; they scurried round the broken walls, peered at him from behind trees, laughing softly, jeering, taunting. At the scene of his overnight revel he stood appalled! Fallen roofs, crumbling walls, where but a few hours before he had caroused with a genial band. How had they done it? How did they keep so still? By what cunning did they evade his rushes? For now, as they skulked about corners ahead of him, he rushed madly after them; but they vanished just before he turned the corners, peering slyly at him through the bushes, peeping at him over the boulders that screened them. Gayly he tried mocking them for their clumsiness.

"None of that now! I see you there, plain enough. Come on out of there!"

They would not come, however; and so, swelling with a sudden rage, he cursed them. A joke was a joke and he had tried to take it, but they were cruel; they were hurting him. He wanted Dick. He wanted the friendly faces. Their joke was heartless.

"I won't stay here!" he called. "I'll leave the camp! I tell you I'll leave the camp!"

Only the taunting, soft laughter came to him across the creek, and the dim forms he could not clutch faded cunningly into the early dawn shadows among the pines.

He shrieked now in sheer fright and blundered his way up the hill. It was flight indeed; for seemingly they scampered after him—mockingly, soft-footedly. Only when he reached the trail by which he had entered the night before did he turn to look down on the camp. He had thrown them off; they had not followed beyond the creek. He gasped for breath. Fear was choking him, yet he faced them with a fine bravado; flourished his pistol and tried to fire it, but the hideous magic was still upon that weapon. He could drink though—and drink he did. Standing on the ledge above the gulch, the morning sun gilded him as he drank and mocked his tormentors.

"Consarn yer ugly hides! A passel of scalawags—that's what you air! An' yer rotten camp's plumb played out!" He turned his back finely upon them.

Stubbornly down the trail he plodded, mumbling wretchedly to himself. They had run him out of camp, that's what they'd done. A monstrous, an unbelievable outrage! His head nodded obliquely in time with his steps. He would not go back, not even if Dick begged him to. Dick had helped to play him. And when Dick walked by his side, as happened presently, entreating his return, telling him it was all a joke and the boys were sorry, Smithy viciously threw off his arm.

"No, sir! My good gosh! A joke's a joke—ain't it? I give you fair notice back there!"

At last Dick dropped back and Smithy knew he walked alone. He was going some place where he belonged. There was another camp. He would come to it and be at home. When he stumbled and fell, as he did now and again, he would rise and curse the jokers for tripping him. Halfway down the trail he stopped to drain the flask and threw it back of him jeeringly. They could have the empty thing! Then he scrutinized the pistol again. Like Rip Van Winkle's gun! He threw it after the flask; but as it lay plainly in the trail it suddenly seemed to him that the state of the pistol would prove that he had veritably slept twenty years. He recovered it and hurled it far into the chaparral that bordered the trail. It was a damning bit of evidence against him.

In Dowieville's sleepy midafternoon the old adobe house shimmered pallidly under the green of its passion vine. The girl of dusk and crimson yawned in the shaded doorway. Outside was the yellowed crone, full in the sun's glare. Hearing a shout up the road, the girl stepped into the light.

"Again the old one who has had drink!" she announced after a listless survey. Old Smithy came weaving along the dusty highway. At intervals he halted, turned about and seemed to shout profane abuse to some one in his rear—this with a vicious brandishing of his staff. The girl watched him, idly amused; but the ancient one at her side made no sign.

As he came opposite the doorway he halted abruptly, even while his staff hung in the air. His eyes burned upon the girl. She smiled—the easy, insolent smile of youth for decrepitude—and half opened her lips to challenge this sodden wreck with some ready flippancy; but this was never uttered, for Smithy's staff fell to the ground and he lurched fiercely toward her with a cry only half articulate.

"Petra! Petra! *Lindita*—Little linnet!"

He would have grasped her, but she stepped quickly back. The crone lifted her withered face, listening. Smithy held beseeching arms to the girl. Low at her throat was the ivory brooch carved with a figure of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe.

"Petra! *Lindita!* There you be! They said I slep' twenty years—the liars! I knew they lied. Here!"

He fumbled in the pocket of his shirt and drew out the bracelet. "See, *chula*, your little bracelet!"

The puzzled girl stepped toward him, a hand extended. The bracelet was intelligible. But even as she moved the old woman hobbled before her, grasping the trinket.

"*Es el aureo—mi amor!*" So she babbled of the golden one, her love, and wrenched the thing from Smithy's hand.

"Petra! *Lindita!*" cried Smithy, thrusting her aside and striving for the girl.

"Santa Maria Marrissima!" swore the old one roundly, clutching the treasure; but her oath trailed into "*Aureo mio! Aureo mio!*—My golden one! My golden one!" Over and over she sobbed it; but again Smithy thrust her aside. He had the girl's wrist now in a feeble grasp. She was still amused.

"Petra *mia* ——"

"Yes, yes!" she purled, and her voice was the voice that had lured him overnight.

With his free hand he drew out the chamois pouch and thrust it upon her. Her eyes flashed understanding of this; her hand closed upon it swiftly.

"*Lindita!*" quavered Smithy.

"*Aureo mio!*" croaked the old one, and again pushed between them. Her lean arms swiftly locked themselves about Smithy's neck; her seamed mask of a face was thrust near his. He cried out in sharp dismay. One might have read, perhaps, his fear that Petra had shriveled before his eyes even as the young world of overnight. Again he cried in fear and sought frantically to writhe from that dead embrace; but even as he struggled his strength went. The old woman in quick comprehension braced herself under his weight. A moment she clung to him, then eased her limp burden to the ground.

"Petra!" cried Smithy once again as the young face peered curiously above him. "Petra *mia*—linnet——" The light went, but his eyes were glazing upon the true image of her.

The old woman knelt by him, pushing back the white hair, fondling the strange, still face, crying over and over in dry, choking sobs:

"*Aureo mio! Aureo mio!*"

And Petra the younger, vastly entertained, behind her back mocked her in liquid chuckles—"*Aureo mio!* Ah, *aureo mio!*"—and caressed the pouched gold, now hidden beneath her bodice.

At supper that night Smithy's mates lamented the somewhat flamboyant manner of his passing. It was felt that he might have gone with more dignity.

"Mixin' it up thataway, with them greasers that's jest moved in," commented an erstwhile neighbor, "when he had plenty o' white friends! No greasers fur mine when I come to hit the one-way trail!"

"And I had rather depended on Mr. Smith to assist me back to the States," confessed the professor. "Now my steamer day looks far off!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" urged the one-armed man cheerily. "I bet there'll be lashin's fur us all when I git back! You see, I found his pack up there, grub and all—and there's still plenty o' gold in them gulches up back of Sierra Buttes."

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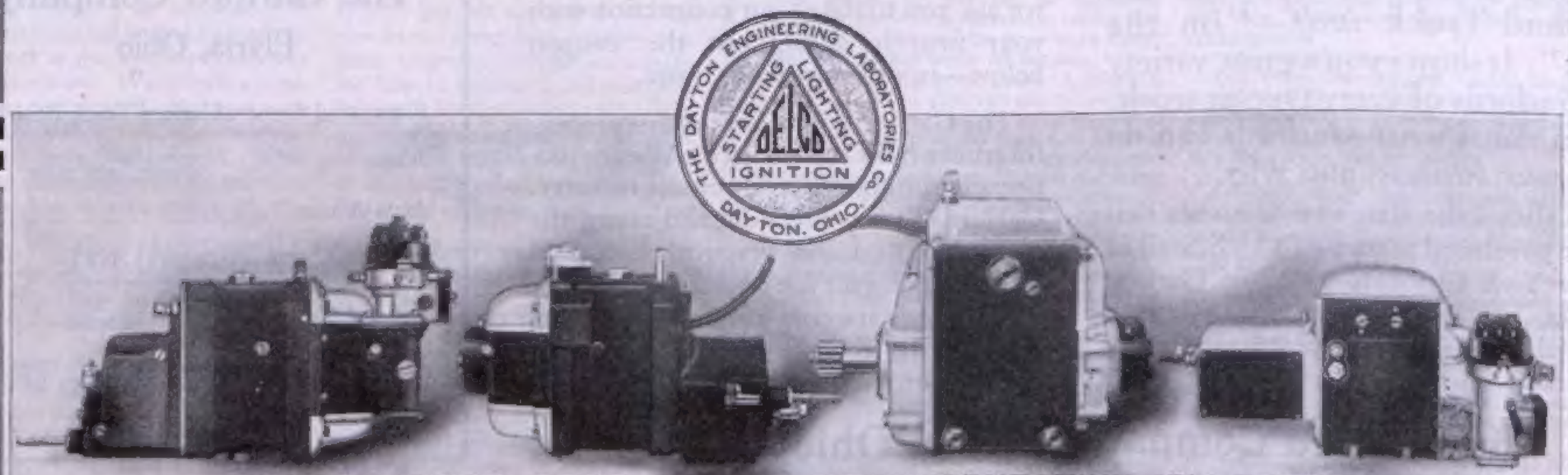

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RUSSIAN BREAD

4½ cups Gold Medal Flour
1 cake compressed yeast
1¼ cups scalded milk
¼ cup sugar
1½ cups raisins
2 eggs
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon salt
Cinnamon to taste

Dissolve yeast in scalded milk, cooled to 80 degrees; add 1½ cups Gold Medal Flour and mix until smooth; let stand until light and puffy. Add eggs, sugar, butter, raisins, salt, remainder of Gold Medal Flour and cinnamon. Mix to a stiff dough and knead thoroughly. Let stand until double in volume. Divide into two equal parts for two loaves; cut each loaf into three equal parts; roll the parts into strips about 12 inches long and tapering to a point at each end; press ends together and braid. Place on buttered baking sheet, cover and allow to stand until light. Bake from one-half to three quarters of an hour. When cool, ice with an icing made by mixing a few drops of hot water with powdered sugar, flavoring with vanilla.

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